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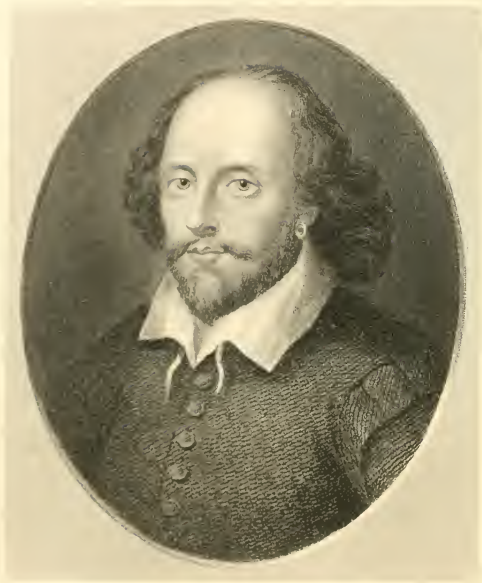
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THE  
PICTORIAL EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF

S H A K S P E R E .

EDITED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

REVISED EDITION.

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HISTORIES.

VOL. I.

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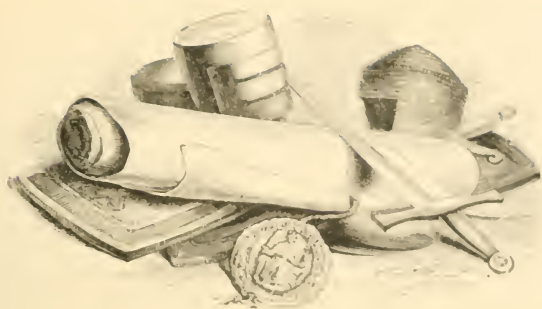


# King John



Act III. Scene I.





## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING JOHN.

THE King John, of Shakspeare, was first printed in the folio collection of his plays, in 1623. We have followed the text of this edition almost literally; and in nearly every case where we have found it necessary to deviate from that text (the exceptions being those passages which are undoubted corrections of merely typographical errors), we have stated a reason for the deviation. Malone has observed that "King John is the only one of our poet's uncontested plays that is not entered in the books of the Stationers' Company."

King John is one of the plays of Shakspeare enumerated by Francis Meres, in 1598. We have carefully considered the reasons which have led Malone to fix the date of its composition as 1576, and Chalmers as 1598; and we cannot avoid regarding them as far from satisfactory.

There can be no doubt, as we shall have to shew in detail, that Shakspeare's King John is founded on a former play. That play, which consists of two parts, is entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fauconbridge; also the death of King John at Swinestol Abbey."—This play was first printed in 1591. The first edition has no author's name in the title page;—the second, of 1611, has, "Written by W. Sh.;"—and the third, of 1622, gives the name of "William Shakspeare." We think there can be little hesitation in affirming that the attempt to fix this play upon Shakspeare was fraudulent; yet Steevens, in his valuable collection of "Twenty of the Plays" that were printed in quarto, says, "the author (meaning Shakspeare) seems to have been so thoroughly dissatisfied with this play as to have written it almost entirely anew." Steevens afterwards receded from this opinion. Coleridge, too, in the classification which he attempted in 1802, speaks of the old King John as one of Shakspeare's "transition works—not his, yet of him." The German critics concur in giving the original authorship to Shakspeare. Tieck holds that the play first printed in the folio of 1623 is amongst the poet's latest works—not produced before 1611; and that production, he considers, called forth a new edition of the older play, which he determines to have been one of the earliest works of Shakspeare. Urist holds that "The Troublesome Reign of King John" was written very soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which is shown by its zeal against Catholicism, which he describes as fanatical, by its glowing patriotism and warlike feelings; and he also assigns it for the most part to Shakspeare. But he believes that the poet here wrought upon even an older production, or that it was written in companionship with some other dramatic author. We must, for our own parts, hold to the opinion that the old 'King John' was not either "his or of him."

Shakspeare's son, Hamnet, died in August, 1596 at the age of twelve. Hence the inspiration, according to Malone, of the deep pathos of the grief of Constantine on the probable death of Arthur. We doubt this. The dramatic poetry of Shakspeare was built upon deeper and broader foundations than his own personal feelings and experiences. His sense of individuality is entirely swallowed up in the perfectly distinct individuality of the manifold characters which he has painted. From the first to the last of his plays, as far as we can discover, we have no "noble

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of his own mind,"—nothing of that quality which gives so deep an interest to the poetry of Wordsworth and Byron,—and which Byron, with all his genius, could not throw aside in dramatic composition. We are, for this reason, not disposed to regard the opinion of Malone upon this point as of much importance. The conjecture is, however, recommended by its accordance with our sympathies; and it stands, therefore, upon a different ground from that absurd notion that Shakspeare drew Lear's "dog-hearted daughters" with such irresistible truth, because he himself had felt the stinging of "filial ingratitude."

If the domestic history of the poet will help us little in fixing a precise date for the composition of King John, we apprehend that the public history of his times will not assist us in attaining this object much more conclusively. A great armament was sent against Spain in 1596, under the command of Essex and Lord Howard. "The fleet," says Southey,\* "consisted of one hundred and fifty sail; seventeen of these were of the navy royal, eighteen men of war, and six store-ships, supplied by the state; the rest were pinnaces, victuallers, and transports: the force was 1,000 gentlemen volunteers, 6,368 troops, and 6,772 seamen, exclusive of the Dutch. There were no hired troops in any of the queen's ships; all were gentlemen volunteers, chosen by the commanders." Essex, in a letter to Bacon, speaking of the difficulty of his command, with reference to the nature of his force, describes his followers as "the most *tyrones*, and almost all *voluntaries*." "In numbers and strength," continues Southey, "the armament was superior to any that this country had sent forth since the introduction of cannon." This expedition was directed, as the reader of English history knows, against Cadiz. It left Plymouth on the 3rd of June, 1596; and returned on the 8th of August; having effected its principal object, the destruction of the Spanish fleet. It is to this great armament that Malone thinks Shakspeare alludes, in the following lines in the second Act, where Chatillon describes to King Philip the expected approach of King John:—

"all the unsettled humours of the land—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery, voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and seath in Christendom."

The supposed coincidence is, a great armament, principally composed of *voluntaries*. But does Shakspeare speak of these voluntaries in a manner that would have been agreeable to an English audience; or that, however just it might be, was in accordance with the public recognition of the conduct of the army at Cadiz? The "unsettled humours of the land"—the "rash, inconsiderate fiery voluntaries"—the "birthrights on their backs"—the "offence and seath to Christendom,"—are somewhat opposed to the sentiment expressed in the public prayer of thanksgiving, written by Barleigh, in which the moderation of the troops in the hour of victory was solemnly recognised. "War in these days," says Southey, "was conducted in such a spirit, that for the troops not to have committed, and with the sanction of their leaders, any outrage upon humanity, was deemed a point of special honour to the commanders, and calling for an especial expression of gratitude to the Almighty." But the narrative of this expedition, given in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, by Dr. Marbeck, who attended the Lord High Admiral, is not equally honourable to the "voluntaries," as regards their respect for property. He speaks of the "great pillage of the common soldiers"—"the goodly furniture that was defrauded by the better people"—and "the intemperate disorder of some of the rasher sort." Shakspeare might have known of this,—but would he go out of his way to reprobate it? If he had written this play a few years later than 1596, he might have kept the expedition in his eye, and have described its "voluntaries," without offence to the popular or the courtly feeling. If he had written it earlier than 1596, he might have described "voluntaries" in general, from the many narratives of reckless military adventures with which he would be familiar.

There is another allusion, according to Johnson, which fixes this date to 1596, or to the later date of 1600, which may settle the evidence of Meres altogether, unless it be supposed that he assigned the old King John to Shakspeare. Pandulph thus denounces John:—

\* Naval History, vol. iv. p. 39

## KING JOHN.

"And meritless shall stand be call'd  
 Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life."

The pope published a bull against Elizabeth in 1597;—and in 1607, the perpetrators of the Gunpowder treason were canonized. We have, fortunately, a proof that *Shakespeare*, in the *past*, shrank from any allusion to the history of his own times. In the old play of *King John* he found the following passage:—

"I, Paudulph," &c. "pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of his duty and fealty that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sin to those or those whatsoever, which shall carry arms against thee, or murder thee."

Chalmers carries the passion of mixing up *Shakespeare's* incidents and expressions with passing events, to a greater extent than Malone or Johnson. According to him, the *king* of *England* is a type of the loss and recapture of *Amiens*, in 1597; the alterations between the *Eastern* and *Austria* were to conduce to the unpopularity of the Archduke Albert; and the concluding exhortation,—

"Nought shall make us ere,  
 If England to itself do rest but true."

had allusion to the differences amongst the leading men of the Court of Elizabeth, arising out of the ambition of *Essex*.\*

For the purpose of fixing an exact date for the composition of this play, we apprehend that our readers will agree with us, that evidence such as this is not to be received with an implicit belief. Indeed, looking broadly at all which has been written upon the chronology of *Shakespeare's* plays, with reference to this particular species of evidence, namely, the allusion to passing events, we fear that, at the best, a great deal of labour has been bestowed for a very unsatisfactory result. The attempt, however, has been praiseworthy; and it has had the incidental good of evolving many curious points connected with our history and manners, that present themselves more forcibly to the mind in an isolated shape, than when forming a portion of any large historical narration. Yet we are anxious to guard against one misapprehension which may have presented itself to the minds of some of our readers, as it did to our own minds, when we first bestowed attention upon the large collection of facts, or conjectures, that have regard to the chronological order of our poet's plays. Properly to understand the principle upon which *Shakespeare* worked, we must never for a moment suffer ourselves to believe that he was of that class of vulgar artists who are perpetually on the lookout for some temporary allusion (utterly worthless except in its relation to the excitement which is produced by passing events), for the mean purpose of endeavouring to "split the ears of the groundlings." If we should take literally what has been told us as regards the play, without examining the passages upon which such opinions are founded,—that it had allusions, for instance, to the expedition to *Calis*, to the bull of the pope against Elizabeth, and to the factions of *Essex*,—we might believe that the great poet, who, in his "*Histories*," sought

"To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,  
 Make kings his subjects, by exchanging verse,  
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
 Joys in their joys, and troubles at their rage;"†

was one of those waiters upon events who seized upon a fleeting popularity, by presenting a mirror of the *past* in which a distorted *present* might be seen. But, rightly considered, the allusions of *Shakespeare* to the passages of his own times are so few and so obscure, that they are utterly insufficient to state one jot of his great merit, that "he was for all time." He was, indeed, in dealing with the spirit of the past, delighted, as Wordsworth has beautifully said in delineating his character of the poet, "to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the games on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."‡ His past was, therefore, wherever it could be interfused with the permanent and universal, a reflex of the present. Thus, in the age of Elizabeth, and in the age of Victoria, his patriotism is an abiding and unchanging feeling; and his as

\* Supplemental Apology, p. 356.

† On worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems, by J. M., S. From the form of 1632

‡ Observations prefixed to the second edition of *Lycial Ballads*.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

little to do with the mutations of the world as any other of the great elements of human thought with which he deals. When the Bastard exclaims,—

" This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Come the three corners of the world in arms  
And we shall shock them : "—

we feel such lines had a peculiar propriety when they were uttered before an audience that might have been trembling at the present threats of a Spanish invasion, had they not been roused to defiance by the "lion-port" of their queen, and by the mightier power of that spirit of intellectual superiority which directed her councils, and, what was even more important, had entered into the spirit of her people's literature. But these noble lines were just as appropriate, dramatically, four hundred years before they were written, as they are appropriate in their influence upon the spirit two hundred and fifty years after they were written. Frederick Schlegel has said of Shakspeare, "the feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality." It is true that the nationality of Shakspeare is always hearty and genial; and even in the nationality of prejudice there are to be found very many of the qualities that make up the nationality of reflection. For this reason, therefore, the nationality of Shakspeare may constitute a link between him and "ordinary men," who have not yet come to understand, for example, his large toleration, which would seem, upon the surface, to be the antagonist principle of nationality. The time may arrive when true toleration and true nationality may shake hands. Coleridge has, in a few words, traced the real course which the nationality of Shakspeare may assist in working out, by the reconciliation of these seeming opposites:—"Patriotism is equal to the sense of individuality reflected from every other individual. There may come a higher virtue in both—just cosmopolitanism. But this latter is not possible but by antecedence of the former."\*

There is one other point connected with Shakspeare's supposed subservience to passing events, which we cannot dismiss without an expression of something more than a simple dissent. In reading the grand scene of the fourth Act, between John and Hubert, where John says,—

' It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life,"—

had we not a commentator at our elbow, we should see nothing but the exquisite skill of the poet, in exhibiting the cowardly meanness of John in shrinking from his own "warrant" when its execution had proved to be dangerous. This, forsooth, according to Warburton, "plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots;" and Malone thinks "it is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary." Apology! If Shakspeare had been the idiot that these critics would represent him to have been, Elizabeth would very soon have told him to keep to his stage, and not meddle with matters out of his sphere;—for, unquestionably, the excuse which John attempts to make, could it have been interpreted into an excuse for Elizabeth, would have had precisely the same effect with regard to Elizabeth which it produces with regard to John,—it would have made men despise as well as hate the one as the other. As an example of the utter worthlessness of this sort of conjecture, we may add, that Douce says, "may it not rather allude to the death of Essex?"† Mr. Courtenay, in his "Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered historically,"—which we have noticed in the Illustrations to Act I.,—agrees with Warburton and Malone in their construction of this passage. Mr. Courtenay is not, however, a blind follower of the opinions of other critics, but has theories of his own upon such matters. One of these conjectures upon Shakspeare's omission of the event of the signature of Magna Charta, is at least amusing: "How shall we account for Shakspeare's omission of an incident so essential in 'the life and reign of King John?' It had occurred to me, especially when considering the omission of all reference to popular topics, that as Shakspeare was a decided royalist, he might not wish to remind Queen Elizabeth, who set Magna Charta at naught in its most interesting particular, of the solemn undertakings of her ancestors." Mr. Courtenay sub-

\* Library Remains, vol. II. p. 161

† Illustrations, I. 466.

## KING JOHN.

sequently says, that no great stress was laid upon Magna Charta, even by constitutional writers, before the days of Coke; but that, nevertheless, "Magna Charta ought to have been the prominent feature of the play." He says this, upon Coleridge's definition of an historical play, which is, at the best, not to understand Coleridge. Colley Cibber, in 1744, altered King John, and he says, in his dedication, that he endeavoured "to make his play more like ours than what he found it in Shakspeare." He gave us some magnificent scenes between John and the pope's nuncio, full of the most orthodox dramaticisms of Rome and the Pretender. He obtained room for these by the slight sacrifice of Constance and the Bastard. We have no doubt that upon the same principle, an ingenious adapter, into whom the true spirit of "Historical Plays considered historically" should be infused, might give us a new King John, founded upon Shakspeare's, with Magna Charta at full length,—and if Arthur and Hubert were sacrificed for this end, as well as Constance and Faulconbridge, the lovers of poetry might still turn to the obsolete old dramatist,—but the student of history would be satisfied by dramatic evidence, as well as by the authority of his primer, that

"Magna Charta we gain'd from John,  
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon."

The end and object of the drama, and of the Shakspearean drama especially, is to maintain that "law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in Nature itself, the unity of feeling."\* In Shakspeare's King John this object is attained as completely as in Macbeth. The history at once directs and subserves the plot. We have shewn this fully in our Supplementary Notice; and we think, therefore, that the omission of Magna Charta in King John may find another solution than that which Mr. Courtenay's theory supplies.

### SOURCES OF THE 'HISTORY' OF KING JOHN.

In the "Historical Illustrations" which we have subjoined to each Act, we have followed out the real course of events in the life of King John, as far as appeared to us necessary for exhibiting the dramatic truth of the poet, as sustained by, or as deviating from, the historic truth of the dramatist. But to understand the Shakspearean drama, from this example, is to see the propriety of what it adopted, and what it laid aside,—we must look into less authentic materials of history than even those very imperfect materials which the poet found in the annals with which he was familiar. It is upon the conventional "history" of the stage that Shakspeare built his play. It is impossible now, except on very general principles, to determine why a poet, who had the authentic materials of history before him, and possessed beyond all men the power of moulding these materials, with reference to a dramatic action, into the most complete and beautiful forms, should have subjected himself, in the full vigour and maturity of his intellect, to a general adherence to the course of that conventional dramatic history. But so it is. The King John of Shakspeare is not the King John of the historians which Shakspeare had unquestionably studied; it is not the King John of his own imagination, setting off the trammels which a rigid adoption of the facts of those historians would have imposed upon him; but it is the King John, in the conduct of the story, in the juxtaposition of the characters, and in the catastrophe,—in the historical truth, and in the historical error,—of the play which preceded him some few years. This, unquestionably, was not an accident. It was not what in the vulgar sense of the word, is called a plagiarism. It was a submission of his own original powers of writing upon the feelings and understandings of his audience, to the stronger power of habit in the same audience. The history of John had been familiar to them for almost half a century. The familiarity had grown out of the rudest days of the drama, and had been established in the period of its comparative refinement, which immediately preceded Shakspeare. The old play of King John was, in all likelihood, a vigorous graft upon the trunk of an older play, which "occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays,"—that of 'Kyng John,' by John Bale, written probably in the reign of Edward VI. Shakspeare, then, had to choose between forty years of stage tradition, and the employment of new materials. He took, upon principle, what he found ready to his hand. But none of the transformations of classical or oriental fable, in which a new life is transfused into

\* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. 3, p. 77.

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an old body, can equal this astonishing example of the life-conferring power of a genius such as Shakspeare. Whoever really wishes thoroughly to understand the resources which Shakspeare possessed, in the creation of characters, in the conduct of a story, and the employment of language, will do well, again and again, to compare the old play of King John, and the King John of our dramatist.

Bale's "juggant" of 'Kynge Johan' has been published in the series by the Camden Society, under the judicious editorship of Mr. J. P. Collier. This performance, which is in two parts, has been printed from the original manuscript in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. Supposing it to be written about the middle of the sixteenth century, it presents a more remarkable example even than "Howleholme," or "Hek Scorner" (of which an account is given in Percy's agreeable Essay on the Origin of the English Stage),\* of the extremely low state of the drama only forty years before the time of Shakspeare. Here is a play written by a bishop; and yet the dirty ribaldry which is put into the mouths of some of the characters is beyond all description, and quite impossible to be exhibited by any example in these pages. We say nothing of the almost utter absence of any poetical feeling,—of the dull monotony of the versification,—of the tediousness of the dialogue,—of the inartificial conduct of the story. These matters were not greatly amended till a very short period before Shakspeare came to "reform them altogether." Our object in mentioning this play is to shew that the King John upon which Shakspeare built, was, in some degree, constructed upon the 'Kynge Johan' of Bale; and that a traditionary King John had thus possessed the stage for nearly half a century before the period when Shakspeare wrote his King John. We must, however, avail ourselves of an extract from Mr. Collier's Introduction to the play of Bale:—

The design of the two plays of 'Kynge Johan' was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which, after his conversion, Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. This design he executed in a manner until then, I apprehend, unknown. He took some of the leading and popular events of the reign of King John, his disputes with the pope, the suffering of his kingdom under the interdict, his subsequent submission to Rome, and his imputed death by poison from the hands of a monk of Swinestead Abbey, and applied them to the circumstances of the country in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. \* \* \* \* This early application of historical events, of itself, is a singular circumstance, but it is the more remarkable when we recollect that we have no drama in our language of this date, in which personages connected with, and engaged in, our public affairs are introduced. In 'Kynge Johan' we have not only the monarch himself, who figures very prominently until his death, but Pope Innocent, Cardinal Pandulphus, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swynsett (or Swinstead), and a monk called Raymundus; besides abstract impersonations, such as England, who is stated to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the reins of government after the death of King John, Nobility, Clergy, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition, who may be said to be the Vice, or Jester, of the piece. Thus we have many of the elements of historical plays, such as they were acted at our public theatres forty or fifty years afterwards, as well as some of the ordinary materials of the old moralities, which were gradually exploded by the introduction of real or imaginary characters on the scene. Bale's play, therefore, occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays, and it is the only known existing specimen of that species of composition of so early a date."

That the 'Kynge Johan' of the furious Protestant bishop was known to the writer of the King John of 1591, we have little doubt. Our space will not allow us to point out the internal evidences of this; but one minute but remarkable similarity may be mentioned. When John arrives at Swinestead Abbey, the monks, in both plays, invite him to their treacherous repast by the cry of "Wassail." In the play of Bale we have no incidents whatever beyond the contests between John and the pope,—the surrender of the crown to Pandulph,—and the poisoning of John by a monk at Swinestead Abbey. The action goes on very haltingly:—but not so the wordy war of the speakers. A vocabulary of choice terms of abuse, familiarly used in the times of the Reformation, might be constructed out of this curious performance. Here the play of 1591 is wonderfully reformed;—and we have a diversified action, in which the story of Arthur and Constance, and the wars and truces in Anjou, are brought to relieve the exhibition of papal domination and monkish treachery. The intolerance of Bale against the Romish church is the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-

\* Reliques of English Poetry, vol. i.



## KING JOHN.

assorted garb of religious zeal. In the John of 1591 we have none of this violence; but the writer has exhibited a scene of ribaldry, in the incident of Faulconbridge hunting out the "angels" of the monks; for he makes him find a nun concealed in a holy man's chest. This, no doubt, would be a popular scene. Shakspeare has not a word of it. Mr. Campbell, to our surprise, thinks that Shakspeare might have retained "that scene in the old play where Faulconbridge, in fulfilling King John's injunction to plunder the religious houses, finds a young smooth-skinned nun in a chest whose the abbot's treasures were supposed to be deposited."\* When did ever Shakspeare lend his authority to fix a stigma upon large classes of mankind, in deference to popular prejudice? One of the most remarkable characteristics of Shakspeare's John, as opposed to the grossness of Bale, and the ribaldry of his immediate predecessor, is the utter absence of all invective or sarcasm against the Roman church, apart from the attempt of the pope to extort a base submission from the English king. Here, indeed, we have his nationality in full power;—but how different is that from fostering hatreds between two classes of our people.

It may amuse such of our readers as have not access to the play of Bale, or to the King John of 1591, to see an example of the different modes in which the two writers treat the same subject—the surrender of the crown to Pandulph—

### THE KYNGE JOHAN OF BALE.

"P. This outward remorse that ye show here evydent  
Ys a grett lykelyhood and token of amendment.  
How say ye, Kyngge Johan, can ye fynd now in yowr hart  
To obaye Holy Chyreh and geve ower yowr froward part?"

K. J. Were yt so possyble to hold the enmyes backe,  
That my swete Yngland perysh not in this shepewracke.

P. Possyble quoth he! yea, they shuld go bake in dede,  
And ther gret armyse to some other quarters leade,  
Or elles they have not so many good blessyngs now,  
But as many cursyngs they shall have, I make God aware.  
I promyse yow, sur, ye shall have specciall faver  
Yf ye wyll submyt yowr sylfe to Holy Chyreh here.

K. J. I have east in my mynde the great displeasures of  
warre,  
The dayngers, the losses, the decayes, both nere and farre;  
The burnyng of townes, the throwynge down of build-  
ynges,

Destructyon of corne and cattell with other thynges;  
Hefflyng of maydes, and shedyng of Christen blood,  
With such lyke outrages, mythar honest, true, nor good.  
These thynges considered, I am compelled thys houre  
To resigne up here both crowne and regall poure.

K. J. Here I submyt me to Pope Innocent the thred,  
Dyssyngery mercy of hys holly fatherhed.

P. Geve up the crowne than, yt shal be the better for ye:  
He wyll unto yow the more favorable be."

### THE KING JOHN OF 1591.

"Pandulph. John, now I see thy hearty penitence,  
I rewe and pity thy distress estate;

One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,  
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.  
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome  
Thy crowne and dadem, then shall the pope  
Defend thee from th' invasion of thy foes.

And where his holiness hath kindled France,  
And set thy subjects hearts at warre with thee,  
Thou shalt he cause thy foes, and beate them downe,  
That seeke the discontentment of the king.

John. From bad to worse, or I must loose my realm,  
Or give my crowne for penance unto Rome:

A miserie more piercing than the farts  
That breake from learning's exaltation power.  
What, shall I give my crowne with this in to field?  
No; with this I have fedd the crowne and thee.  
What newes with that?"

K. J. How now lord Cardinal, what a point hast thou set?  
These matters must be done as time,

By policy or hardystry that it best;  
O John, these troubles trye thy wittes kinde,  
And like to Lissa in a sad eclipse,  
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes

Well may it be, when kings are grieved on  
The vulgar sort weeke prisones soueraine.

Card. K. John, for not offering of thy physical view,  
This strange annoyance happens to thy land.  
But yet be reconciled unto the church,  
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state."

We would willingly furnish several similar parallels between the King John of 1591, and the King John of Shakspeare, if our space would permit, and if the general reader would not be likely to weary of such minute criticism. But we may, without risk, select two specimens. The first exhibits the different mode in which the two writers treat the character of the Bastard. In the play of 1591 he is a bold, mouthy bully, who talks in "Erebus vein," and somewhat resembles one of "Amiel's Paria." There is not a particle in this character of the irrepressible gaiety,—the happy mixture of fun and sarcasm—the laughing words accompanying the stern deeds—which distinguish the Bastard of Shakspeare. We purposely have selected a short parallel extract; but the passages furnish a key to the principle upon which a dull character is made brilliant. Our poet has let in the sunlight of prodigious animal spirits, without any great intellectual refinement, (how different from Mervin's) upon the heavy clod that he found ready to his hand.—

\* Remarks on Life and History of Shakspeare, prefixed to Mosson's edition, 1833.

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### THE KING JOHN OF 1591.

*Lym.* Madlocks that'll be a p'de and Richards fall,  
Should be a p'v'dent 't' 't'rig'd you all.

*Bast.* What words are those? how do my sinews shake?  
My fathers face and in my fathers spyke,  
A thousand favours kinde with revenge,  
They haue that shall be my reward consistorie,  
Searing my inward with a kind of hate:  
How dost thou stand, a simple earce—  
Deare and Philip, kin the virgin straight,  
Durst thou be of this matchlesse monument  
Thy fathers triumph ore the sauaiges,  
Hate beardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing  
slawe,  
What shall't thou wile to triumph of a king?"

### SHAKSPERE'S KING JOHN.

*" Aust.* Peace!  
*Bast.* Hear the crier.  
*Aust.* What the devil art thou?  
*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; I' faith, I will, I' faith.  
*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!  
*Bast.* It lies as slightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back:  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack."

The second extract we shall make, is for the purpose of exhibiting the modes in which a writer of ordinary powers, and one of surpassing grace and tenderness, as well as of matchless energy, has dealt with the same passion under the same circumstances. The situation in each play is where Arthur exhorts his mother to be content, after the marriage between Lewis and Blanch, and the consequent peace between John and Philip:—

### THE KING JOHN OF 1591.

*" Art.* Madam, good cheer, these drooping languishments  
Alike in sadness to your own awkward haps;  
If heaven haue comforted their cuncts,  
To wile the wile in sad presences:  
Sorrow will change, and sorrow present griefe  
May change with time, and be our reliefe.

*Concl.* Ah how, thy griefe I see are fare the ground  
To look into the bottom of those eyes,  
But I, who see the paper that doth show down  
Thy woe, yet with and all the without meanes,  
Whom with thy father and the father should nouri,  
Was on, what come you out of sad iudice in me,  
With whom all hope and had the danger?

*Art.* Yet I have heard, and eare, and solemn shewes,  
Hither than helpe, heape up more worke for woe.

*Concl.* If any power will heare a widows plaint,  
From a womans soules ladders rounge:  
Good fell content to be first this cline,  
This chere comfort, what the foster, breath,  
Whose power is proud brightnes,  
Heargers all the cheere with one beleefe.  
He present Arthur, and he here I too,  
To thin thy right, and thank thy fowens prole.  
But now look upon, peruse as hee,  
He takes a truce with Edward deposed that,  
And comma Lewis to be my name,  
Whom the fortune, and the world dayes life  
Between those heere: of heere the rest,  
And as they shewer you from out their eyes,  
And from in a wofull and full care,  
So heere as youe come with a thirftous course,  
Is all the blood spilt on either part,  
Clawing the crown of the first on earth,  
Gone to a soue-gone, and a brisill feast!"

### SHAKSPERE'S KING JOHN.

*" Art.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.  
*Concl.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blot and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great;  
Of Nature's gift thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, O!  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John;  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the hawd to theirs.  
France is a hawd to fortune, and king John;  
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
Even him with words; or get thee gone,  
And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sat.* Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.

*Concl.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.  
To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kinne assemble; for my grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

## SCENES AND COSTUMES.

In this play the scene of the first Act is in John's palace in England. Of a Room of State of John's period Mr. Poynter has furnished a sketch. The view of Angiers in Act II. is from an old print. The palace in Act IV. is from a drawing, by Mr. Poynter, of a vaulted strong-room of the time. Of Sarum itself there are no remains, nor is any representation preserved that we can discover. Mr. Poynter's sketch exhibits a conventional building of the period, with the orchard and its characteristic fish pond.

## KING JOHN.

The authorities for the costume of the historical play of King John are chiefly the monumental effigies and seals of the principal sovereigns and nobles therein mentioned. Illuminated MSS. of this exact period are unknown to us. All that we have seen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries appear to be either of an earlier or later date than the reign of John. The nearest to his time, apparently, is one in the Sloane Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 1975. Fortunately, however, there are few personages in the play beneath the rank of these for whose habits we have the most unquestionable models in the authorities above alluded to, and written descriptions or allusions will furnish us with the most essential part of the information required. The enamelled sepulchral seal to have been presented by King John to the Corporation of Lynn, and from the figure on which the civil costume of his reign has hitherto been designed, is now, by a critical examination of those very figures, and a comparison of their dress with that depicted in MSS. of at least a century later, proved to be of the time of Edward II. or III. We subjoin a group in which the dress of the burghers and artizans is collected from the authorities nearest to the period.



The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a fac-simile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe or surcoat of ermine damask, embroidered with gold, and descending to the mid leg, is girted round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendent in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from his shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs by straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped with green and yellow or gold. The collar and sleeves of the surcoat have borders of gold studded with jewels. The hanks of the gloves were also jewelled.

A kneeling effigy of Philip Augustus, engraved in Meusebach, shows the similarity of fashion existing at the same time in France and England. The robes, when unrolled, appear to have been attired in the same manner, *viz.*, in the tunic, surcoat, and mantle, with long, short hose, or shoes, of materials more or less rich according to the means or fancy of the wearer. Cloth, silk, velvet, and gold and silver tissues, with occasionally furs of considerable value, are mentioned in various documents of the period. A garment called a *blouse* (from whence probably the modern French blouse), appears to have been a sort of super-tunic or surcoat in vogue about this time; and in winter it is said to have been lined with fur. The common Norman mantle used for travelling, or out of door exercise, had a capuchon to it, and was called the *cape*. A curious mistake has been made by Mr. Strutt respecting this garment. In his *Hardy Angel Gown*, vol. ii., p. 67, he states that when King John made Thomas Sturmer a knight, he sent a messenger before to his Stables at Bunsclere to make the following preparations:—"A scarlet robe, certain other garments of fine hose, and another robe of green, or burnet, with a cap and *plume of feathers, &c.*" The words in the manuscript

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era "capâ ad pluuia," a cap, or cloak, for rainy weather. (Vide Excerpta Historica. London: Bentley, 1733. p. 353.)

The capuchin, or hood, with which this garment was furnished, appears to have been the usual covering for the head; but hats and caps, the former of the shape of the classical Petasus, and the latter sometimes of the Phrygian form, and sometimes flat and round like the Scotch bonnet, are occasionally met with during the twelfth century. The beaux, however, during John's reign, curled and crimped their hair with irons, and bound only a slight fillet round the head, seldom wearing caps, in order that their locks might be seen and admired. The beard was closely shaven, but John and the nobles of his party are said to have worn both beard and moustache out of contempt for the discontented Barons. The fashion of gartering up the long hose, or Norman chausses, sandal-wise prevailed amongst all classes; and when, on the legs of persons of rank, these bandages are seen of gold stuff, the effect is very gorgeous and picturesque.

The dress of the ladies may best be understood from an examination of the effigies of Elinor, Queen of Henry II., and of Isabella, Queen of King John, and the figure of Blanch of Castile on her great seal. Although these personages are represented in what may be called royal costume, the general dress differed nothing in form, however it might in material. It consisted of one long full robe or gown, girdled round the waist, and high in the neck, with long tight sleeves to the wrist (in the Sicard MS. above mentioned the hanging cuffs in fashion about forty years earlier appear upon one figure); the collar sometimes fastened with a brooch; the head bound by a band or fillet of jewels, and covered with the wimple or veil. To the girdle was appended, occasionally, a small pouch or amulet. The capa was used in travelling, and in winter pelisses (Pelices, pelissons) richly furred (whence the name) were worn under it.

King John orders a grey pelisson with nine bars of fur to be made for the Queen. Short boots, as well as shoes, were worn by the ladies. The King orders four pair of women's boots, one of them to be *fecatus de giris* (embroidered with circles), but the robe, or gown, was worn so long that little more than the tips of the toes are seen in illuminations or effigies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the colour is generally black, though there can be no doubt they were occasionally of cloth of gold or silver richly embroidered.

Gloves do not appear to have been generally worn by females; but, as marks of nobility, when they were worn they were jewelled on the back.

The mantle and robe or tunic, of the effigy of Queen Elinor, are embroidered all over with golden crescents. This may have been some family badge, as the crescent and star are seen on the great seal of Richard I., and that monarch is said to have possessed a mantle nearly covered with half moons and rays of shining silver.

The armour of the time consisted of a hauberk and chausses made of leather, covered with iron-rings set up edgewise in regular rows, and firmly stitched upon it, or with small overlapping scales of metal like the *Loricâ squamata* of the Romans.

The hauberk had a capuchon attached to it, which could be pulled over the head or thrown back at pleasure. Under this was sometimes worn a close iron skull-cap, and at others the hood itself was surmounted by a "chapel de fer," or a large cylindrical helmet, flattened at top, the face being defended by a perforated plate or grating, called the "aventaille" (*avant taille*), fastened by screws or hinges to the helmet. A variety of specimens of this early vizored head-piece may be seen on the seals of the Counts of Flanders in Olivarius Vredius' History; and the seal of Prince Louis of France (one of the personages of this play) exhibits a large and most clumsy helmet of this description. The seal of King John presents us with a figure of the monarch wearing over his armour the military surcoat as yet undistinguished by armorial blazonry. On his head is either a cylindrical helmet, without the aventaille, or a cap of cloth or fur. It is difficult, from the state of the impressions, to decide which. He bears the knightly shield, assuming at this period the triangular or heater shape, but exceedingly curved or embowed, and embazoned with the three lions, or leopards, passant regardant, in pale, which are first seen on the shield of his brother, Richard I.

The spur worn at this period was the goat or pryck spur, without a rowel. The principal weapons of the knights were the lance, the sword, and the battle-axe. The shape of the sword may be best ascertained from the effigy of King John, who holds one in his hand; the pommel is diamond shaped, and has an oval cavity in the centre for a jewel.

## KING JOHN.

The common soldiery fought with bills, long and cross bows, slings, clubs, and a variety of rude but terrific weapons, such as scythes fastened to poles (the *falcinatum*), and a sort of spear, with a hook on one side, called the *guisarme*. The *arbalast*, or cross bow, is said to have been invented in the previous reign, but Wace mentions it as having been known to the Normans before the conquest. Engines of war, called the *mangonell* and the *petraria*, for throwing heavy stones, are mentioned by Guliel. Britto in his *Phillippeis*, l. 7.

*Interea grossos petraria mittit ab intus  
Assidue lapides mangonellusque minores.*

And in the close rolls of John is an order, dated 2d April, 1208, to the Bailiff of Poerchester, to cause machines for flinging stones, called *petrarias* and *mangonelli*, to be made for the King's service, and to let Drogo de Dieppe and his companions have iron and other things necessary for making of them. Philip sent to his son Louis a military engine, called the *malvoisine* (bad neighbour), to batter the walls of Dover Castle.

The costume of the following personages of the drama will be found in their portraits, which are introduced into the *Historical Illustration* accompanying each act:— King John, Queen Elinor, King Philip, Prince Lewis, Blanch of Castile, Salisbury, Penbrooke, Henry III. We have, however, endeavoured to give a general impression of the military and priestly costume of the period, in the following group, which refers to the oath taken by the English barons interchangeably with Prince Lewis and his knights,

“ Upon the altar at St. Edmundsbury.”





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *his son; afterwards King Henry III.*  
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARSHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son of sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Vornfret, *a prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

Cardinal PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate*

MELUN, *a French lord.*

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the widow of King Henry II., and mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *daughter to Alphonse, King of Castile, and niece to King John.*

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, *mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.*

*King John.* Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour,\* to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;

\* *Behaviour.* Haviour, behaviour, is the manner of having, the conduct. Where, then, is the difficulty which this expression has raised up? The king of France speaks, in the conduct of his ambassador, to "the borrow'd majesty of England;"—a necessary explanation of the speech of Chatillon, which John would have resented upon the speaker himself, had he not in his "behaviour" expressed the intentions of his sovereign.

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which aways usurpingly thine several titles;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:!

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exit* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made

whole,  
With very easy arguments of love;  
Which now the manage<sup>a</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right,  
for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than  
your right;  
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;  
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall  
hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who  
whispers ESSEX.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest contro-  
versy,  
Come from the country to be judged by you,  
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?  
*K. John.* Let them approach.—[*Exit* Sheriff.  
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,  
and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-Lion, knighted in the field.<sup>2</sup>

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulcon-  
bridge.  
*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known: and, as I think, one father:  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Rob.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame  
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, would'st thou, no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;

<sup>a</sup> *Manage* has, in Shakspeare, the same meaning as management and intemperance,—which, applied to a state, is equivalent to government. Property says of Antonio,

"He whom next thyself  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state."

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow:—Why, being  
younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But wher<sup>a</sup> I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old sir Robert did begot us both,  
And were our father, and this son, like him;—  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madeap hath Heaven  
lent us here!

*Eli.* He hath a trick<sup>b</sup> of Cœur-de-Lion's face;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his  
parts,

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my  
father.

With that half-face<sup>c</sup> would he have all my land:  
A half-faced groat<sup>3</sup> five hundred pound a-year!

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father  
liv'd

Your brother did employ my father much:—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time:  
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,

<sup>a</sup> *Wher*. To prevent confusion, we give this word as a contraction of the *where* of the original, which has the meaning of whether, but does not appear to have been written as a contraction either by Shakspeare or his contemporaries.

<sup>b</sup> *Trick*, here and elsewhere in Shakspeare, means peculiarity. Gloucester remembers the "*trick*" of Lear's voice;—Helen, thinking of Bertram, speaks

"Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour;"

Falstaff notes the "*villainous trick*" of the prince's eye. In all these cases *trick* seems to imply habitual manner. In this view it is not difficult to trace up the expression to the same common source as *trick* in its ordinary acceptation; as, habitual manner, artificial habit, artifice, entanglement; from *tricare*. Wordsworth has the Shakspearian use of "*trick*" in the *Excursion* (book 1).—

"Her infant babe  
Hud from its mother caught the *trick* of grief,  
And sigh'd among its playthings."

<sup>c</sup> *That half-face* is a correction by Theobald, which appears just, the first folio giving "half that face." For an explanation of *half-face*, see Illustrations.



And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :  
But truth is truth ; large lengths of sea and  
shores

Between my father and my mother lay ; —  
As I have heard my father speak himself, —  
When this same lusty gentleman was got,  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :  
And, if she did play false, the fault was her's ;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;  
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes :  
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,  
Lord of thy presence,<sup>a</sup> and no land beside ?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his,<sup>b</sup> like him ?  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods ;  
My arms such cel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, Look, where three-far-  
things goes ;<sup>c</sup>  
And, to his shape,<sup>d</sup> were heir to all this land,

<sup>a</sup> *Presence* may here mean "priority of place," *préséance*. As the son of Cœur-de-Lion, Faulconbridge would take rank without his land. Warburton judged it meant "master of thyself." If this interpretation be correct, the passage may have suggested the lines in Sir Henry Wotton's song on a "Happy Life,"

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing yet hath all."

<sup>b</sup> *Sir Robert his*. This is the old form of the genitive, such as all who have looked into a legal instrument know. The original has "Sir Roberts his," which Mr. Lettson considers a double genitive.

<sup>c</sup> *To his shape*—in addition to his shape.

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Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face ;  
It would not be sir Nob<sup>e</sup> in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well ; wilt thou forsake thy  
fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take  
my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year ;  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 't is dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me  
thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters  
way.

*K. John.* What is thy name ?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;  
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name  
whose form thou bearest :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.<sup>f</sup>

*Bast.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me  
your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land ;  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet !

I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth ;  
What though ?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window,<sup>g</sup> or else o'er the hedge ;

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night ;

And have is have, however men do catch ;

Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;

And I am I, how'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge ; now last thou  
thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire. —  
Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must  
speed

For France, for France ; for it is more than  
need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to  
thee !

For thou was got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

<sup>e</sup> We have given the text of the folio—"It would not be sir Nob"—not "I would not be." "This face," he says, "would not be sir Nob." Nob is now, and was in Shakspeare's time, a cant word for the head.

<sup>f</sup> *In at the window*, &c. These were proverbial expressions, which, by analogy with irregular modes of entering a house, had reference to cases such as that of Faulconbridge's, which he gently terms "a little from the right."

A foot of honour better than I was ;  
 But many a many foot of land the worse.  
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
 Good den,<sup>a</sup> sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow ;  
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;  
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;  
 'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,  
 For your conversion.<sup>b</sup> Now your traveller,  
 He had his tooth-pick<sup>c</sup> at my worship's mess,  
 And when my knightly stomach is sullied,  
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
 My pickel man of countries :<sup>d</sup>—My dear sir,  
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)  
 I shall beseech you—That is question now ;  
 And then comes answer like an Abscy<sup>e</sup> book :  
 O, sir, says answer, at your best command ;  
 At your employment ; at your service, sir :  
 No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours :  
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 Saving in dialogue of compliment ;  
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,  
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself :  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,  
 That doth not smack of observation ;  
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :  
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn ;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?  
 What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY.*

O mistress ! it is my mother.—How now, good lady ?  
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?

<sup>a</sup> *Good den*—good evening—good den.

<sup>b</sup> *Conversion*. This is the reading of the folio, but was altered, by Pope, to *conversing*. The Bastard, whose "new tongue" is a conversion, a change of condition, would say that for member men's names (opposed, by implication, to *being*) is too respectful (punctilious, discriminating) and too sociable, for one of his newly attained rank.

<sup>c</sup> *To pick* is a metaphor derived from the action of some in plucking their feathers. "He is too pickled, too spruce, too allied," occurs in Love's Labour's Lost.

<sup>d</sup> *Abscy book*, the common name for the first, or A, B, C, book. The ostentation was generally included in these books; and hence the reference in the text to "question" and "answer."

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother ?  
 where is he ?  
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?  
*Bast.* My brother Robert ? old sir Robert's son ?  
*Colbrand* the giant,<sup>7</sup> that same mighty man ?  
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?  
*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou un-reverend boy,  
 Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert ?  
 He is sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.  
*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while ?  
*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.  
*Bast.* Philip ?—sparrow !<sup>8</sup>—James,  
 There's toys abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more,  
 [Exit GURNEY.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son ;  
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
 Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast :  
 Sir Robert could do well ; Marry—to confess—  
 Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;  
 We know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs ?  
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like :<sup>b</sup>

What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.  
 But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;  
 I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land ;  
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone :  
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;  
 Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it, mother ?

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge ?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father :

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
 To make room for him in my husband's bed.

<sup>a</sup> *Philip*—sparrow. The sparrow was called Philip,—perhaps from his note, out of which Catullus, in his elegy on Lesbia's sparrow, formed a verb, *pipilabat*. When Gurney calls the bastard "good Philip," the new "Sir Richard" tosses off the name with contempt—"sparrow !" He then puts aside James, with "anon I'll tell thee more."

<sup>b</sup> *Basilisco-like*. Basilisco is a character in a play of Shakspeare's time, Soliman and Perseda, from which Tyrwhitt quotes a passage which may have suggested the words of the Bastard. The oaths of Basilisco became proverbial. Basilisco is mentioned by Nash in 1596.

Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge,<sup>a</sup>  
That art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly;  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—

<sup>a</sup> *Heaven, &c.* We have restored the reading of the old copy, which appears to us more in Shakspeare's manner than the customary text—

"Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence," &c.

Lady Faulconbridge is not invoking Heaven to pardon her transgression; but she says to her son,—for Heaven's sake lay not (thou) my transgression to my charge that art the issue of it. The reply of Faulconbridge immediately depreciates any intention of upbraiding his mother.

Subjected tribute to commanding love,—  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless<sup>a</sup> lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.<sup>b</sup>  
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;  
And they shall say, which Richard me beget,  
If thou hadst said his nay, it had been sin:  
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 't was not.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Awless*,—the opposite of awful! but inspiring awe.

#### RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 16.—" 'T is too respective and too sociable  
For your discretion."

" 'T is too respective and too sociable  
For your discretion."—*Collier.*

*C discretion* is a misprint of the first, according to Mr. Collier. It was common, he says, to entertain "picket

men of discretion" for the discipline of the company at the leisure of the higher officers. So the female playmate of the strutting Halibut is to supercede the black-sheeped satire, that when there is a comparison—a charge of comparison is a name—in *respective* success (suggested by implication to *forget*) is the respective for punctilious; and too sociable, for new-made honour.



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

### 1 SCENE I.—“*The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.*”

We have the same anachronism in Hamlet and in Macbeth. It is scarcely necessary to tell our readers that gunpowder was invented about a century later than the time of John, and that the first battle-field in which cannon were used is commonly supposed to have been that of Cressy. And yet the dramatic poet could not have well avoided this literal violation of propriety, both here and in the second Act, when he talks of “bullets wrapp'd in fire.” He uses terms which were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the mangonell and the petrarra, —the stone-throwing machines of the time of John, —he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness; but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many. We have other anachronisms in this play, which we may as well dismiss at once, in connexion with the assertion of the principle upon which they are to be defended. In Act I. we have the “half-faced groat” of Henry VII. and the “three-farthing rose” of Elizabeth. The mention of these coins conveys a peculiar image, which must have been rejected if the poet had been bound by the same rules that govern an antiquary. So in the fifth Act, where the Dauphin says he has “the best cards for the game,” —the poet had to choose between the adoption of an allusion full of spirit and perfectly intelligible, or the substitution of some prosaic and feeble form of speech, that might have had the poor merit of not anticipating the use of playing cards in Europe, by about a century and a half. We are not aware of any other passage in this play which has afforded “the learned” an opportunity (which they have not lost in speaking of these passages) of propounding the necessity of constructing a work of art upon the same principles of exactness that go to produce a perfect Chronological Table.

### 2 SCENE I.—“*A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Ouar-de-Lion knighted in the field.*”

The design at the end of Act I. supplies, better than verbal description, a notion of the remarkable ceremonial of creating a battle-knight. The general disposition of the figures is from a vignette in Noddy's “*Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'ancienne France*,” which represents Philip Augustus conferring knighthood on the Prince Arthur of this play. The costume of the persons represented in our design is from the first and

second seals of Richard I.,—from the tombs of Essex, Pembroke, and Salisbury,—and from the Sloane MS., No. 1975. St. Palaye, in his *Memoirs of Chivalry*, says, “In warfare there was scarcely any important event which was not preceded or followed by a creation of knights. \* \* \* Knighthood was conferred, on such occasions, in a manner at once expeditions and military. The soldier presented his sword, either by the cross or the guard, to the prince or the general from whom he was to receive the *accolade*—this was all the ceremonial.”\* It was in this manner,—in the absence of those processions and banquets that accompanied the investiture of knighthood during peace,—that four hundred and sixty-seven French gentlemen were made knights at the battle of Rosebeck, in 1382; and five hundred before the battle of Azincour, 1415.† Our English chroniclers tell us that, in 1339, the armies of Edward III. and Philip of France, having approached near to each other, arranged themselves in order of battle, and fourteen gentlemen were knighted; but the armies separated without coming to an engagement, and a hare happening to pass between the two hosts, some merriment was produced, and the knights were called the knights of the hare.‡ This is an example of the custom of knighting before a battle. At a later period we have an instance of knighting after a fight. Henry VIII., after the battle of Spurs, in 1514, made Sir John Pechye Banneret and John Carré Knight, both of them having done great service in the encounter.§ When the “honour-giving hand” of the first Richard created Robert Faulconbridge a knight “in the field,” we are not told by the poet whether it was for the encouragement of valour or for the reward of service. But in Cymbeline we have an example of bestowing of the honour as the guerdon of bravery. The king, after the battle with the Romans, commands Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, thus:—

“Bow your knees:  
Arise my knights of the battle; I create you  
Companions to our person.”

### 3 SCENE I.—“*A half-faced groat.*”

The half-face is the profile;—and the allusion had probably become proverbial, for it occurs also in a play, “*The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*,” 1601,—

“You half-fac'd groat, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face.”

The profile of the sovereign is given in one or two

\* St. Palaye, ed. Paris, 1759, vol. i.  
† Baker's Chronicle.

‡ Ibid.  
§ Ibid.

## KING JOHN.

of our early coins; but Henry VII. was the first king who made an extensive issue of coins with the

half-fleur. The following is a copy of the "half faced groat" of Henry VII.



### SCENE I.—*Look, where three farthings go!*

The three-farthing silver-piece of Elizabeth was, as the value may impart, extremely thin—and thus the allusion of *Farlowbridge*, "my face so thin." "It was once the fashion," says Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*), "to stick real flowers in the ear;" and thus the thin face and the rose in the ear, taken together, were to be avoided.

"Lest men should say, *Look, where three farthings go!*"—for the three-farthing piece was not only thin, and therefore might be associated with the "thin face," but it bore a rose which assimilated with the rose in the ear. This coin was called the "three-farthing rose," and the following is a copy of it—



### SCENE I.—*"Aris, Sir Rich-ard, and Plante-genet."*

Shakspeare, with poetical propriety, confers upon the bastard the surname by which the royal house of Anjou was popularly known. Plantagenet was not the family name of that house, though it had been bestowed upon an ancestor of John from the broom in his bonnet—the *Planta genista*.

### SCENE I.—*"Nay, your brother, He and his tooth-pick."*

One of the characteristics of the "poked men of countries" was the use of a toothpick; while the Englishman who adhered to his own customs would "suck" his teeth. It is unnecessary to cite passages to show that the toothpick was considered a foreign frivolity. Gascoigne, Ian Jounet, Overbury, and Shirley, have each allusions to the practice.

### SCENE I.—*"Colbrand the giant."*

In Drayton's *Poly-Ibidin*, the twelfth song we have a long and sonorous description of the great battle between Colbrand the Danish giant and Guy of Warwick,—which the general reader will find

in Bentley's *Hyperion*, and of which the following extract will furnish an adequate notion—

*The giant, when the Danes, with armies vast array,  
Came with intent to make a general overthrow,  
They fought with them a year above of us, and so  
Eight.*

*As was not to be made, I'll say beyond what  
For one could carry four six into the field,  
Which a little wand the Dane would lightly wield,  
And its surface the strength of such a substance found,  
A man the three corners of an excessive wound,  
That in the English all they of red hair the poet  
The ending of the war by combat to find.*

*Then Colbrand for the Danes came forth in his red hair,  
Before him (from the ring) he brought great English  
Amid a guard of chosen, that very quickly array'd  
Were twenty golden spears, that in the water round  
Of Danish braves frame, which many a silly giant,  
Gone with their country's wealth, as they to Mars claim'd  
glory.*

*That, forward in the light, with shining arms appear'd,  
And such without thought, such lightning shot,  
The weapon that he carried, not with the bar without,  
The Dane proposed to us, that good was in his  
Wood against that last with steel, and moved in his tooth,  
And stood against with gales, which neither could  
Fare'd with the weapon's weight, had given out the points  
Of excess or of skill, as he was to his tooth,  
Which stand of him, as he was to his tooth.*

*Then with each other blow each other they pass'd,  
As every other blow should through themselves be;  
Until, through both, and not with empty hitting words,  
They desperately did close, look, with two hands being off  
Together side to side, their broad long limbs did wind,  
And with their gnawing teeth their arms from the line  
Wanted they should they close, such time that he could  
Then stood those both together, till they look at hand  
The palm, of the two the best overcome strength,  
Upon the left side his great Colbrand with a sword,  
That with his weapon's point he withered to the ground,  
And slowly he fell, the red hair and  
But through the crown with his teeth he was  
Which he was not with his hand, and all the teeth were  
As waiting hands to hold the Colbrand's arm."*

The legends of the *Gay* were well known in Shakspeare's time; and the *Baron* succeeded, because these ridiculed characters and Colbrand's who fought

"The Gate, for *Baron* and *Baron*."

had some recent record nearly a fourth, from the old "Historical." A curious specimen of the

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

legends of Sir Guy and Sir Bevis, from a black letter quarto of the middle of the sixteenth century, is given in Capell's "School of Shakespeare."

\* SCENE I.—*"The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor ke p his princely heart from Richard's hand."*

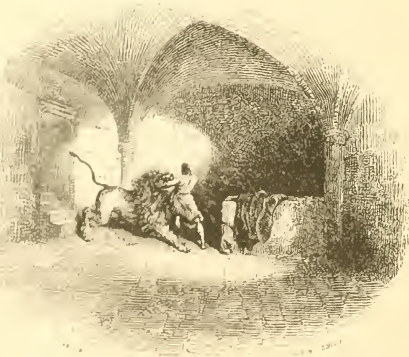
The reputation for indomitable courage, and prodigious physical strength, of Richard I., transferred this story from romance to history. Rastall gives it in his Chronicle; "It is sayd that a Lyon was put to Kyng Richard, beyng in prison, to have devoured him, and when the Lyon was gapyng, he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the Lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the Lyon, and therefore some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldenesse and hardy stomake." Our readers may compare this with the following extract from the old Metrical Romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion:—

"The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of 'a palmer in Almayne,' and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, 'if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?' and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, 'held forth as a trewe man,' and Richard gave him such a blow on the

cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk 'kerchers;' and here the description of the combat begins:—

'The kever-chefes he take on honde,  
And aboute his arme he woude;  
And thought in that ylike while,  
To flee the Lyon with some gyle,  
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,  
And abode the Lyon fyers and wode,  
With that came the jaylere,  
And other men that wyth him were,  
And the Lyon them amonge;  
His pawes were stiff and stronge.  
The chamber dore they undone,  
And the Lyon to them is gone.  
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lorde Jesu'  
The Lyon made to him venu,  
And wolde hym have all to rente:  
Kyng Richard besyde hym glente.  
The Lyon on the breste hym spuned,  
That aboute he tourned.  
The Lyon was hongry and megre,  
And bette his tayle to be egre;  
He loked aboute as he were madde;  
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.  
He cryed lowde, and yaned wyde.  
Kyng Rycharde bethought hym that tyde  
What hym was best, and to hym sterte,  
In at the throte his honde he gerte,  
And hente out the herte with his honde,  
Lounge and all that he there fonde.  
The Lyon fell deed to the grounde;  
Rycharde felt no wem ne wounde.  
He fell on his knees on that place,  
And thanked Jesu of his grace."

\* Percy's Reliques, vol. iii. Introduction.





### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It would appear scarcely necessary to entreat the reader to bear in mind,—before we place in apposition the events which these scenes bring before us, and the facts of history, properly so called,—that the “Histories” of Shakspeare are Dramatic Poems. And yet, unless this circumstance be watchfully regarded, we shall fall into the error of setting up one form of truth in contradiction to, and not in illustration of, another form of truth. It appears to us a worse than useless employment to be running parallels between the poet and the chronicler, for the purpose of shewing that for the literal facts of history the poet is not so safe a teacher as the chronicler. In this somewhat prosaic spirit, a gentleman of ability and research wrote a series of essays that undertook to solve two problems,—“What were Shakspeare’s authorities for his history, and how far has he departed from them? And whether the plays may be given to our youth as properly historical.”\* The writer of these essays decides the latter question in the negative, and maintains that these pieces are “quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction to the English youth;”—and his great object is, therefore, to contradict, by a body of minute proofs, the assertion of A. W. Schlegel, with regard to these plays, that “the principal traits in every event are given with so much correctness, their apparent causes and their secret motives are given with so much penetration, that we may therein study history, so to speak, after nature, without fearing that such lively images should ever be effaced from our minds.” Schlegel appears to us to have hit the true cause why the youth of England have been said to take their history from Shakspeare. The “lively images” of the poet

present a general truth much more completely than the tedious narratives of the annalist. The ten English “histories” of Shakspeare—the magnificent dramatic *Epopée*, of which the separate pieces are different cantos—stand in the same relation to the contemporary historians of the events they deal with, as a landscape does to a map. Mr. Courtenay says, “Let it be well understood that if in any case I derogate from Shakspeare as an historian, it is as an historian only.” Now, in the sense in which Mr. Courtenay uses the word “historian,”—by which he means one who describes past events with the most accurate observances of time and place, and with the most diligent balancing of conflicting testimony—Shakspeare has no pretensions to be regarded. The principle, therefore, of viewing Shakspeare’s history through another medium than that of his art, and pronouncing, upon this view, that his historical plays cannot be given to our youth as “properly historical,” is nearly as absurd as it would be to derogate from the merits of Mr. Turner’s beautiful drawings of east scenery, by maintaining and proving that the draughtsman had not accurately laid down the relative positions of each bay and promontory. It would not be, to our minds, a greater mistake to confound the respective labours of the landscape painter and the hydrographer, than to subject the poet to the same laws which should govern the chronicler. There may be, in the poet, a higher truth than the literal, evinced in spite of, or rather in combination with, his minute violations of accuracy; we may in the poet better study history, “so to speak, after nature,” than in the annalist,—because the poet reasons and generalizes his facts, subjecting them, in the order in which he presents them to the mind, as well as in the elaboration which he bestows upon them, to the laws of his art, which has a clearer sense of fitness and proportion than

\* Shakspeare’s Historical Plays considered historically. By the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

the laws of a dry chronology. But, at any rate, the structure of an historical drama and of an historical narrative are so essentially different, that the offices of the poet and the historian must never be confounded. It is not to derogate from the poet to say that he is not an historian;—it will be to elevate Shakspeare when we compare his poetical truth with the truth of history. We have no wish that he had been more exact and literal.

The moving cause of the main action in the play of King John is put before us in the very first lines. Chatillon, the ambassador of France, thus demands of John the resignation of his crown:—

" Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair Island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine."

In the year 1190, when Arthur was only two years old, his uncle, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily. The good will of Richard towards Arthur, on this occasion, might be in part secured by a dowry of twenty thousand golden *oucie* which the Sicilian king paid in advance to him; but, at any rate, the infant duke of Brittany was recognised in this deed, by Richard, as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue."\* When Richard did die, without issue, 1199, Arthur and his mother Constance, who was really the duchess regnant of Brittany, were on friendly terms with him, although in 1197 Richard had wasted Brittany with fire and sword; but John produced a testament by which Richard gave him the crown. The adherents of John, however, did not rely upon this instrument; and, if we may credit Matthew Paris, John took the brightest gem of the house of Anjou, the crown of England, upon the principle of election. His claim was recognised also in

Normandy, Maine, Touraine, and Anjou, on the other hand, declared for Arthur; and at Angiers the young prince was proclaimed King of England. As Duke of Brittany Arthur held his dominion as a vassal of France;—but Constance, who knew the value of a powerful protector for her son, offered to Philip Augustus of France, that Arthur should do homage not only for Brittany, but also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou. Philip encouraged the pretensions of Arthur to the provinces of which he had offered homage, and he met his young vassal at Mans, where he received his oath, bestowed on him knighthood, and took him with him to Paris.

We may assume this point of the history of Arthur as determining the period when Shakspeare's play of King John commences.

The hostility of Elinor to Constance is manifested in the first Scene:—

" What now, my son! have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?"

Holinshead assigns the reason for this enmity:—  
"Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."

Philip the bastard, whose character infuses so much life and spirit into these scenes, is thus noticed in Holinshead; nor is there any other mention of him:—"The same year also (the first of John), Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coyneck, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain (as ye have heard) in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell."

\* See Daru, *Histoire de Bretagne*, tome 1, p. 281.







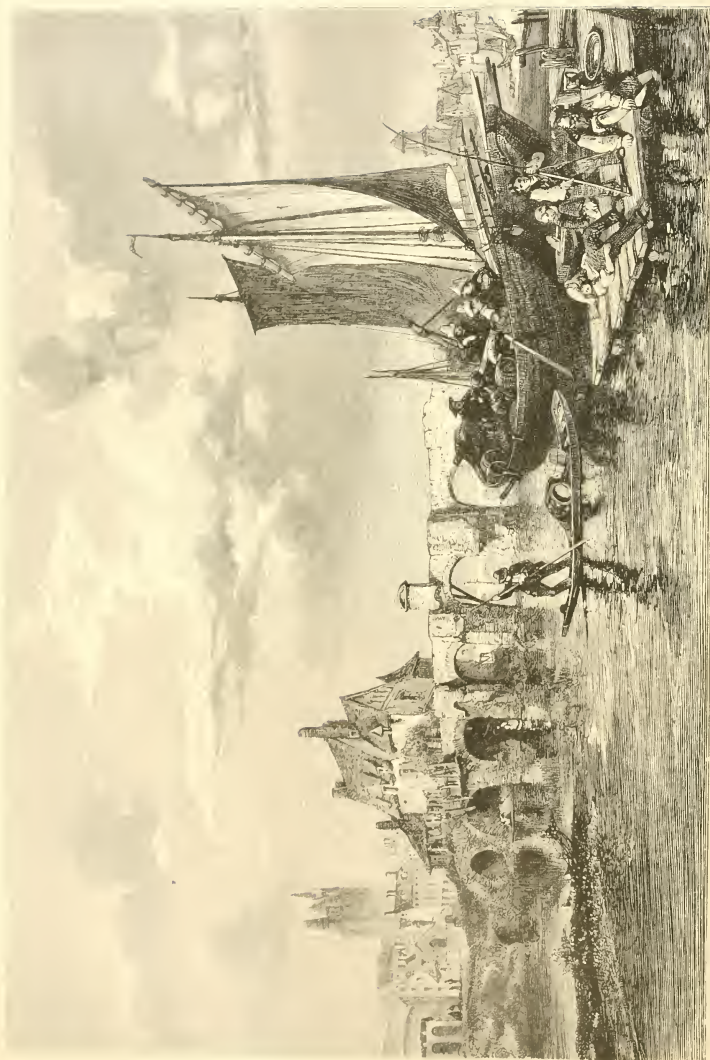
[Illustration and text, small]

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION FROGDOING BERTRAND DE BORSILIAS.

"The same year also Philip, baron of King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honor of Coyrac, killed the Viscount of Limoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain (as ye have heard by Bertrand de Borselias) in besieging the castle of Chant Chereux."







J. D. Harding, del.

ANGERS.

[Massa Jackson, sculp.]

*King John*, Act ii., sc. 1.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,  
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave:  
And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importanc<sup>a</sup> hither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome  
hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's  
death,  
The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love;  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

<sup>a</sup> *Importance, importunity.*

*Lew.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee  
right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love;  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurrs back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king—till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but fellow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him  
strength,  
To make a more requital to your love.

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift  
their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work; our cannon shall  
be bent  
Against the brows of th' resisting town.  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages :  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in  
war ;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON*

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry  
siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I :  
His marches are expedient<sup>a</sup> to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;  
With her her niece the lady Blanch of Spain ;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceased :  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery, voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms<sup>1</sup> have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and death in Christendom.  
The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,  
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd-for is this expe-  
dition !

*Aunt.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence ;  
For courage mounteth with occasion :  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Expedient.* The word properly means, 'that disengages itself from all entanglements.' To set at liberty the foot which was held fast in *emp-dire.* Shakspeare always uses this word in strict accordance with its derivation : as, in truth, he does most words that may be called learned.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,  
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France ; if France in  
peace permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own !  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to  
heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England ; if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace !  
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,  
With burden of our armour here we sweat :  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,  
And this is Geoffrey's,<sup>a</sup> in the name of God.  
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great  
commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that stirs  
good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?  
*Const.* Let me make answer ;—thy usurping  
son.

<sup>a</sup> *And this is Geoffrey's.* We have restored the punctua-  
tion of the original,

" And this is Geoffrey's, in the name of God."  
Perhaps we should read, according to Monck Mason, " And  
his is Geoffrey's." In either case, it appears to us that King  
Philip makes a solemn asseveration that this (Arthur) is  
Geoffrey's son and successor, or that " Geoffrey's right " is his  
(Arthur's)—in the name of God ; asserting the principle of  
legitimacy, by divine ordinance. As the sentence is com-  
monly given,

" In the name of God,  
How comes it then," &c.,  
Philip is only employing an unmeaning oath.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;  
That thou may'st be a queen, and cheek the  
world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,  
Than thou and John, in manners being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot;  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots  
thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandame, boy, that  
would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace!

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with  
you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes<sup>2</sup> upon an ass:—  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs  
our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
King,—Lewis,<sup>a</sup> determine what we shall do  
straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your con-  
ference.

King John, this is the very sum of all,—  
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon:—I do defy thee,  
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;  
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:  
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandame, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it! grandame, child;  
Give grandame kingdom, and it! grandame will

<sup>a</sup> *King*.—*Lewis*. We have here restored the original reading. Austria is impatient of the "superfluous breath" of the bastard, and appeals to Philip and the Dauphin.—*King*.—*Lewis*, determine." "King" is usually omitted, and the line given to Philip.

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There's a good grandame.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he  
weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, wh'er she does,  
or no!

His grandame's wrangings, and not his mother's  
shang's,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor  
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a few;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be  
brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and  
earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague:  
On this removed issue, plagued for her  
And with her plague; her sin his injury,  
Her injury the beadle to her sin;<sup>a</sup>  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her; A plague upon her!

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked  
will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandame's will!

*K. John.* Peace, lady; pause, or be more tem-  
perate:

It ill becomes this presence, to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they shall suit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

*Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the  
walls?

<sup>a</sup> We adopt the punctuation of Mr. White's edition and that of the Cambridge, both being the reading of Mr. Boly

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself :  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's  
subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

*K. John.* For our advantage ;—Therefore,  
hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
I have hither march'd to your endamagement :  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;  
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :  
All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding, by these French,  
Confronts<sup>a</sup> your city's eyes, your winking gates ;  
And but for our approach, those sleeping  
stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide have made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,  
Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
Have brought a counterecheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd  
checks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears :  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in. Your king,<sup>b</sup> whose labour'd spirits,  
Forewearied<sup>c</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to  
us both.

I do, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :

<sup>a</sup> *Confronts your city's eyes.* The original edition has *comfort your city's eyes*, which is, in part, a misprint, although *comfort* might be used by John in irony. The later editions read, *confront*, after Rowe. Preparation is here the nominative, and therefore we use *confronts*.

<sup>b</sup> *Your king, &c.* In the old reading "your king" is the nominative to "eyes." In some modern editions we read "And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits, forewearied in this action of swift speed, craves harbourage," &c.

<sup>c</sup> *Forewearied.* It is to be observed that *forewary* and *wary* are the same, and that *forewaryed* may be used, not as a participle requiring an auxiliary verb, but as a verb neuter. "Our spirits weary'd in this action" would be correct, even in modern construction.

For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town ;  
Being no further enemy to you,  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then  
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
To him that owes<sup>a</sup> it—namely, this young prince :  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven ;  
And, with a blessed and unweav'd retire,  
With unback'd swords, and helmets all un-  
bruise'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you, in  
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the rounder<sup>b</sup> of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's  
subjects ;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and  
let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not : but he that proves the  
king,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,  
Have we ram'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England  
prove the king ?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's  
breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many, and as well-born bloods as  
those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his  
claim.

*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is  
worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

<sup>a</sup> *Owes—owns.*

<sup>b</sup> *Rounder.* This is the English of the original. The modern editions have turned the word into the French *roundure*. Mr. White says *rounder* is only the phonetic spelling.



*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, amen!—Mount chevaliers!  
to arms!

*Bast.* St. George,<sup>a</sup> that swind'ld the dragon,  
and e'er since

Sits on his horseback,<sup>b</sup> at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence?—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, [to AUSTRIA.] with your  
lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace; no more.

*Bast.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll  
set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage of the  
field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so;—[to LEWIS.] and at  
the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Alarums and Eecursions; then a Retreat. Enter  
a French Herald, with Trumpets, to the Gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your  
gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours!

*Enter an English Herald, with Trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring  
your bells;  
King John, your king and England's, doth  
approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day!

<sup>a</sup> *Sits on his horseback.* Shakspeare might have found an example for the expression in North's *Histarch*,—one of his favourite books; "he commanded his captains to set out their hands to the field, and he himself took his horseback."

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;

There stuck no plume in any English crest,

That is removed by a staff of France;

Our colours do return in those same hands

That did display them when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,<sup>c</sup> come

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Hubert.*<sup>d</sup> Herbs, from off our towers we  
might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be computed.

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power  
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh so  
even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power;*

ELMOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; *at the*

*other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and*  
*Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to  
cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on,<sup>b</sup>

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean?

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not saved one  
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,

<sup>a</sup> *Hubert.* Without any satisfactory notice the name of this speaker has been altered by most modern editors to *Citizen*. The text distinctly gives this, and all the subsequent speeches of the same person, in the rest of the Act, to *Hubert*. The proposition to the king to reconcile their differences by the marriage of Lewis and Blanch would appear more properly to come from some person in authority; and it would seem to have been Shakspeare's intention to make that person *Hubert* the French, who certainly on some occasions a piece to the remainder of the play. In the third Act *John* says to *Hubert*.

<sup>b</sup> *the voluntary oath*

<sup>c</sup> *to the victors*

It might be his "voluntary oath" as a *Citizen* of Angiers to *John*, who's called for this expression: We, *Goreau*, retain the name as it is in the original.

<sup>d</sup> *Hubert*. The subject of the original form a *whitaker*, which reading has been retained. Neither the poetry nor the sense appear to have gained by the fancied improvement.

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms  
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing<sup>a</sup> the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and  
death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet  
admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's  
your king?

*Hubert.* The king of England, when we know  
the king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up  
his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*Hubert.* A greater power than we denies all  
this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
Kings, of our fear;<sup>b</sup> until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Mousing.* This figurative and characteristic expression in the original was rendered by Pope into the prosaic *mouthing*, which, up to our Pictorial edition, usurped its place. We restored the reading, which is now generally adopted.

<sup>b</sup> *Kings, of our fear.* The change of this passage is amongst the most remarkable of the examples which this play furnishes of the unsatisfactory nature of conjectural emendation. Warburton and Johnson, disregarding the original, say, "Kings are our fears." Malone adopts Tyrwhitt's conjecture—"King'd of our fears;"—and so the passage runs in most modern editions. If the safe rule of endeavouring to understand the existing text, in preference to guessing what the author ought to have written, had been adopted in this and hundreds of other cases, we should have been spared volumes of commentary. The two kings peremptorily demand the citizens of Angiers to acknowledge the respective rights of each,—England for himself, France for Arthur. The citizens, by the mouth of Hubert, answer,

"A greater power than we denies all this."

Their quarrel is undecided—the arbitrement of Heaven is wanting.

"And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
Kings, of our fear."

on account of our fear, or through our fear, or by our fear, we hold our former scruple, kings,

"until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd."

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles<sup>a</sup> of Angiers  
flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the nutines of Jerusalem,<sup>b</sup>

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

By east and west let France and England mount

'Their battering cannon charged to the mouths;

Till their soul-fearing<sup>b</sup> clamours have brawl'd  
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion;

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above  
our heads,

I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;

Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,

Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls:

And when that we have dash'd them to the  
ground,

*Through and by* had the same meaning, for examples of which see *Tooke's Diversions of Purley* (vol. i. p. 379); and so had *by* and *of*—as "he was tempted of the devil," in our translation of the Bible; and as in *Gower*,

"But that arte outh thei not fynde  
Of which Uisses was deceiv'd."

<sup>a</sup> *Scroyles:* from *Les Escrouelles*, the king's evil.

<sup>b</sup> *Soul-fearing.* To *fear* is often used by the old writers in the sense of to *make afraid*. Thus, in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governor*, "the good husband" setteth up "shales to *fear* away birds." In North's *Plutarch*, Pyrrhus "thinking to *fear*" Fabricius, suddenly produces an elephant. Shakspeare has several examples: Antony says,

"Thou canst not *fear* us, Pompey, with thy sails."

Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*, would

"Make a scare-crowd of the law,  
Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey."

But this active sense of the verb *fear* is not its exclusive meaning in Shakspeare; and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, he exhibits its common use as well in the neuter as in the active acceptance:—

"*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio *fears* his widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me if I be *afeard*.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:  
I meant Hortensio is *afeard* of you."

Why, then defy each other : and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :  
[*Aust.*]

I'll stir them to it :—Come, away, away !

*Hubert.* Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-faced league ;

Win you this city without stroke or wound ;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field :  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

*Hubert.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,

Is near to England ; Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady  
Blanch ?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete ;  
If not complete of,<sup>a</sup> say, he is not she ;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he :

He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she ;<sup>b</sup>

And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in :

And two such shores to two such streams made  
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be  
kings,

<sup>a</sup> Complete of. So the original. Hanner changed this reading to,

"If not complete, O say, he is not she,"

which is to substitute the language of the eighteenth century for that of the sixteenth.

<sup>b</sup> The original reads *as she*—evidently a misprint.

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,  
To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,  
And give you entrance ; but, without the  
match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more excellent, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion, nor, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here 's a stay,<sup>a</sup>

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,  
and seas ;

Talks as familiarly of rearing lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !  
What cannoner begot this lusty blood ?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and  
bounce ;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;  
Our ears are cudgel'd, not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France :  
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this  
match ;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough :  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no aim to give  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
Mark, how they whisper—urge them, while  
their souls

Are capable of this ambition :

Lest zeal, now melted,<sup>b</sup> by the windy breath

<sup>a</sup> Here's a stay. THE JOHN word has provoked bitter criticism. Johnson would read *stay* another emendator, Hecket would give us *say*. Malone and Steevens have two pages to prove what requires no proof, that *stay* means *interjection*.

<sup>b</sup> *Zeal now melted.* There is great confusion in what the commentators say on this subject. Johnson thinks Shakspere makes O represent *zeal*, as its highest degree, as expressed by a feast. Steevens thinks "the poet means to compare *zeal* to melted in a state of foam, and not to dissolving it." Malone thinks that "Shakspere does not say that *zeal*, whose conquest asserts its utmost power, hath all the ordinary day slain it in mountains in France's interest to exert itself as it." All this explanation appears to us to be produced by not noticing the image by the poet's own words. The "melting" of the King of France and of Lewis is "now melted"—whether that yielding represent *zeal* in a state of fusion or *melting*—it has lost its consistence, its energy, its heat.

—the windy breath

(if soft gusts)

the blowing of Gustaves and Arthur,—the pity and requital of Phidias for their art,—may "melting and conquest" it again to what it was—may make it again solid and secure

Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Habert.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been  
forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy  
princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea  
(Except this city now by us besieg'd.)  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the  
lady's face.

*Lev.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.]

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her  
eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espie  
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,  
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there  
should be,  
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is  
mine.

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be  
your judge,  
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What  
say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still  
to do

What you in wisdom still<sup>a</sup> vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can  
you love this lady?

*Lev.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-  
raine, Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well. Young princes,  
close your hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well as-  
sur'd,

That I did so, when I was first assur'd.<sup>b</sup>

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your  
gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?  
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much:  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lev.* She is sad and passionate<sup>c</sup> at your  
highness' tent.<sup>d</sup>

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that  
we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady? In her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all,  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond;—and this rich fair town  
We<sup>d</sup> make him lord of.—Call the lady Con-  
stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*—*The Citi-  
zens retire from the walls.*]

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad compo-  
sition!

<sup>a</sup> *Still vouchsafe to say.* This is the reading of the original.

<sup>b</sup> *First assur'd*—affianced.

<sup>c</sup> *Passionate*—given up to grief.

<sup>d</sup> *We.* Some editions have *We'll*.

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part :  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled  
on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;  
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith ;  
That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
maids ;—

Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that,  
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling com-  
modity,<sup>a</sup>

Commodity, the bias of the world ;<sup>b</sup>  
The world, who of itself is peis'd<sup>c</sup> well,

<sup>a</sup> *Commodity*—interest.

<sup>b</sup> *Bias of the world*. The allusion to the *bias* in a *bowl* is very happily kept up. The world is of itself well-balanced—fit to run even ; but the bias interest, the sway of motion,

" Makes it take head from all indifferency."

In "Cupid's Whirligig" (1607) we have "O, the world is like a bias bowl, and it runs all on the rich men's sides."

<sup>c</sup> *Peis'd*—poised.

Made to run even ; upon even ground ;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawl, the broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd soul,  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile concluded peace —  
And why rail I on this commodity ?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
When his fair angels would salute my palm :  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, rattleth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich,  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say,—there is no vice but beggary :  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee ! *Exit.*



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I. — *"A braver choice of doughtless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide."*

THE troops of William the Conqueror are said to have been borne to the invasion of England upon several thousand barks. Henry II. embarked his forces for the conquest of Ireland in four hundred vessels. In both these periods the craft must have been mere boats. But when Richard carried his soldiers to the Holy Land, his armament consisted of many large ships. "The whole fleet set sail for Acre. As a rapid current carried it through the straits of Messina, it presented a beautiful and imposing appearance, that called forth the involuntary admiration of the people of either shore,—the Sicilians saying that so gallant an armament had never before been seen there, and never would be seen again. The size

and beauty of the ships seem to have excited this admiration not less than their number. The flag of England floated over fifty-three galleys, thirteen dromones, 'mighty great ships with triple sails,' one hundred carikes or busses, and many smaller craft."\* This brilliant navy for the most part consisted of merchant vessels, collected from all the ports of the kingdom, each of which was bound, when required by the king, to furnish him with a certain number. John had a few galleys of his own. The first great naval victory of England, that of the Dunne, or of the Sluys, was won in the reign of John, in 1213. The following representation of "English bottoms" is composed from several authorities, viz :—Cotton MS. Claudius D. 2, temp. Henry I.; MS. at Bennet Coll. Cambridge, (engraved in Strutt's Manners) temp. Henry III.; and Royal MS. 2 B. vii, temp. Edward I.

\* Pictorial History of England, vol. i. p. 494.



## KING JOHN.

### 7 SCENE I.—“*As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.*”

The ass was to wear the shoes, and not to bear them upon his back, as Theobald supposed, and therefore would read *shoes*. The “shoes of Hercules” were as commonly alluded to in our old poets, as the *ex pede Herculeum* was a familiar allusion of the learned.

### 3 SCENE I.—“*St. George,—that scindyd,*” &c.

How exceedingly characteristic is this speech of the Bastard! “Saint George” was the great war-cry of Richard;—but the universal humorist lets down the dignity of the champion in a moment, by an association with the hostess’s sign. The author of *Waverley* employs this device precisely with the same poetical effect, when Callum Bag compares *Waverley* with his target to “the bra’ Highlander tat’s painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca’ Luckie Middlemass’s.”—We give a serious portrait of St. George, from



an old illumination, that the painters may go right in future, who desire to make the saint,

“Sit on his horseback at mine hostess’ door.”

### 4 SCENE II.—“*And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, Our lusty English, all with purpled hands.*”

The old English custom of the principal men of the hunt “taking away of the deer,” furnished this image, and the correspondent one in Julius Cæsar:

“Parthenon, Junon: less wert than layd, have fast,  
Here th’at they fall, and here thy bowers stand,  
Sign’d in thy spot, and kiss’d in thy lake.”

Old Turberville gives us the details of this custom: “Our order is, that the prince, or chief, if so please them, do alight, and take assay of the deer, with a sharp knife, the which is done in this manner—the deer being laid upon his back, the prince, chief, or such as they do appoint, comes to it, and the chief huntsman kneeling if it be to a prince, doth hold the deer by the fore-foot while the prince, or chief, do set a slit drawn along the brisket of the deer.” It would not be easy to effect this operation without the “purpled hands,” and Johnson’s suggestion that it was “one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy,” is uncalled for.

### 5 SCENE II.—“*The mutines of Jerusalem.*”

The union of the various factions in Jerusalem, when besieged by Titus, is here alluded to. Malone gives a particular passage from the “*Latter Times of the Jews’ Commonwealth*,” translated from the Hebrew of Joseph Ben Gorion, which he thinks suggested the passage to our poet.

### 6 SCENE II.—“*She is mad and passionate, at your highness’ tent.*”

The following representation of tents is from illuminations in Royal MS. 16, G 6, “*L’Histoire des Roys de France.*”





### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE events of nearly two years are crowded into the rapid movements of this act. And yet, except in one circumstance, the general historical truth is to be found in the poet. That circumstance is the bringing of Austria upon the scene, with the assertion that—

“Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave.”

Leopold, the brutal and crafty gaoler of the lion-heart, died some five years before Richard fell by a wound from a cross-bow, before the castle of the Viscount Lymoges; one of his vassals in Limousin—

“An archblaster with a quarrel him shot,  
As he about the castell went to spie.”\*

In the third Act Constance exclaims, “O, Lymoges, O Austria,” making the two enemies of Richard as one. In the old play of King John we have the same confusion of dates and persons: for there “the bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the Lyon’s skin.” It was unquestionably a principle with Shakspeare not to disturb the conventional opinions of his audience by greatly changing the plots with which they were familiar. He knew full well, from his chronicles, that the injuries which Austria had heaped upon Richard could no longer be revenged by Richard’s son,—and that the quarrel of Faulconbridge was with a meaner enemy, the Viscount Lymoges. But he adopted the conduct of the story in the old play; for he would have lost much by sacrificing the “lion’s skin” of the subtle duke to an historical fact, with which his audience was not familiar. We have adverted to this principle more at length in the Introductory Notice. With the exception, then, of this positive violation of assuuracy, we have, in this Act, a vivid dramatic picture of the general aspect of affairs in the contest between John and Philip. We have not,

indeed, the exhibition of the slow course of those perpetually shifting manœuvres which marked the policy of the wily king of France towards the unhappy boy whom he one day protected and another day abandoned; we have the fair promises kept and broken in the space of a few hours. Let us, however, very briefly trace the real course of events.

Philip of France had been twenty years upon the throne when John leapt into the dominion of Richard, to whom he had been a rebel and a traitor, when the hero of the Holy Land was waging the mistaken fight of chivalry and of Christendom. Philip was one of the most remarkable examples that history presents of the constant opposition that is carried on, and for the most part successfully, of cunning against force. Surrounded as Philip was by turbulent allies and fierce enemies, he perpetually reminds us, in his windings and doublings, of his even more crafty successor, Louis XI. Arthur was a puppet in the hands of Philip, to be set up or knocked down, as Philip desired to bully or to cajole John out of the territories of the house of Anjou. In the possession of Arthur’s person he had a hostage whom he might put forward as an ally, or degrade as a prisoner;—and, in the same spirit, when he seized upon a fortress in the name of Arthur, he demolished it, that he might lose no opportunity of destroying a barrier to the extension of his own frontier. The peace which Shakspeare represents, and correctly, as being established by the marriage of Blanch and Lewis, was one of several truces and treaties of amity that took place in the two or three first years of John’s reign. The treaty of the 22nd May, in the year 1200, between these two kings, agreed that, with the exception of Blanch’s dowry, John should remain in possession of all the dominions of his brother Richard;—for Arthur was to hold, even his own Brittany, as a vassal of John. It is affirmed, that by a secret article of this treaty Philip was to inherit the continental dominions thus confirmed to John, if he, John, died without children.

\* Hardying’s Chronicle.



## KING JOHN

At the time of the treaty of 1200, Constance, the mother of Arthur, was alive. As we have said, she was reigning duchess of Brittany, in her own right. If we may judge of her character from the chroniclers she was weak and selfish—deserting the bed of her second husband, and marrying the Lord Guy de Tours,—at a time when the fortune, and perhaps the life of her son, by Geoffrey, depended upon the singleness of her affection for him. But it is exceedingly difficult to speak upon these points; and there is, at any rate, little doubt that her second husband treated her with neglect and cruelty.

The surpassing beauty of the maternal love of the Constance of Shakspeare will, it is probable, destroy all other associations with the character of Constance. We have no record that Constance was not a most devoted mother to her eldest son; and in that age, when divorces were as common amongst the royal and the noble as other breaches of faith, we are not entitled to believe that her third marriage was incompatible with her passionate love for the heir of so many hopes,—her heart-breaking devotion to her betrayed and forsaken son,—and her natural belief, that

“ Since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday expire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.”

The fate of Constance was not altogether incon-

sistent with Shakspeare's delineation of the heart-broken mother. She died in 1211. But Arthur was not then John's captive,—although all the high hopes were limited to Brittany.

The treaty of marriage between Lewis and Blanch is thus described by Holboell—

“ So King John returned back (from York) and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Assumption day in this second year of his reign they came off to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon, and Lille Danchele, where, finally, they concluded an agreement, with a marriage to be had betwixt Lewis the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.” The terms of the treaty are, in several respects, accurately described by Shakspeare—the dowry of thirty thousand marks—the resignation by John of certain possessions—the retention of Angiers—and the bestowal of Brittany and the earldom of Richmond upon Arthur.—John, however, retained much of what the poet has related as being abandoned by him. “ The lady Blanch,” was not personally consenting to this treaty, for it was stipulated that “ the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed.”





### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;

Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say, 't is so:

I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man;

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick, and capable of fears;

Opress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest

With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

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Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;

And let belief and life encounter so,

As doth the fury of two desperate men,

Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?

France friend with England! what becomes of me?—

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;

This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert

grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless<sup>a</sup> stains,

<sup>a</sup> *Sightless.* The opposite of sightly.

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,<sup>a</sup>  
 Pateh'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content ;  
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :  
 Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
 And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;  
 She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John ;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on  
 France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;  
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go  
 with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.<sup>b</sup>  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throtes herself on the ground.*]

*Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS,  
 BLANCH, ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and  
 Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this  
 blessed day,

<sup>a</sup> *Prodigious.* Preternatural.

<sup>b</sup> *Stoop.* What is called an "emendation" by Hamner still holds its place. Malone rejects it; Mr. Dyce adopts it,—

"For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout." The meaning of the passage appears to us briefly thus: Constance refuses to go with Salisbury to the kings—she will instruct her sorrows to be proud; for grief is proud in spirit, even while it bows down the body of its owner. The commentators substitute and defend the word "*stout*" because they received *stoop* in the sense of submission. Constance continues the fine image throughout her speech:

"To me, and to the state of my great grief,

Let kings assemble ;"

here grief is "proud."

"Here I and sorrows sit,"

here grief "makes his owner stoop;" and leaves the physical power "no supporter but the huge firm earth." A valued friend, for whose opinion we have the highest regard, has no doubt that *stoop* is the word, but that the meaning he makes its owner stoop to it—to grief. He thinks that the *and* joins and assimilates the two clauses of the sentence, instead of contrasting and separating them. At any rate, we cannot but choose to abide by the restoration.

Ever in France shall be kept festival ;  
 To solemnize this day, the glorious son  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;  
 Turning, with splendour of his promiscuous eye,  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glistering gold :  
 The yearly course that brings this day about  
 Shall never see it but a holyday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holyday !—

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides, in the calendar?  
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury :  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day :  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :  
 But on<sup>a</sup> this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;  
 No bargains break, that are not this day made :  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no  
 cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counter-  
 feit,

Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and  
 tried,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, foresworn ;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 Is cold, in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league—  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd  
 kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings !  
 Hear me, O, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace

*Const.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me  
 a war.

O Lynoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil ! Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
 coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !  
 Thou ever strong upon the stranger side !  
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her lecherous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjurd too.

<sup>a</sup> *It is on*—except on.

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me!

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter PANDULPH.*

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—  
To thee, King John, my holy errand is,  
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-  
land,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blasphemous  
in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of  
Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my  
foes.

*Pand.* Then by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome<sup>a</sup> to curse a while!  
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my  
course.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no  
right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong;  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go  
thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France  
repent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant  
limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these  
wrongs,

Because—

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the car-  
dinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the car-  
dinal?

<sup>a</sup> Room with Rome. Rome was formerly pronounced room,—and Shakspeare indulges in a play upon words, even when the utterer is strongly moved.

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend.  
Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts  
thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from  
her faith,

But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of need;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts  
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not  
to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer  
well.

*Aust.* Do so, king Philip; hang no more in  
doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most  
sweet lout.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what  
to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say, but will perplex  
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my per-  
son yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows.  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-  
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so:  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chased lion<sup>a</sup> by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that land which thou dost  
hate.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my  
faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to  
faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-  
form'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!  
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself:  
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss  
Is not amiss when it is truly done;  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
The truth is then most done not doing it:  
The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,  
Yet indirect thereby grows direct,  
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,  
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
But thou hast sworn against religion  
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou  
swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: The truth then art unsure

<sup>a</sup> A chased lion. We have ventured here upon a slight change. The original reads, "a chased lion," which is supposed to mean a lion in a cage. The image is strictly taken, weakened, if not destroyed, in this application. For the paw of a confined lion is often laid with impatience. And yet *chased* may mean irritated by confinement. Some would read "chafed." The very pardonable insertion of an A presents us a noble picture of a hunted lion at bay. The emendation, though proposed by one of the best editors, has not been adopted. We think we have to choose, *repressing* *chased*, between *chased* and *chafed*. Mr. Dyce prefers *chafed*, and gives a very satisfactory reason for his preference in quoting Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. ii.—

"So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntman that has gain'd him."  
But even here the very context proves that we might read *chased*: the confusion arising from the use of *the long f*, so like an *f*.

To swear, swears only<sup>a</sup> not to be forsworn ;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?  
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost  
swear.

Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :  
And better conquest never can'st thou make,  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against these giddy loose suggestions :  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,  
The peril of our curses light on thee  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion !

*Bast.* Will't not be ?  
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?  
*Lew.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day ?  
Against the blood that thou hast married ?  
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd  
men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,  
Clanours of hell, be measures<sup>b</sup> to our pomp !  
O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new  
Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-  
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love. What mo-  
tive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee  
upholds,  
His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine  
honour !

*Lew.* I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

<sup>a</sup> *Swears only.* The entire speech of Pandulph is full of verbal subtleties, which render the intricate reasoning more intricate. The poet unquestionably meant to produce this effect. We have restored the reading of one of the most difficult passages :

"The truth thou art unsure  
"To swear, swears only not to be forsworn."

Several modern editions read *swear*. The meaning seems to be this:—the truth—that is, the *truth*, for which you have made an oath the surety, against thy former oath to heaven—this *truth*, which it was unsure to swear—which you vibrate your surety in swearing—has only been sworn—swears only—not to be forsworn ; but it is sworn against a former oath, which is more binding, because it was an oath to religion—to the principle upon which all oaths are made.

<sup>b</sup> *Measures*—solemn dances.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need :—England, I  
will fall from thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty !

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour  
within this hour.

*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald  
sexton time,  
Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ereast with blood : Fair  
day adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune  
lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there  
my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-  
ther.— [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and  
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threatens.—To  
arms let's hie ! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same.* Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums ; Excursions.* Enter the Bastard, with  
AUSTRIA'S Head.

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wou-  
drous hot ;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie  
there ;

While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip,  
make up :

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

*Bast.* My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.*

*K. John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,  
[*To ELINOR.*]  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
[*To ARTHUR.*]

Thy grandame loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, [*to the Bastard.*] away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels  
Set thou <sup>a</sup> at liberty; the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,<sup>1</sup>

When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
I leave your highness:—Grandame, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy.)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*K. John.* Coz, farewell.  
[*Exit Bastard.*]

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.  
[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*]

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better tune<sup>b</sup>  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

<sup>a</sup> Set thou. Theobald introduced *thou*.

<sup>b</sup> Better tune. The old copy reads *tune*. Pope corrected this to *time*. We are by no means sure that the change was called for. The "tune" which John expresses his willingness "to fit" the thing he had to say is a bribe;—he now only gives flattery and a promise. "The *time*" for saying "the thing" is discussed in the subsequent portion of John's speech.

But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds,  
To give me audience.—If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound on <sup>a</sup> into the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church yard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;)  
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou would'st?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread

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On you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;

<sup>a</sup> Sound on. So the original. But on and one were often spelt alike; and therefore the passage must be determined by other principles than that of identity to the text. Which is the more poetical.

"Sound on into the drowsy race of night," or "sound one?" Shakspere. It appears to us, has made the idea of time precise enough by the "midnight bell;" and the addition of "one" is either a contraction of a pleonasm, to which form of words he was not given. "The midnight bell" sounding "on, into" (or into, for the words were used convertibly) the drowsy march, race, of night, seems to us far more poetical than precisely determining the hour, which was already determined by the word "midnight." But sees the "midnight bell" the bell of a clock I. Was it not rather the bell which called the monks to their "morning lauds," and which, according to the regulations of Dunstan, was ordinarily to be rung before every office? In Dunstan's "Concord of Hours," quoted by Fiske, the hours for the first services of the day are thus stated,  
Matins and Lauds, midnight.  
Prime, 8 A.M.

It is added, "if the office of Lauds be finished by day break as is fit, let them begin Prime without ringing. If not, let them wait for day-light, and, ringing the bell, assemble for Prime." It must, however, be noted, that when the words describe the appearance of the clock, in Hamlet, he marks the time by "the bell then beating one." In this instance the word is spelt one (not on) both in the early quartos and in the folio of 1623.

He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord ?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember.—Madam, fare you well :

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee !

*K. John.* For England, eousin, go :

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's  
Tent.*

*Enter* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and  
Attendants.

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armada of convicted<sup>a</sup> sail  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go  
well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run  
so ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

*Lew.* What he hath won that hath he fortified :  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example : Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this ?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had  
this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :—  
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now ! now see the issue of your  
prace !

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle  
Constance !

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress

<sup>a</sup> *Convicted*—overpowered. Mr. Dyce suggests *convected*,  
from the Latin *convectus*.

But that which ends all counsel, true redress.

Death, death, O amiable lovely death !

Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself :

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,

O, come to me !

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace !

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to  
cry :—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !

Then with a passion would I shake the world ;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which seems a modern<sup>a</sup> invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not  
sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not<sup>b</sup> holy to belie me so ;

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !

For then 't is like I should forget myself :

O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;

For, being not mad but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son ;

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses : O, what love  
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

<sup>a</sup> We give the reading of the original. Thus, in the  
*Merchant of Venice*,

"Full of wise saws and modern instances."

But the sentence is weak, and a slight change would make  
it powerful. We may read "a mother's invocation" with  
little violence to the text; *moder's* (the old spelling) might  
have been easily mistaken for *modern*.

<sup>b</sup> Not is wanting in the original.



*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,  
O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!  
But now I even envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds  
Because my poor child is a prisoner  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit:  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.—  
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*]

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*]

*Lev.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's  
taste,<sup>a</sup>

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

<sup>a</sup> *Sweet world's taste.* Pope made this correction from the "sweet world's taste" of the original.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest: evils, that take leave,  
On their departure most of all shew evil:  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lev.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.  
No, no: when fortune seems to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange to think how much king John hath  
lost

In this which he accounts so dearly won:  
Are you not griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lev.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore,  
mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lev.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lev.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times ensnare with you:

For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue  
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it,  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scope of nature,\* no distemper'd day,

\* *No scope of nature.* Some of the modern editions read, contrary to the original, *escape* (escape) of nature. The scope of nature—the ordinary course of nature—appears to us to convey the poet's meaning much better. An escape or nature is a prodigy;—Shakespeare says, the commonest

No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, prestiges, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May he, he will not touch young  
Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your  
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;  
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

things will be called "abortives." A *scope* is what is seen  
—according to its derivation—as a phenomenon is what  
appears. They are the same thing.

#### RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II. p. 40.—"Some *airy* devil hovers in the sky."

"Some *fiery* devil hovers in the sky."—*Collier*.

The first folio has *airy* devil. *Fiery*, says Mr. Collier, we may feel confident, was the word of the poet, and which is so consistent with the context. Mr. Collier adds, "Percy quotes Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' where, among other things, it is said, '*fiery* spirits or devils, are such as commonly work by blazing stars,' &c." We venture to think that Mr. Collier carries his advocacy too far when he

Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity : If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call<sup>a</sup>  
To train ten thousand English to their side ;  
Or, as a little snow tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.  
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strange<sup>b</sup> actions :

Let us go ;

If you say ay, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> A *call*. The caged birds which lure the wild ones to the net are termed by fowlers "*call*-birds." The image in the text is more probably derived from a term of falconry.

<sup>b</sup> *Strange*. So the reading of the first folio. It has been generally altered into *strong*. The old reading restored gives us a deep observation instead of an epigrammatic one. Strong reasons make, that is, justify, a large deviation from common courses.

quotes what Burton says of "*fiery* devils," and there stops, although Percy continues the quotation:—"Aerial spirits, or devils, are such as keep quarter most part in the air; cause many tempests, thunder and lightning; tear oaks; fire steeples; strike men and beasts; make it rain stones, as in Iliad's time." We turn to Burton, and find in another place, where he says of this class that pour down mischief, "Paul to the Ephesians calls them forms of the *air*." Shakspeare knew this curious learning from the Schoolmen; but the Corrector knew nothing about it.



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

'SCENE III.—" *Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.*"

THE form of excommunication in the Romish church was familiar to Chaucer :

" For clerkes say we shallin be fain  
For their livelod to sweve and swinke,  
And then right nought us geve again,  
Neither to eat ne yet to drink ;  
Thei move by law, as that thei sain.  
Us curse and dampne to helhis brink ;  
And thus thei puttin us to pain  
With candles queint and bellis clink."

In another passage of the same poem, the Manciples' tale, we have the "clerkes," who

" Christis people proudly curse  
With brode boke and braying bell."

But the most minute and altogether curious description of the ceremony of excommunication, is in Bishop Bale's "Kynge Johan," which we have described in our "Introductory Notice." In that "pageant" Pandulph denounces John in the following fashion :—

" For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,  
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell and candle.  
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,  
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace.  
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall,  
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyetes all.  
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,  
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght."

I take hym from, "that, and after the sownd of this bell.  
Both body and soule I geve hym to the devyll of hel.  
I take from hym baptyse, wyl, the other sacramentes  
And suffrages of the church, botne amber dayes and lentes  
Here I take from hym bothe penoince and confessyon,  
Masse of the woudes, with saynyng and processyon.  
Here I take from hym holly water and holly brose,  
And never wyll them to stande hym in any sted."

In Fox we have the ceremony of excommunication minutely detailed ;—the bishop, and clergy, and all the severall sorts of friars in the cathedral,—the cross borne before them with three wax tapers lighted, and the eager populace assembled. A priest, all in white, mounts the pulpit, and then begins the denunciation. Those who are curious as to this formula, may consult Fox, or Strype ; and they will agree with Corporal Trim that the "soldiers in Flanders" swore nothing like this. The climax of the cursing was when each taper was extinguished, with the pious prayer that the souls of the "mal-factors and schismatics" might be given "over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quenched and put out!" Henry VIII, in 1533, abolished the General Sentence or Curse, which was read in the churches four times a year. (See Pictorial History of England, vol. ii. p. 716.) This singular custom of an intolerant age may be better represented by a picture than by words. Our artist has here happily neutralized the revolting part of the scene by the admixture of the ludicrous.



## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

AFTER the peace of 1200, Arthur remained under the care of King Philip, in fear, as it is said, of the treachery of John. But the peace was broken within two years. John, whose passions were ever his betrayers, seized upon the wife of the Count de la Marche, Isabella of Angoulême, and married her, although his wife Avis, to whom he had been married ten years, was living. The injured Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine; which Philip secretly encouraged. John was, however, courteously entertained by his crafty rival in Paris. But, upon his return to England, Philip openly succoured the insurgents; and once more brought the unhappy Arthur upon the scene; and made him raise the banner of war against his powerful uncle. With a small force he marched against the town of Mirebeau, near Poitiers, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed, as "Regent of those parts."

Some of the chroniclers affirm that Elinor was captured; but, says Holinshed, "others write far more truly, that she was not taken, but escaped into a tower, within the which she was straitly besieged." John, who was in Normandy, being apprised of the danger of his mother, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand anything of his coming." On the night of the 31st July, 1202, John obtained possession of the town by treachery, and Arthur was taken in his bed. The Count de la Marche, and the other leaders, were captured, and were treated with extreme cruelty and indignity. Arthur was conveyed to the Castle of Falaise. The interdict of John, by Rome, for refusing to admit Stephen Langton to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, did not take place till five years after these events.





## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

*1 Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uneleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,<sup>a</sup>

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

<sup>a</sup> *Christendom.* Arthur prettily associates by the lapidular office—by his christening. The word is used in this sense in "All's Well that Ends Well;" and it is found in Gower.—

"A light, as though it was a sonne  
From heaven, into the place come,  
Where that he toke his christendome."

My uncle practises more harm to me;  
He is afraid of me, and I of him:  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.  
*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheim! [*Exit.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of dear!  
I must be brief; lest resolution droop.

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for my final effect.  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?  
*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your hand  
dall but ake,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> *Handkercher.* The spelling of the original is thus. In *Olden* we have *handkerchiefe*, in the folio of 1623, but *handkercher* in the quarto. The words were used indifferently in Shakespeare's day.

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your  
grief?)

Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it, cunning; do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine  
eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do  
it!

The iron of itself, though heat<sup>a</sup> red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my  
tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him.<sup>b</sup> No tongue but

Hubert's—

*Hub.* Come forth. [Stamps.

*Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes  
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him  
here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-  
rough?

<sup>a</sup> *Heat*, used as a participle, as in our translation of the Bible: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heat."—(DANIEL.)

<sup>b</sup> *I would not have believ'd him.* So the reading of the original. In some modern editions we have

"I would not have believ'd no tongue but Hubert's." The double negative is quite justifiable here; and the rejection of *him* weakens the line; and, as usual, may be traced to the ear of Stevens, which regarded what he called a redundant syllable as a foul weed in the garden of poetry. Shakspeare made abundant work for his unsparing hoe. As we have pointed the passage, Arthur begins a fresh sentence, which is interrupted by Hubert stamping. He is about to say, "No tongue but Hubert's" would have made me believe it.

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with  
him.

*I Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a  
deed. [Exit Attendants.

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my  
friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote  
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous  
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your  
tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of  
tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;

Though to no use, but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with  
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;<sup>b</sup>  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it  
blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings,

Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;

<sup>a</sup> *Heaven.* So the original.

<sup>b</sup> *In this burning coal.* Dr. Grey, whose remarks are generally just as well as learned, would read,  
"There is no malice burning in this coal."

And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre<sup>a</sup> him out.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while

You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu ;

Your uncle must not know but you are dead :  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned ; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title<sup>b</sup> that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

<sup>a</sup> *Tarre.* Tooke derives this from a Saxon word, meaning to exasperate. Others think that it has only reference to the custom of exciting warriors—*tarriers*.

<sup>b</sup> *Guard a title.* The *guard* is the border or edging of a garment—the boundary—the defence against injury. The manner in which Shakespeare uses the word in *Love's Labour's Lost* explains it here.

"Old rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose." The edgings were generally ornamented, and became smart trimmings. In the passage before us the same meaning is preserved.

"To guard a title that was rich before."

To seek the beautiful eye of heaven to gaze,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told :

And, in the last repenting, troublesome,  
Being urged at a late unreasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the nature and well-timed fury  
Of plain old fury is much diminished ;

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to track along,  
Startles and frights consideration.

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspicious,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When wakenen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in civility ;

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;

As patches, set upon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness

To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all and every part of what we would,

Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double remuneration

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;

And more, more strong (when honor is my fear),<sup>a</sup>

I shall induce you with : Mention, like a link

What you would have reform'd that is not well,

And well shall you perceive how willfully

I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)

Both for myself and them, that stand of all

Your safety, for the which myself and them

Bend their best studies,) heartily request

Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose retention

Doth marve the neighboring kings of discontent

To break into this dangerous argument—

If, what in next you have, in right you hold,

<sup>a</sup> *When honor is my fear.* This fear really is that which is my fear.

<sup>b</sup> *I linked in next you have.* *Business* would read *will*—*voluntarily*. This is quite reasonable. But neither does *you* mean *guard*, as Malon's *Dance* and *Money* agree. True, who's *guard* about that *John* has not both his *power* in perfect transparency. *Right*, we take it, here employed in its proper & legal position. To "set on a suit" is a verb which, when every matter of law and dispute points must be

To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it  
frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what  
I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt  
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done!<sup>a</sup> Had'st thou not been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be encler'd to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or  
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid'st me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me  
break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears  
in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought;

<sup>a</sup> We have ventured upon a trans-position. The original is "Makes deeds ill done,"—but this might apply to good deeds unskillfully performed.

<sup>b</sup> *Is bid*—cliptically for *as to bid*.

And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to  
the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCÈNE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap  
down:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me  
quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my  
bones!

[*Dies.*]

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Ed-  
mund's-Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the car-  
dinal?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of  
France;

Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him  
then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward: for 't will be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd  
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

<sup>a</sup> *Or e'er we meet*—before we meet. So in Ecclesiastes, "or e'er the silver cord be loosed."



*Sal.* The king hath dispossest himself of us.  
We will not line his thin bestain'd cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it  
walks :

Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I  
think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason  
now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'T is true; or to hurt his master, no man  
else.<sup>a</sup>

*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?  
[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and  
princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath  
done,

Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a  
grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? You have  
beheld.<sup>b</sup>

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this  
object,

Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in  
this:

And this so sole, and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbeggotten sin of times;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—  
We had a kind of light what would ensue:

<sup>a</sup> *No man else.* So the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the folio. The ordinary copies, *No man's else.* Mr. Collier pointed this out.

<sup>b</sup> *You have beheld.* The third folio gives the reading which is generally adopted, of "Have you beheld." We retain that of the original, which appears to mean—You see—or have you only read, or heard? Your senses must be so startled that you may doubt "you have beheld."

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand:

The practice, and the purpose, of the king—

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life

And breathing to his breathless excellence

The incense of a vow, a holy vow,

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delights,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

Till I have set a glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* *Big.* Our souls religiously condemn thy  
words.

[*Enter HUBERT.*]

*Hub.* Lords, I am but with haste in seeking  
you:

Arthur hath liv'd; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is hid, and blasphemes it death—

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up  
again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back,

I say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as  
yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself;

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dangle! dar'st thou leave a noble-  
man?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not praise me so;

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue she'er speaks  
false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep thee peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gild you, I thank  
my bridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gild the devil, Salis-  
bury!

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy face,  
Or touch thy heavy spleen to do me wrong,

I'll strike thee dead. Pet up thy sword before me,

Or I'll so maul you and your tawdry crew,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.  
*Big.* What wilt thou do, returned Earl-sal-  
isbury?

To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it  
frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what  
I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt  
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Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
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How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
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A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
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Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
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When I spake darkly what I purpos'd,  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid<sup>b</sup> me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me  
break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears  
in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
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Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

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Not printed with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought;

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And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

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Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCÈNE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap  
down:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me  
quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my  
bones!

[*Dies.*]

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Ed-  
mund's-Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the car-  
dinal?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of  
France;

Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him  
then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward: for 't will be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd  
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

<sup>a</sup> Or e'er we meet—before we meet. So in Ecclesiastes,  
"or ever the silver cord be loosed."

*Sal.* The king hath disposess'd himself of us.  
We will not linc his thin bestain'd cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it  
walks :

Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I  
think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason  
now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man  
else.<sup>a</sup>

*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?  
[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and  
princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath  
done,

Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a  
grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? You have  
beheld.<sup>b</sup>

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this  
object,

Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in  
this:

And this so sole, and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—  
We had a kind of light what would ensue:

<sup>a</sup> *No man else.* So the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the folio. The ordinary copies, *No man's else.* Mr. Collier pointed this out.

<sup>b</sup> *You have beheld.* The third folio gives the reading which is generally adopted, of "Have you beheld." We retain that of the original, which appears to mean—"You see—or have you only read, or heard? Your senses must be so startled that you may doubt "you have beheld."

It is the shameful work of, Hubert's hand;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* *Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy  
words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking  
you:

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up  
again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back,  
I say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as  
yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-  
man?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so;  
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks

false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-  
bridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salis-  
bury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-  
bridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hub.* 'T is not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sid.* Trust not those cunning waters of his  
eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin  
there!

*Pen.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us  
out. *[Exeunt Lords.]*

*Bast.* Here's a good world!—Knew you of  
this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so  
black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or wouldst thou  
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be, as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now powers from home, and discontents at  
home,

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can  
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

*[Exeunt.]*



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—*Fall to the chair.*"

CHAIRS of the period are of many sizes and fashions. They may, however, be classed under three generic forms:—1. Those constructed in imitation of parts of animals and chimeras, evidently of classic origin. 2. Open frame-work seats, made, apparently, of metal, reeds, or canes.

3. The common high-backed chair which is still to be found in our cottages, but without decoration. The first and second forms are exhibited in the following wood cut, of which that of class 1 is taken from Royal MS. xiv. c. 2;—and that of class 2 from Harl. MS. 603. The figure is from the Sloane MS. 1975.



### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is unquestionably to be deplored that the greatest writers of imagination have sometimes embodied events not only unsupported by the facts of history, but utterly opposed to them. We are not speaking of those deviations from the actual succession of events,—those omissions of minor particulars,—those groupings of characters who were really never brought together,—which the poet knowingly abandons himself to, that he may accomplish the great purposes of his art, the first of which, in a drama especially, is unity of action. Such a license has Shakspeare taken in King John, and who can doubt that, poetically, he was right? But there is a limit even to the mastery of the poet, when he is dealing with the broad truths of history; for the poetical truth would be destroyed if the historical truth were utterly disregarded. For example, if the grand scenes in this Act,

between Arthur and Hubert, and between Hubert and John, were entirely contradicted by the truth of history, there would be an atonement even of the irresistible power of these matchless scenes. Had the proper historians led us to believe that no attempt was made to deprive Arthur of his sight—that his death was not the result of the dark suspicions and cowardly fears of his uncle—that the manner of this death was so clear that he who held him captive was absolved from all suspicion of treachery,—then the poet would indeed have left an impression on the mind which even the historical truth could with difficulty have overcome; but he would not have left that complete and overwhelming impression of the reality of his scenes—he could not have produced our implicit belief in the sad story, as he tells it, of Arthur of Brittany,—he could not have rendered it

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

is possible for any one to resist to that story, who has read this Act of King John, and not think of the dark prison where the iron was hot and the executioner ready, but whose nature, speaking in words such as none but the greatest poet of nature could have furnished, made the fire and the iron "deity their office;" and the executioner leave the poor boy, for a while, to "sleep doubtless and secure." Fortunate is it that we have no records to hold up which should say that Shakspeare built this immortal scene upon a rotten foundation. The story, as told by Holinshed, is deeply interesting; and we cannot read it without feeling how skillfully the poet has followed it:—

"It is said that King John caused his nephew Arthur to be brought before him at Falaise, and there went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding King John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. For sith the same appertaineth to him by right of inheritance, he assured him, except restitution were made the sooner, he should not long continue quiet. King John being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed (as before is said) that he should be straitly kept in prison, as first in Falaise, and after at Roan, within the new castle there.

"Shortly after King John coming over into England caused himself to be crowned again at Canterbury, by the hands of Hubert, the archbishop there, on the fourteenth of April, and then went back again into Normandy, where, immediately upon his arrival, a rumour was spread through all France, of the death of his nephew Arthur. True it is that great suit was made to have Arthur set at liberty, as well by the French King, as by William de Mches, a valiant baron of Poitou, and divers other noblemen of the Britains, who when they could not prevail in their suit, they banded themselves together, and joining in confederacy with Robert Earl of Alanson, the Viscount Beaumont, William de Fulgiers, and other, they began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, inasmuch (as it was thought) that so long as Arthur lived, there would be no quiet in those parts: whereupon it was reported, that King John, through persuasion of his counsellors, appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison, under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes.

"But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to lose thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have rebounded unto his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal.

For he considered, that King John had resolved upon this point only in his heat and fury (which moveth men to undertake many an inconvenient enterprise, unbecoming the person of a common man, much more reproachful to a prince, all men in that mood being more foolish and furious, and prone to accomplish the perverse conceits of their ill possessed hearts; as one saith right well,

— pronus in iram  
Stultorum est animus, facile exardescit et audet  
Omne scelus, quoties concepta bile tumescit,

and that afterwards, upon better advisement, he would both repent himself so to have commanded, and give them small thank that should see it put in execution. Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Britains, he caused it to be bruted abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals. It was also bruted, that his body was buried in the monastery of Saint Andrews of the Cisteaux order.

"But when the Britains were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeas'd for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France, or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup. But now touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless certain it is, that in the year next ensuing, he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Roan, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthy or not, the Lord knoweth."

Wisely has the old chronicler said, "verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthy or not, the Lord knoweth;" and wisely has Shakspeare taken the least offensive mode of Arthur's death, which was to be found noticed in the obscure records of those times. It is, all things considered, most probable that Arthur perished at Roan. The darkest of the stories connected with his death is that which makes him, on the night of the 3rd April, 1203, awakened from his sleep, and led to the foot of the castle

## KING JOHN.

of Rouen, which the Seine washed. There, say the French historians, he entered a boat, in which sat John, and Peter de Maulac, his esquire. Terror took possession of the unhappy boy, and he threw himself at his uncle's feet,—but John

came to do, or to witness a deed of horror, and with his own hand he saw his nephew and the deep waters of the river received the body of his victim.



In Act III the dramatic action exhibits to us the "holy legate of the pope" breaking the peace between John and Philip, demanding of John

"Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force per force,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see!"

The great quarrel between John and the pope, with reference to the election of Stephen Langton, did not take place till 1207, about six years after Arthur was taken prisoner at Mirebeau. Pandulph was not sent into France "to practise with the French king" against John, till 1211; and the invasion of England by the Dauphin (which is suggested by Pandulph as likely to be supported by the indignation of the English on the death of Arthur), did not take place till 1216, the year of John's death. The poet has leapt over all these barriers of time which would have impeded the direct march of his own poetical history. Coleridge has well explained the principle of this:—"The history of our ancient kings,—the events of their reigns I mean,—are like stars in the sky;—whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates. An historic drama is, therefore, a collection of events borrowed from history, but omitted together in respect of cause and time, poetically and by dramatic fiction." Again: "The events themselves are immaterial, otherwise than as the clothing and manifestation of the spirit that is working within. In this mode, the unity resulting from succession is destroyed, but is supplied by a unity of a higher order, which connects the events by reference to the workers,

gives a reason for them in the motives and presents men in their sensitive character."

The reader may, perhaps, be pleased with an example of the manner in which Shakespeare follows the chronicles, when the historical and the poetical truth are in unison. We now give him the story of Peter of Pomfret, and the husband of the fair means from Holmsholm:—

"There was in this isle (1213) An Hermit, living alone  
In a hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling alone  
In York, a man in great reputation with the common  
people, because that with him dwelt a good  
spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or some  
having some notable skill in art-magic, he was ac-  
customed to tell what should follow after. . . .  
This Peter, about the first of January last past,  
had told the king, that at the feast of the As-  
cension it should come to pass, that he should  
be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered  
himself to suffer death for it, if his words should  
not prove true. Hereupon being committed to  
prison within the walls of Dover, when the day by  
him prefixed came, with some other notable  
damage unto King John, he was by the king's  
commandment drawn from the said walls unto  
the town of Walsingham, and there hanged together  
with his son. . . . These things that he  
had much weener to do, because the matter fell  
out even as he had prophesied, for the day being  
Ascension day King John had received the surren-  
der of his kingdom, for they took the highway  
unto the pope, and had done by him homage, so  
that he was no absolute King neither so soldiers  
aborn. One came, and that got the land which  
married King John the sooner to agree with the

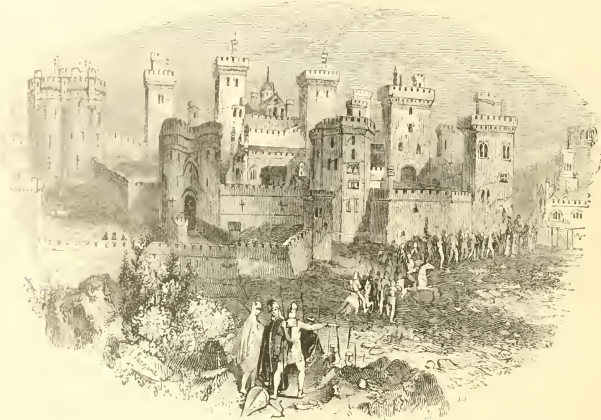
\* Library Reading, vol. 3, p. 30, 1

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."

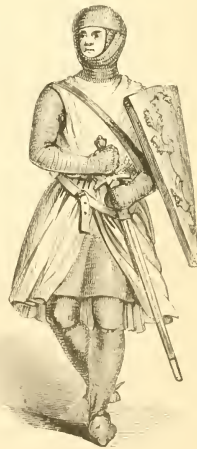
"About the month of December, there were seen in the Province of York five moons, one in

the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the midst of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times in-compassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."



We subjoin the portraits of two of the "angry barons" who figure in this Act. Salisbury and Pembroke are especially mentioned by Holinshed as having revolted from John, and joined Lewis. The portrait of William Longespée, Earl of Salis-

bury—the son of Henry II. by Rosamond de Clifford, is from his effigy in Salisbury Cathedral. That of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke—the "*Rector regis et regni*" in the next reign—is from his effigy in the Temple church.







## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory.

*Pand.*

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet  
the French;

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties<sup>a</sup> do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience;  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd honour  
Rests by you only to be qualified.  
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Counties*—nobles. The reader will remember the *County Paris*, in *Romeo and Juliet*; and *County Guy*, in *Sir Walter Scott's* ballad.

<sup>b</sup> *Convertite*—convert,—reclaimed to the authority of "holy church."

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering  
land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms,

[*Exit.*]

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet

Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I  
have:

I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there  
holds out

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords refuse to see  
again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
stream;

An empty racket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and taken  
away:

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble  
there?

O, let it not be said!—Forge, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been  
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your  
peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent to these lords again;

60

That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physie of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—

And is 't not pity, O my griev'd friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this:  
Wherein we step after a stranger,<sup>a</sup> march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause.)  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st re-  
move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple thee<sup>b</sup> unto a pagan shore;  
Where these two christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend<sup>c</sup> it so unneighbourly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this;  
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation;  
But this effusion of such many drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,

<sup>a</sup> After a stranger. We give the punctuation of the original. Modern editions read

"Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom,"

making stranger an adjective.

<sup>b</sup> Grapple thee. The original reads "cripple thee."

<sup>c</sup> To spend. To, in the original, stands as the sign of the infinitive. Steevens thinks it a prefix, in combination with spend; as in the Merry Wives of Windsor,

"And fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight."

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
That never saw the giant world curag'd;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:  
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;  
And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not  
back;

I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which exkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to  
me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with  
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome  
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this nation? Is't not I  
That undergird this charge? who else but I  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Swelt in this business, and maintain this seat?  
Have I not heard those adversaries shout out,  
*I see his way!* as I have back'd their way?  
Have I not here the best cards for the game?  
To win this busy match play'd for a crown?  
And shall I now give o'er the cotted net?  
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this  
work

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not retreat  
Till my attempt so worth be gloried  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant load of war;  
And call'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook conquest, and to win renown:  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

*[Trumpet sounds.]*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the BASTARD, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience. I am sent to speak:  
My holy lord of Milan, brother the king,  
I come, to learn how you have dealt with him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limit'd into any tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wild-opposite,  
And will not temperize with any entreaties;  
He flatly says, he'll not lie down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury brook'd,  
The youth says well.—Now hear our English  
king;

For thus his royalty doth speak to me:  
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should!  
This apish and unmanly approach,  
This harness'd savicries, and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at; and he will propose  
To whip this dwarfish war, these penny wars,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That land, which had the strength, even at your  
door,

To entred you, and make you take the hatch;  
To dive like barbed, in encounter'd walls;  
To reach as far as your outside pluck;

\* Reading this scene—probably with a strong effect, as a contrast to the King John episode, it will suggest itself.

—“Great the service John of Thoulouse.”

—“I have done more than France has done.”

© “I have done more than France has done.”

To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,<sup>a</sup>  
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—  
Shall that victorious band be feeble here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
Of our dear mother England, blush for shame:  
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lev.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face  
in peace;

We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee  
well;

We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabber.

*Bast.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lev.* We will attend to neither.—  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will  
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brae'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at  
hand

(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bore-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To fast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lev.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger  
out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not  
doubt. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> *Turned the crying of your nation's crow.* Mr. Collier's  
MS. Corrector was

<sup>b</sup> *Even at the crowing of your nation's cock.*

Does understand the passage in the original as the crowing  
of a cock, *cock* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman.  
The 'arm'd Englishman' might imitate the cock insult-  
ing).

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell  
me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me  
so long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-  
conbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, towards Swinstead, to the  
abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great  
supply,

That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin  
sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even  
now:

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me  
up,

And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on towards Swinstead: to my litter straight;<sup>2</sup>  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the  
same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stored with  
friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the  
French:

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath  
left the field.

*Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other  
names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and  
sold;

Untread the rude eye<sup>a</sup> of rebellion,

<sup>a</sup> *Untread the rude eye.* Theobald corrupted this pas-  
sage into "untread the rude way," he turned, by an easy

And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lord\* of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;<sup>2</sup>  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false; since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east:  
But even this night,—whose black contagious  
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which

process, the poetry into prose. Malone, who agrees in the restoration of the passage, says Shakspeare "was evidently thinking of the eye of a needle," and he calls this, therefore, a humble metaphor. Nothing, it appears to us, is humble in poetry that conveys an image forcibly and distinctly, and "the eye of a needle" by the application of the poet may become dignified. But the word thread, perhaps metaphorically, is used to convey the meaning of passing through anything intricate, narrow, difficult.

"They would not thread the gates,"

in Coriolanus, and

"One gains the thickets and one thrids the brake,"

in Dryden, have each the same meaning. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector reads "untread the road-way."

\* *Lord.* The original has *birds*.

We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-  
look'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New  
flight;

And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

*Enter Lewis and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was  
loath to set,  
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
When English measure backward their own  
ground\*

In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
When with a volley of our needlous shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
And wound our tottering<sup>b</sup> colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.* Here:—What news?

*Mess.* The count Melun is slain; the English  
lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy  
very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,  
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that  
said,

King John did fly, an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lew.* Well, keep good quarter and good care  
to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *When English measure.* So the original. Rowe and Pope altered it to "When the English measur'd."

<sup>b</sup> *Tottering.* Stevens reads *tutter'd*—Malone *tittering*. The original *tittering* was the same as *tattering*, of which Capell gives an example in his "School of Shakspeare," p. 24.

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend.—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may I not demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought: I will, upon all hazards, well believe Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: an if thou please, Thou may'st befriended me so much, as to think I came one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,<sup>a</sup>

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue, Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then; and what's the news?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Shew me the very wound of this ill news;

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil; that you might The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolv'd villain, Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power! I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, These Lincoln washes have devoured them; Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd. Away, before! conduct me to the king; I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,

That being brought into the open air It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*]

*Pem.* He is more patient Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,

In their continuance, will not feel themselves. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them invisible;<sup>a</sup> and his siege is now Against the mind, the which he prieks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies; Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'T is strange, that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death; And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

<sup>a</sup> *Eyeless night.* The original reads *endless*. Shakspeare has, in other passages, applied the epithet *endless* to night, but using night metaphorically. Here, where the meaning is literal, *eyeless* may be preferred. The emendation was made by Theobald.

<sup>a</sup> *Invisible.* So the original. Some modern editors read *insensible*. The question occupies four pages of discussion in the commentators. The meaning of *invisible* is, we take it, unlooked at, disregarded.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born

To set a form upon that indigest,<sup>a</sup>  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN, in a Chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook,  
cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my tears,

That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;  
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

<sup>a</sup> *Indigest.* Disordered, indigested, state of affairs. The word is more commonly used as an adjective, as in the Sonnets:—

"To make of monsters and things indigest,  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble."

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;  
Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him:

For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did receive,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devour'd by the unexpected flood.

*[The KING dies.]*  
*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,

Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as we:

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages<sup>d</sup> he hath dispatched  
To the sea-side, and put his course and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal.

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will meet  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give  
you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make  
us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]





## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“ *Have I not here the best cards for the game?*”

THERE is a general notion that cards were invented for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, who suffered an almost constant depression of spirits, nearly allied to insanity. This opinion was derived from an entry in an account-book of the treasurer to that unhappy king, about 1393, in which we find “fifty-six sols of Paris given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured, and of different

sorts, for the diversion of his majesty.” From a passage discovered in an old manuscript copy of the Romance of *Renard le Contrefait*, it appears that cards were known in France about 1340; and there is no doubt that they were commonly used in France and Spain, about the end of the fourteenth century. The earliest printed cards known are those engraved by the celebrated artist known as “the Master of 1466;” and parts of a pack, in most beautiful preservation, were in the possession of Mr. Tiffu, of the Strand, who kindly permitted us to copy the following specimens:—



The following representation of a card-party is from “*Le Roman du Roy Meliadus*,” a valuable MS., also mentioned in the Note to “many car-

riages;” and the drawing is engraved in “*Singer’s History of Playing-cards.*”

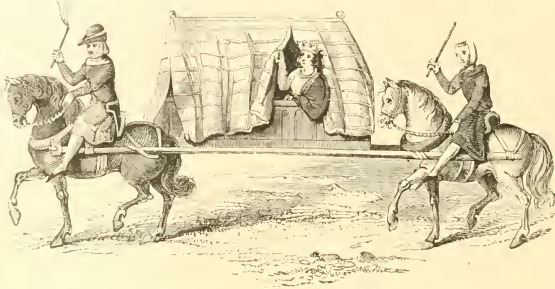


## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—“*To my litter straight.*”

Holinshed relates, after Matthew Paris, that the king “was not able to ride, but was fain to be carried in a litter, presently made of twigs, with a couch of straw under him, without any bed or pillow.” Matthew of Westminster informs us that John was conveyed from the abbey of Swin-

thead, “in lectica equestri”—the horse-litter. The following representation of one form of this litter is from a drawing in the MS. History of the Kings of France (Royal, 16 G. 6), written at the commencement of the fourteenth century. In the original the drawing appears to represent Queen Crotilde, who in her last illness was carried to Tours, where she died.

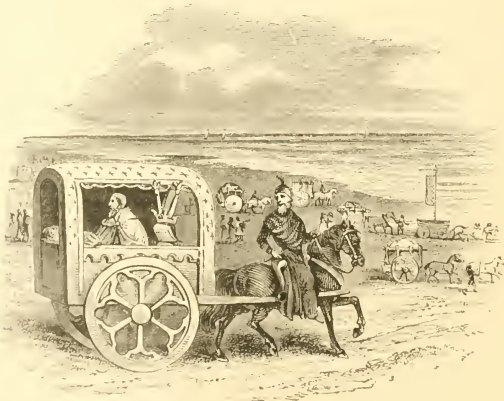


### <sup>3</sup> SCENE IV.—“*Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury.*”

This celebrated altar is represented in our engraving at the end of the “Introductory Notice.” The shrine is taken from Lydgate's Life of St. Edmund, Harl. MS. 2278; the manner of taking the oath from an illumination in the Metrical Hist. of Richard II., representing the Earl of Northumberland at Conway Castle, swearing on the gospels to secure safe conduct to Richard on his journey to London; Harl. MS., 1319; the costume from the effigies of Salisbury, Penbrooke, and other contemporary monuments.

### <sup>4</sup> SCENE VII.—“*Many carriages.*”

In vol. XX. of the Archæologia, there is a history of carriages in England, by Mr. Markland, illustrated by engravings—among which is the principal figure of the following engraving, copied from a very valuable MS. formerly in the Roxburgh Library, entitled, “*Le Roman du Roy Meliadus*,” written at the close of the fourteenth century. The elegant form of the wheel of this carriage (similar to what, in architecture, is called a Catherine wheel) deserves particular notice. The vehicles in the back-ground are taken from a



## KING JOHN.

curious Saxon MS. in the British Museum (Cottonian Lib. Claudius B. 4), in which many varieties of wheel carriages are delineated.

The two-wheeled car in which the standard is erected, is copied from a drawing in an early MS. History of the Kings of France (Royal MS. 16 G. 6, Brit. Mus.). The standard there represented is of great size, indeed so large that only some con-

trivance similar to that adopted could have rendered it available in the field.

The famous Battle of the Standard, fought 1138, derived its name from one of these remarkable standards being erected by the English army; from the car of which the Bishop of Durham, previous to the battle, read the prayer of absolution.



### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is unnecessary for us to do more than refer our readers to Holinshed for an account of the long protracted dispute between the Pope and John, which ended in the mean submission which Shakspeare has so strikingly recorded in the first Scene of this Act. The chronicler also details the attempt which the Pope made to dissuade the French king from the invasion of England, and the determination of the Dauphin to assert what he called his right to the throne. These narratives are too long, and have too little of dramatic interest, to be here given as illustrations of the poet. We subjoin, however, Holinshed's account, which he gives on the authority of Matthew Paris, of the disclosures of Melun, which determined the revolted lords to return to their obedience to John. But the story is very apocryphal:—

“About the same time (1216, An. Reg. 18), or rather in the year last past, as some hold, it fortuned that the Viscount of Melun, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safe-

guard thereof, and to them made this protestation: ‘I lament (saith he) your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn (if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king) that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility (which now do serve under him, and pursue their own king) as traitors and rebels, and furthermore will dispossess all their lineage of such inheritances as they now hold in England. And because (saith he) you shall not have doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I, an one of those sixteen that have sworn to perform the thing. Wherefore I advise you to provide for your own safeties, and your realm’s which you now destroy, and keep this thing secret which I have uttered unto you.’ After this speech was uttered he straightway died.”

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

The "Plain near St. Edmund's Bury," which is the locality of the second scene, and of the subsequent battle, is not mentioned in the chronicles, nor is this locality defined in the original edition of this play. The modern editors have introduced it,

most probably, from the circumstance of the Barons and the Dauphin having interchangeably sworn

"Upon the altar at St. Edmund's Bury."

We subjoin an old view of the town :--



Matthew Paris, and Matthew of Westminster, have minutely described the route taken by the king, previous to his death. "The country being wasted on each hand, the king passeth forward till he came to Wellestrems Sands, where, in passing the Washes, he lost a great part of his army, with horses and carriages." \* \* \* "Yet the king himself, and a few others, escaped the violence of the waters, by following a good guide." The Long Wash between Lynn and Boston, was formerly a morass, intersected by roads of Roman

construction. The memory of the precise spot where John lost his baggage is still preserved in the name of a corner of a bank between Cross Keys Wash and Lynn, called King's Corner. The poet, having another dramatic purpose in view, did not take that version of the king's death which ascribed his last illness to be the result of anguish of mind occasioned by this loss; but he supposes the accident to have befallen the forces under the Bastard.

"Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped."



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The death of John, by poison administered by a monk, is thus described by Holinshed, upon the authority of Caxton:—

“—There be which have written that after he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, shewed himself greatly displeas'd therewith; as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traitorously revolted from him unto his adversary Lewis, wish'd

all misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppression of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time.” The following representation of the event is from Fox's Acts and Monuments:—



The attempt of Lewis to possess himself of the English throne was maintained for two years; and the country was not freed from the French till after “peace was concluded on the eleventh day of September (1218), not far from Stauca.”

We have given, at the head of this Illustration, the portrait of Henry III. from his great seal; and we subjoin that of the Dauphin, from his seal engraved in the Archæologia.





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DR. JOHNSON, in his preface to Shakspeare, speaking of the division, by the players, of our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, thus defines what, he says, was the notion of a dramatic history in those times: "History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion." Again, speaking of the unities of the critics, he says of Shakspeare: "His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and, therefore, none is to be sought. In his other works he has well enough preserved the *unity of action*." Taking these observations together, as a general definition of the character of Shakspeare's histories, we are constrained to say, that no opinion can be farther removed from the truth. So far from the "unity of action" not being regarded in Shakspeare's histories, and being subservient to the "chronological succession," it rides over that succession, whenever the demands of the scene require "a unity of a higher order which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."\* It is this principle which in Shakspeare has given offence, as we have shewn, to those who have not formed a higher notion of a historical play than that the series of actions should be the transcript of a chronicle, somewhat elevated, and somewhat modified, by the poetical form, but "without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion."

The great connecting link that binds together all the series of actions in the *King John* of Shakspeare,—which refuses to hold any actions, or series of actions, which arise out of other causes,—is the *fate of Arthur*. From the first to the last scene, the hard struggles, and the cruel end of the young Duke of Britanny, either lead to the action, or form a portion of it, or are the direct causes of an ulterior consequence. We must entreat the indulgence of our readers whilst we endeavour to establish this principle somewhat in detail.

In the whole range of the Shakspearian drama there is no opening scene which more perfectly exhibits the effect which is produced by coming at once, and without the slightest preparation, to the main business of the piece:—

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

In three more lines the phrase "borrowed majesty," at once explains the position of John; and immediately afterwards we come to the formal assertion by France of the "most lawful claim" of "Arthur Plantagenet,"—

\* Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 160

## KING JOHN.

" To this fair island, and the territories;  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine.

As rapid as the lightning of which John speaks is a demand given and returned. The ambassador is commanded to "depart in peace;" the king's mother makes an important reference to the "ambitious Constance;" and John takes up the position for which he struggles to the end,—

" Our strong possession, and our right, for us,"

The scene of the Bastard is not an episode entirely cut off from the main action of the piece; his loss of "lands," and his "new-made honour," were necessary to attach him to the cause of John. The Bastard is the one partisan who never deserts him.

The second Act brings us into the very heart of the conflict on the claim of Arthur. What a Gothic grandeur runs through the whole of these scenes! We see the men of six centuries ago, as they played the game of their personal ambition—now swearing hollow friendships, now breathing stern denunciations;—now affecting compassion for the weak and the suffering, now breaking faith with the orphan and the mother;—now

" Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!

now keeping the feast "with slaughtered men;"—now trembling at and now braving the denunciations of spiritual power;—and agreeing in nothing, but to bend "their sharpest deeds of malice" on an unoffending and peaceful citizen, unless the citizens have some "commodity" to offer which shall draw them

" To a most base and vile-concluded peace."

With what skill has Shakspeare, whilst he thus painted the spirit of the chivalrous times,—lofty in words, but sordid in acts,—given us a running commentary which interprets the whole, in the sarcasms of the Bastard! But amidst all the clatter of conventional dignity which we find in the speeches of John, and Philip, and Lewis, and Austrin, the real dignity of strong natural affections rises over the pomp and circumstance of regal ambition, with a force of contrast which is little less than sublime. In the second Act, Constance is almost too much mixed up with the dispute to let us quite feel that she is something very much higher than the "ambitious Constance." Yet even here, how sweetly does the nature of Arthur rise up amongst these fierce broils,—conducted at the sword's point with words that are as sharp as swords,—to assert the supremacy of gentleness and moderation:—

" Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were low laid in my grave,  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

This is the key note to the great scene of Arthur and Hubert in the fourth Act. But in the mean time the maternal terror and anguish of Constance become the prominent objects; and the rival kings, the haughty prelate, the fierce knights, the yielding citizens, appear but as puppets moved by destiny to force on the most bitter sorrows of that broken-hearted mother. We have here the true characteristic of the drama, as described by the philosophical critic,—"fate and will in opposition to each other." Mrs. Jameson, in her very delightful work, "The Characteristics of Women," has formed a most just and beautiful conception of the character of Constance:—

"That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure."

How exquisitely is this feminine nature exhibited when Constance affects to disbelieve the tale of Salisbury that the kings are "gone to swear a peace;" or rather makes her words struggle with her half belief, in very weakness and desperation:—

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"Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest  
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day."

Here is the timid, helpless woman, sick even at the shadows of coming events; but when the shadows become realities, the haughty will,

"Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds,"

asserts its supremacy in little matters which are yet within its control:—

"Sal. Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.  
"Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee;  
\* \* \* \* here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

The pride of grief for a while triumphs over the grief itself:—

"Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings!"

She casts away all fear of consequences, and defies her false friends with words that appear as irrepressible as her tears. When Pandolph arrives upon the scene, she sees the change which his mission is to work, only through the medium of her own personal wrongs:—

"Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right."

Reckless of what may follow, she, who formerly exhorted Philip,

"Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood,"

is now ready to encounter all the perilous chances of another war, and to exhort France to fall off from England, even upon her knee "made hard with kneeling." This would appear like the intensity of selfishness, did we not see the passion of the mother in every act and word. It is thus that the very weakness of Constance,—the impotent rage, the deceiving hope,—become clothed with the dignity that in ordinary cases belongs to patient suffering and reasonable expectations. Soon, however, this conflict of feeling,—almost as terrible as the "hysterica passio" of Lear,—is swallowed up in the mother's sense of her final bereavement:—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.

\* \* \* \*  
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!"

Matchless as is the art of the poet in these scenes;—matchless as an exhibition of maternal sorrow only, apart from the whirlwind of conflicting passions that are mixed up with that sorrow;—matchless in this single point of view, when compared with the "Hecuba" which antiquity has left us,\* and of the "Merope" which the imitators of the Greek drama have attempted to revive;—are we to believe that Shakspeare intended that our hearts should sustain this laceration, and that the effects should pass away when Constance quits the stage? Are we to believe that he was satisfied that his "incidents should be various and affecting," but "independent on each other, and without any tendency to produce and regulate the conclusion"? Was there to be no "unity of feeling"

\* In the *Troades* of Euripides.



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to sustain and elevate the action to the end? Was his tragedy to be a mere dance of Fantoccini? No, no. The remembrance of Constance can never be separated from the after-scenes in which Arthur appears; and at the very last, when the poison has done its work upon the guilty king, we can scarcely help believing that the spirit of Constance hovers over him, and that the echo of the mother's cries is even more insupportable than the "burn'd bosom" and the "parched lips," which neither his "kingdom's rivers" nor the "bleak winds" of the north can "comfort with cold."

Up to the concluding scene of the third Act we have not learnt from Shakspeare to hate John. We may think him an usurper. Our best sympathies may be with Arthur and his mother. But he is bold and confident, and some remnant of the indomitable spirit of the Plantagenets gives him a lofty and gallant bearing. We are not even sure, from the first, that he had not something of justice in his quarrel, even though his mother confidentially repudiates "his right." In the scene with Pandulph we completely go with him. We have yet to know that he would one day crouch at the feet of the power that he now defies; and he has therefore all our voices when he tells the wily and sophistical cardinal,

"That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions."

But the expression of *one thought* that had long been lurking in the breast of John, sweeps away every feeling but that of hatred, and worse than hatred; and we see nothing, hereafter, in the king, but the creeping, cowardly assassin, prompting the deed which he is afraid almost to name to himself, with the lowest flattery of his instrument, and shewing us, as it were, the sting which wounds, and the slaver which pollutes, of the venomous and loathsome reptile. The

"Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much"—

the—

"By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee"—

make our flesh creep. The warrior and the king vanish. If Shakspeare had not exercised his consummate art in making John move thus stealthily to his purpose of blood—if he had made the suggestion of Arthur's death what John afterwards pretended it was—"the winking of authority"—the "humour"

"Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns,"—

we might have seen him hemmed in with revolted subjects and foreign invaders, with something like compassion. But this exhibition of low craft and desperate violence we can never forgive.

At the end of the third Act, when Pandulph instigates the Dauphin to the invasion of England, the poet overleaps the historical succession of events by many years, and makes the expected death of Arthur the motive of policy for the invasion.

"The hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John."

Here is the link which holds together the dramatic action still entire; and it wonderfully binds up all the succeeding events of the play.

In the fourth Act the poet has put forth all his power of the pathetic in the same ultimate direction as in the grief of Constance. The theme is not now the affection of a mother driven to frenzy by the circumstances of treacherous friends and victorious foes; but it is the irresistible power of the very helplessness of her orphan boy, triumphing in its truth and artlessness over the evil nature of the man whom John had selected to destroy his victim, as one

"Fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger."

It would be worse than idle to attempt any lengthened comment on that most beautiful scene between Arthur and Hubert, which carries on the main action of this play. Hazlitt has truly said, "if anything ever was penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks

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and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." When Hubert gives up his purpose, we do not the less feel that

"The bloody fingers' ends of John'

have not been washed of their taint :—

"Your uncle must not know but you are dead,"

tells us, at once, that no relenting of John's purpose had prompted the compassion of Hubert. Pleased, therefore, are we to see the retribution beginning. The murmurs of the peers at the "once again crown'd,"—the lectures which Pembroke and Salisbury read to their sovereign,—are but the preludes to the demand for "the enfranchisement of Arthur." Then comes the dissembling of John,

"We cannot hold mortality a strong hand,"—

and the bitter sarcasms of Salisbury and Pembroke :—

"Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.  
Indeed we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick."

"This must be answer'd" is as a knell in John's ears. Throughout this scene the king is prostrate before his nobles ;—it is the prostration of guilt without the energy which too often accompanies it. Contrast the scene with the unconquerable intellectual activity of Richard III., who never winces at reproach, seeing only the success of his crimes and not the crimes themselves,—as for example, his answer in the scene where his mother and the widow of Edward upbraid him with his murders,—

"A flourish, trumpets! strike alarums, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed."

The messenger appears from France :—the mother of John is dead ;—"Constance in a frenzy died ;" the "powers of France" have arrived "under the Dauphin." Superstition is brought in to terrify still more the weak king, who is already terrified with "subject enemies" and "adverse foreigners." The "prophet of Pomfret" and the "five moons" affright him as much as the consequences of "young Arthur's death." He turns upon Hubert in the extremity of his fears, and attempts to put upon his instrument all the guilt of that deed. Never was a more striking display of the equivocations of conscience in a weak and guilty mind. Shakspeare is here the true interpreter of the secret excuses of many a criminal, who would shift upon accessories the responsibility of the deviser of a wicked act, and make the attendant circumstances more powerful for evil than the internal suggestions. When the truth is avowed by Hubert, John does not rejoice that he has been spared the perpetration of a crime, but he is prompt enough to avail himself of his altered position :—

"O haste thee to the peers."

Again he crawls before Hubert. But the storm rolls on.

The catastrophe of Arthur's death follows instantly upon the rejoicing of him who exclaimed, "Doth Arthur live?" in the hope to find a safety in his preservation upon the same selfish principle upon which he had formerly sought a security in his destruction. In a few simple lines we have the sad dramatic story of Arthur's end :—

"The wall is high; and yet will I leap down :—  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it."

How marvellously does Shakspeare subject all his characters and situations to the empire of common sense! The Arthur of the old play, after receiving his mortal hurt, makes a long oration about his mother. The great dramatist carries on the now prevailing feeling of the audience by one pointed line :—

"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones."

If any other recollection were wanting, these simple words would make us feel, that John was at surely the murderer of Arthur, when the terrors of the boy drove him to an inconsiderate attempt

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to escape from his prison, as if the assassin, as some have represented, rode with him in the dim twilight by the side of a cliff that overhung the sea, and suddenly hurled the victim from his horse into the engulfing wave;—or as if the king tempted him to descend from his prison at Rouen at the midnight hour, and, instead of giving him freedom, stifled his prayers for pity in the waters of the Seine. It is thus that we know the anger of “the distemp'rd lords” is a just anger, when, finding Arthur’s body, they kneel before that “ruin of sweet life,” and vow to it the “worship of revenge.” The short scene between Salisbury, Pembroke, the Bastard, and Hubert, which immediately succeeds, is as spirited and characteristic as anything in the play. Here we see “the invincible knights of old,” in their most elevated character—fiery, implacable, arrogant, but still drawing their swords in the cause of right, when that cause was intelligible and undoubted. The character of Faulconbridge here rises far above what we might have expected from the animal courage, and the exuberant spirits of the Faulconbridge of the former Acts. The courage is indeed here, beyond all doubt:—

“Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead.”

But we were scarcely prepared for the rush of tenderness and humanity that accompany the courage, as in the speech to Hubert:—

‘If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be, as all the ocean,  
Enough to stife such a villain up.”

It is this instinctive justice in Faulconbridge,—this readiness to uplift the strong hand in what he thinks a just quarrel,—this abandonment of consequences in the expression of his opinion,—that commands our sympathies for him whenever he appears upon the scene. The motives upon which he acts are entirely the antagonist motives by which John is moved. We have, indeed, in Shakspeare none of the essay-writing contrasts of smaller authors. We have no asser-ters of adverse principles made to play at see-saw, with reverence be it spoken, like the Moloch and Belial of Milton. But, after some reflection upon what we have read, we feel that he who leapt into Cœur de Lion's throne, and he who hath “a trick of Cœur de Lion's face,” are as opposite as if they were the *formal personifications* of subtlety and candour, cowardice and courage, cruelty and kindness. The fox and the lion are not more strongly contrasted than John and Faulconbridge; and the poet did not make the contrast by accident. And yet with what incomparable management are John and the Bastard held together as allies throughout these scenes. In the onset the Bastard receives honour from the hands of John,—and he is grateful. In the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies,—and he will not be faithless. When John quails before the power of a spiritual tyrant, the Bastard stands by him in the place of a higher and a better nature. He knows the dangers that surround his king:—

“All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out  
But Dover Castle; London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy.”

But no dangers can daunt his resolution:—

“Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire,  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the show  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.”

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The very necessity for these stirring words would shew us that from henceforth John is but a puppet without a will. The blight of Arthur's death is upon him; and he moves on to his own destiny, whilst Faulconbridge defies or fights with his enemies; and his revolted lords, even while they swear

“ A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith ”

to the invader, bewail their revolt, and lament

“ That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.”

But the great retribution still moves onward. The cause of England is triumphant; “ the lords are all come back; ”—but the king is “ poisoned by a monk: ”—

“ Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.”

The interval of fourteen years between the death of Arthur and the death of John is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur and the events which marked the last days of John were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. It is said that a man who was on the point of drowning, saw, in an instant, all the events of his life in connexion with his approaching end. So sees the poet. It is his to bring the beginnings and the ends of events into that real union and dependance which even the philosophical historian may overlook in tracing their course. It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to shew a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakspeare Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged. The heart-broken mother and her boy are not the only sufferers from double courses. The spirit of Constance is appeased by the fall of John. The Niobe of a Gothic age, who vainly sought to shield her child from as stern a destiny as that with which Apollo and Artemis pursued the daughter of Tantalus, may rest in peace!









[Tournament. Knights entering the Lists.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF RICHARD II.

THE Richard II. of Shakspeare was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, 1597, by Andrew Wise; by whom the first edition was published, in the same year, under the title of "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second. As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." It is one of the plays enumerated as Shakspeare's, by Francis Meres in 1598. A second edition was printed by Wise, in 1598, which bears the name of "William Shake-speare" as the author. In 1608, an edition was printed for Matthew Law, of which the copies in general bear this title: "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the kinges servantes, at the Globe, by William Shake-speare." A fourth edition, from the same publisher, appeared in 1615. The division of the Acts and Scenes was first made in the folio of 1623; and not, as Steevens has stated, in a quarto of 1634.

We thus see that one of the most prominent scenes of the play, "The Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard," received "new additions" in 1608. In point of fact, all that part of the fourth Act in which Richard is introduced to make the surrender of his crown, comprising 154 lines, was never printed in the age of Elizabeth. The quarto of 1608 first gives this scene.\* That quarto is, with very few exceptions, the text of the play as it now stands; for it is remarkable that in the folio there are, here and there, lines which are in themselves beautiful and unexceptionable, amounting, in the whole, to about fifty, which are omitted. It is difficult to account for this; for the omissions are not so important in quantity, that the lines should be left out to make room for the deposition-scene. The last stage copy was, probably, here used; for one of the passages omitted is a speech of "a lord" without a name, in the parliament scene; and the players were, perhaps, desirous to save the introduction of a new character. We have indicated these alterations in our foot-notes. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably pure, and presents few difficulties.

Whether this play were written just anterior to the period of its publication, or some three or four years before, we have no distinct evidence. In the last edition of Malone's Shakspeare, in his essay on the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays, he gives it the date of 1598. In former editions of the same essay, he considered it to be written in 1597. For neither of these conjectural dates does he offer any argument or authority. George Chalmers would fix it in 1586, because the play itself has some dozen lines upon Irish affairs; and Irish affairs much occupied the nation in 1596! This appears to us a somewhat absurd refinement upon the intention of the author; for as the fall of Richard was in some measure, occasioned by his absence in Ireland, it certainly does appear to us that some mention of Ireland was called for in this play, without any allusion being intended to the period of 1595, "when Tir Owen took the Queen's fort at Blackwater."

\* Mr. Grant White holds that the speech of the Abbot, after the deposition scene (page 133),—"A woeful pageant have we here beheld,"—appearing in the quartos of 1597 and 1598, implies that the deposition scene had been previously written though not there printed; for if the Abbot had not witnessed the deposition, he had not "beheld" a "woeful pageant." In that case the line must have been allowed to stand by mistake.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

There is, however, a circumstance connected with the chronology of this play, which has been entirely overlooked by Malone and the other commentators; and which we approach with some hesitation, when we consider what labour they have bestowed in bringing to light parallel passages of the text of Shakspeare, from the most obscure authors. The first four books of Daniel's "Civil Warres," three of which are almost wholly occupied with the story of Richard II., were first published in 1595. We have looked at this poem with some care, and we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that, with reference to parts of the conduct of the story, and in a few modes of expression, each of which differ from the general narrative and the particular language of the chroniclers, there are similarities betwixt Shakspeare and Daniel, which would lead to the conclusion, either that the poem of Daniel was known to Shakspeare, or the play of Shakspeare was known to Daniel. We will slightly run over these similarities, and then, with much diffidence, offer a conclusion.

In the first Scene of Richard II. the king says, in regard to the appeal of Bolingbroke against Norfolk,—

"Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on *ancient malice*,"

Daniel adopts Froissart's version of the story, that Norfolk first accused Bolingbroke; but Froissart has not a word of "ancient malice"—he simply makes the king exclaim, "Why say you these words—we will know it." Holinshed, when he makes Hereford first appeal Norfolk of treason, shews the king as hearing them both, and dismissing them with,—"no more—we have heard enough." Daniel thus gives the scene:—

"Hereof doth Norfolk presently take hold,  
And to the king the whole discourse relate:  
Who not conceiting it, as it was told,  
But judging it proceeded out of hate," &c.

In the fourth Scene of the second Act, the Welsh Captain thus describes the portents which showed that "the king is dead":—

"The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fix'd stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth."

Shakspeare found the "bay-trees" in Holinshed:—"In this year, in a manner throughout all the realm of England, old bay-trees withered, and afterwards, contrary to all men's thinking, grew green again,—a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event." The other prodigies are in Daniel:—

"Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,  
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights,  
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky."

In the third Scene of the third Act, we have a particular expression, unnoticed by the commentators, which finds a parallel in Daniel:—

"Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the *flower of England's face*;"

in Daniel we have:—

"Th' ungodly bloodshed that did so defile  
The beauty of the fields, and even did mar  
The *flower of thy chief pride, thou fairest Isle*."

Daniel had read Stow, although he might not have seen the "Metrical History;" and he gives a minute description of the ambush of Northumberland between Conway and Fluitt. This poet has been called, and properly, by Drayton,

"Too much historian in verse."

Shakspeare drew the distinction between poetry and history, and he, therefore, gives us not this melodramatic episode. But the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London equally came within the province of history and poetry. Matchless and original as this description is in Shakspeare, there is something very similar in Daniel, which is not in the chroniclers:—

"He that in glory of his fortune sate,  
Admiring what he thought could never be,  
Did feel his blood within salute his state,  
And lift up his rejicing soul, to see



## KING RICHARD II.

So many hands and hearts congratulate  
 Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree,  
 When, prodgal of thanks, in passing by,  
 He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.  
 Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on  
 The unregarded king; that drooping went  
 Alone, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon.  
 Judge, if he did more envy, or lament.  
 See what a wondrous work this day is done;  
 Which th' image of both fortunes doth present  
 In th' one, to shew the best of glories face;  
 In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace."

We have mentioned in our Historical Illustration to Act V., that Daniel, as well as Shakspeare, makes the queen use the language of a woman. There was poetical truth in this, with some foundation in historical exactness. Isabel, according to Froissart, had at eight years old the port of a queen. But it is remarkable that two poets should have agreed in a circumstance which forms no part of the ordinary historical narration. Daniel makes the resignation of the crown by Richard take place in the Tower; but he gives the scene the same pomp and ceremony with which Shakspeare has invested it at Westminster. In the speech of the Bishop of Carlisle we have these words in Shakspeare:—

*"What subject can give sentence on his king?  
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject!"*

The words in Holinshed, from which the speech is said to be copied are these, "There was none amongst them worthy or meet to give judgment upon so noble a prince as King Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereign and liege lord, by the space of two-and-twenty years and more." In Daniel we have these words of the Bishop:—

*"Never shall this poor breath of mine consent,  
 That he that two-and-twenty years have reign'd  
 As lawful lord and king by just descent,  
 Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unraign'd;  
 By subjects too (judges incompetent.)"*

Lastly, in the death of Richard, Daniel, as well as Shakspeare, follows the story that he was barbarously murdered by Sir Piers of Exton. Shakspeare puts these words into the mouth of the assassin:—

*"Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?  
 Have I no friend will rid me of this lying fear?"*

Holinshed has, "King Henry, sitting on a day at his table, sore sighing, said, 'Have I no faithful friend which will deliver me of him whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my life.'" Daniel shews Henry perturbed while Richard lived,—

*"And wished that some would so his life esteem,  
 As rid him of these fears wherein he stood."*

Are these resemblances accidental? We think not. Neither do we think that the parallel passages are derived from common sources. Did Daniel copy Shakspeare? We think not. He was of a modest and retiring nature, and would purposely have avoided provoking a comparison, especially in the scene describing the entrance of Richard and Bolingbroke into London, in which he has put out his own strength, in his own quiet manner. Shakspeare, on the contrary, as it appears to us, took up Daniel's "Civil Warres," as he took up Hall's, or Holinshed's, or Froissart's "Chronicles," and transfused into his play, perhaps unconsciously, a few of the circumstances and images that belonged to Daniel in his character of poet. Daniel's "Civil Warres" was, in truth, founded upon a false principle. It attempts an impossible mixture of the Poem and the Chronicle,—wanting the fire of the one and the accuracy of the other,—and this from the one cause, that Daniel's mind wanted the true poetical elevation. Believing, therefore, that Shakspeare's Richard II. contains passages that might have been suggested by Daniel's "Civil Warres," we consider that the play was written at a very short period before its publication, in 1597. The exact date is really of very little importance; and we should not have dwelt upon it, had it not been pleasant to trace resemblances between contemporary poets, who were themselves personal friends.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### SOURCES OF THE HISTORY OF RICHARD II.

The Richard II. of Shakspeare is the Richard II. of real history. The events as they are detailed by the historians, in connexion with the use which Shakspeare has made of those events, are pointed out in the Historical Illustrations to each Act.

But there is a question whether, as the foundation of this drama, Shakspeare worked upon any previous play. No copy of any such play exists. The character of Richard is so entire,—so thoroughly a whole,—that we can have little doubt in believing it to be a creation, and not a character adapted to the received dramatic notions of the poet's audience. But still there is every reason to suppose that there was another play of Richard II.—perhaps two others; and that one held possession of the stage long after Shakspeare's exquisite production had been acted and published. There is a curious matter connected with the state history of Shakspeare's own times, that has regard to the performance of *some* play of Richard II. On the afternoon previous to the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, in February, 1601, Sir Gilly Merrick, one of his partisans, procured to be acted before a great company of those who were engaged in the conspiracy, "the play of deposing Richard II." The official pamphlet of the declarations of the treasons of the Earl of Essex states, that when it was told Merrick, "by one of the players, that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play it; and so, thereupon, played it was." In the printed account of the arraignment of Merrick, it is said, that he ordered this play "to satisfy his eyes with a sight of that tragedy which he thought soon after his lord should bring from the stage to the state." There is a passage in Camden's Annals which would appear to place it beyond a doubt, that the play so acted was an older play than that of Shakspeare. It is there charged against Essex, that he procured, by money, the obsolete tragedy (*exoletum tragediam*) of the abdication of Richard II. to be acted in a public theatre, before the conspiracy. Bacon hints at a systematic purpose of bringing Richard II. "upon the stage, and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time." Elizabeth herself, in a conversation with Lambarde, the historian of Kent, and keeper of the Records in the Tower, going over a pandect of the Rolls which Lambarde had prepared, coming to the reign of Richard II. said, "I am Richard II., know ye not that?" Any allusion to Richard II., at that time, was the cause of great jealousy. Haywarde, in 1599, very narrowly escaped a state prosecution, for his "First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV." This book was the deposition of Richard II. put "into print," to which Bacon alludes. It appears to us that, without further evidence, there can be no doubt that the play acted before the partisans of the Earl of Essex was not the play of Shakspeare. The deposition-scene, we know, professed to be added to the edition of 1608. The play which Merrick ordered was, in 1601, called an obsolete play. Further, would Shakspeare have continued in favour with Elizabeth, had he been the author of a play whose performance gave such deep offence?

But we have now further evidence that there was an old play of Richard II., which essentially differed from Shakspeare's play. Mr. Collier, whose researches have thrown so much light upon the stage in general, and upon Shakspeare's life in particular, has published some very curious extracts from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, which describe, from the observations of a play-goer in the time of James I., a play of Richard II., essentially different in its scenes from the play of Shakspeare. Dr. Symon Forman, who was a sort of quack and astrologer, and who, being implicated in the conspiracy to murder Sir Thomas Overbury, had escaped public accusation by suddenly dying in 1611, kept "a book of plays and notes thereof, for common policy;" by which "common policy" he means—for maxims of prudence. His first entry is entitled "in Richard II., at the Globe, 1611, the 30 of April, Thursday." From the extract which we shall take the liberty of giving from Mr. Collier's book, it will be seen, that at Shakspeare's own theatre, the Globe, a Richard II. was performed, which was, unquestionably, not his Richard II.

"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at Smithfield bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London, and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe.

"Also remember how the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Eriand (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men: and being in his castle, how the

## KING RICHARD II.

Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle.

"Remember, also, when the Duke (i. e. of Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army: upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it; and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word.

"Remember therein also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the king, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke.

"Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king, and he told him no, but his son should be a king: and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss, to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware, by this example, of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."\*

From Forman's account of this play, it will be seen that it embraces the earlier period of Richard II., containing the insurrection of Jack Straw. It seems very doubtful whether it includes the close of the reign. We have a talk for "policy" about the Duke of Lancaster's (Gaunt's) machinations; but nothing about Henry Bolingbroke. Were there *two* plays of Richard II., of which we know nothing—the *obsolete* play of the deposition, which Merrick caused to be acted in 1601, and the play containing Jack Straw, which Forman noted in 1611?

### SCENES.

Of the architectural drawings by Mr. Poynter, the room in the Palace, Act I., is imaginary, but it presents an example of the architectural style of the period. The interior is represented as tapestried, with the well-known cognizances of Richard II., the sun and the white hart. The garden at Langley, Act III., and the street leading to the Tower, Act V., are also imaginary. The exterior of Westminster-hall, Act IV., requires a particular description. New Palace Yard dates from the building of Westminster-hall by William Rufus, and was so called in contradistinction to the court of the original palace of Edward the Confessor, or Old Palace Yard. Hollar has left a view of New Palace Yard, dated 1647. It was at that time surrounded by houses, but many of its earlier features were preserved, and the engraving affords a key to explain several authentic particulars as to its condition two centuries and a half earlier, of which a restoration is here attempted.

In the reign of Richard II., New Palace Yard appears to have been inclosed to the north and west, and partly to the south, by a stone wall, the remainder of its circumference being occupied by the palace buildings. The gateway represented by Hollar, as the west side, was built by Richard III., but it probably occupied the place of an older gateway, which is, therefore, shewn in the restoration. The tower on the north side was erected in the reign of Edward I., with the proceeds of a fine laid upon Sir Ralph Hengham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, for altering a record. It appears in Hollar's engraving in a very mutilated state, with modern quoins; but as it bears evident marks of having been altered in the fourteenth century, it is restored to what may reasonably be supposed its appearance at that period. In this tower a clock was afterwards placed, and it was known as "the Clock Tower" down to its demolition, about 1715. On the same side was an opening into a lane leading to the water, recently represented by the passage into Bridge-street; and the memory of the Clock Tower, and its origin, was preserved in the sun dial on the north side of New Palace Yard, and its motto "Discite justitiam moniti." The gateway at the south-west angle led to Old Palace Yard, by St. Margaret's-lane. A mass of useful and interesting information on the subject of the ancient palace, will be found in "Smith's Antiquities of Westminster." Westminster-hall was erected by Richard, and finished in 1399. The first business of the meeting of Parliament in the edifice which the king had caused to be built out of his exactions of the wealth of his subjects, was to proceed to his deposition.

The compositions by Mr. Busz, namely, the lists at Coventry, Act I.; the meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke, Act III.; and the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London, Act V., are designed with a strict adherence to the costume of the period.

\* New Particulars regarding the works of Shakespeare: 1836.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### COSTUME.

For the male costume of this play we are overwhelmed with authorities. Not only do we possess elaborately-executed portraits and monumental effigies of Richard, and the greater number of the other historical personages, but the time is particularly rich in illuminated manuscripts, and in anecdotes illustrative of the dress and armour of the people at large.

The poems of Chaucer and the chronicles of Froissart are full of information on these points; and in the Harleian Collection of MSS. there is the well known and invaluable Metrical History of the deposition of Richard II., by a gentleman of the household of Charles the VI. of France, and who attended Richard during the whole of the period he describes.\* The MS. is liberally illustrated by miniatures exhibiting all the principal scenes of that eventful story, and containing portraits, of the dress at least, of Richard II., Bolingbroke, the Earls of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, &c. &c.

This circumstance is the more fortunate, as, although we possess numberless illuminated copies of Froissart, all that have come under our notice have been executed as late, at least, as the commencement of the reign of our Henry VI., and, consequently, present us with the dress and armour of another century. We take this opportunity of impressing this fact upon the minds of our readers, by at once referring them to the cuts in this play, taken from an illuminated copy of Froissart, and representing the quarrel and combat between the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, and Richard II. surrendering his crown to Bolingbroke, by comparison of which, with those from the Metrical History, they will perceive the difference in the fashions of the times, and avoid confounding the former with those which are given as undoubted authorities for the costume of this play.

The foppery of dress prevailing during the reign of Richard II. is the universal theme of satire and reprobation amongst the poets and historians of the day; and York, in the first Scene of the second Act of this play, speaks with perfect truth of our "apish nation" limping in base imitation after the "fashions in proud Italy," or wherever "the world thrusts forth a vanity;" a passage which Dr. Johnson has presumed, of course, to be a mistake of Shakspeare, or, rather, a wilful anachronism of the man who gave "to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own!" Richard himself was (as the Rev. Mr. Webb has remarked in his description of the Metrical History aforesaid—*Archæologia*, vol. xx.) the greatest fop of his day.† He had a coat estimated at thirty thousand marks, the value of which must chiefly have arisen from the quantity of precious stones with which it was embroidered, such being one of the many extravagant fashions of the time.‡ These of working letters and mottoes on the dresses, and cutting the edges of the mantles, hoods, &c. into the shape of leaves and other devices, will be seen by referring to the portrait of Richard in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and the illuminations of the Metrical History. Bolingbroke, in the miniatures of that work, is represented in mourning for his father. When he entered London with the captive Richard in his train, he was dressed, according to Froissart, in a short jack, or jacket, of cloth of gold, "a la fashion d'Almayne."

Of John of Gaunt we are told that he wore his garments "not wide," and yet they became him "full well." In the Cotton MS., marked D 6, he is represented granting the claims at the coronation of Richard II., as Lord High Steward of England. He is attired in a long party-coloured robe, one half white, the other blue, such being the family colours of the House of Lancaster. White and red were, however, assumed by Richard II. as his livery colours, and, as such, worn by the courtiers and citizens on state occasions.

The sleeves of John of Gaunt's robe, it will be observed, are tight, and reach to the wrist, after the old fashion of Edward the III.'s time: but bearing out the words of the old poet before quoted, who praises him for not giving way to the extravagances of his nephew's court; Chaucer, the Monk of Evesham, and the author of an anonymous work, cited by Camden, and called "the Eulogium," all complain of the large, long, and wide sleeves, reaching almost to the feet, which even the servants wore in imitation of their masters.

The shoes had excessively long pikes, sometimes crooked upwards, and then called crackowes

\* See Historical Illustrations to Act III.

† The Monk of Evesham describes him as extravagantly splendid in his entertainments and dress.

‡ The statute passed in prohibition of such vanities calls these dresses "apparel broider'd of stone."

## KING RICHARD II.

(probably from Cracow, in Poland), and, according to the author of the *Eulogium*, occasionally fastened to the knees by chains of gold or silver. The chaperon, or hood, of this reign is of a most indescribable shape, and is sometimes worn over the capucium, or cowl. Single ostrich feathers are also seen occasionally in front of the hood, or cap. The hair was worn long in the neck and at the sides, and elderly persons are generally represented with forked beards.

The decoration of the white hart, crowned and chained under a tree, was worn by all Richard's friends and retainers. In the wardrobe account of his twenty-second year is an entry of a belt and sheath of a sword, of red velvet, embroidered with white harts crowned, and with rosemary branches.

The armour of this reign was nearly all of plate. A neck-piece of chain fastened to the bascinet, and called the camail, and the indented edge of the chain-apron depending below the jupon, or surcoat, being nearly all the mail visible. The jupon introduced during the preceding reign was a garment of silk, or velvet, richly embroidered with the armorial bearings of the wearer, fitting tight to the shape, and confined over the hips by a magnificent girdle. (*Vide* that of the Black Prince at Canterbury.) In the *Metrical History*, however, Richard and his knights are represented in loose surcoats, sometimes with sleeves, and embroidered all over with fanciful devices, the king's being golden ostrich feathers. The armour worn by Bolingbroke, when he entered the lists at Coventry, was manufactured expressly for him at Milan by order of Galeazzo Visconti, to whom he had written on the subject.

The chronicler Hall (and Holinshed follows him), describing this event, asserts, but without quoting his authority, that Bolingbroke's horse was caparisoned with blue and green velvet, embroidered all over with swans and antelopes (his badges and supporters), and that the housings of the Duke of Norfolk's charger were of crimson velvet, embroidered with silver lions (his paternal arms) and mulberry trees, a punning device, the family name being Mowbray. The vizor of the bascinet, or war helmet of this time, was of a singular shape, giving to the wearer almost the appearance of having the head of a bird. A specimen is to be seen in the Tower of London, and a still more perfect one is in the armoury of Sir S. Meyrick, at Goodrich Court.

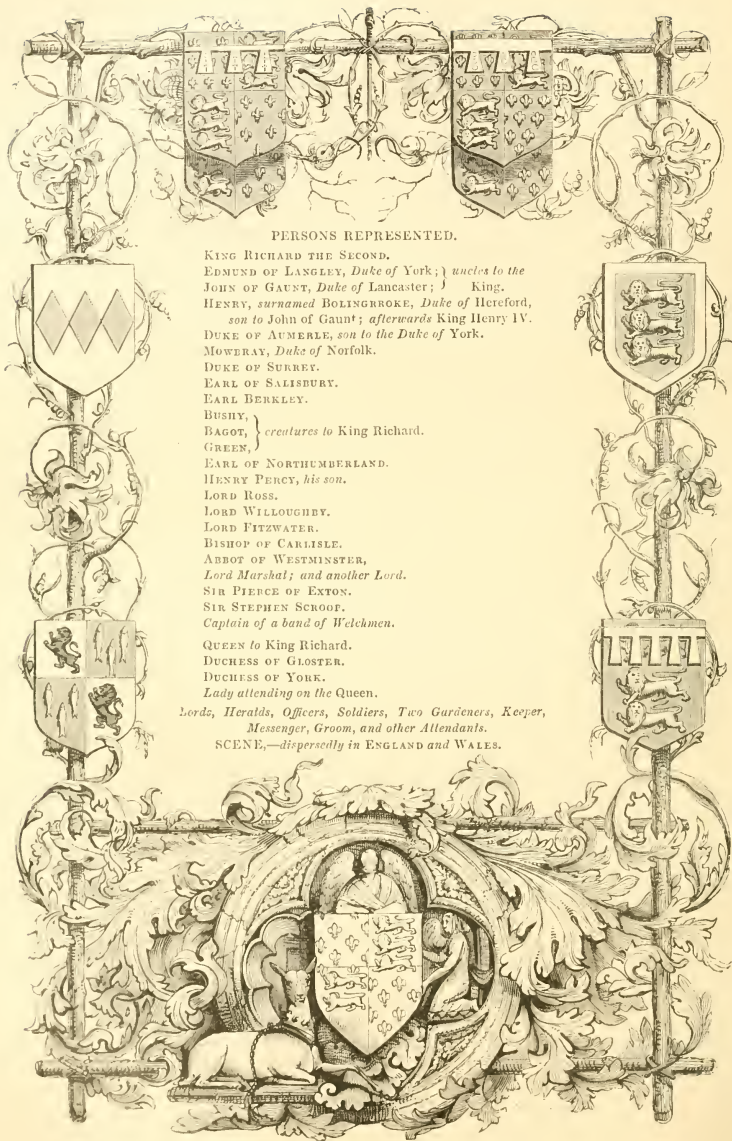
No feathers, as yet, decorated the helmet unless they formed the heraldic crest of the family, and then only the tournament helmet.

Of the female characters in the play, the Duchess of Gloucester is the only one for whose dress we have any precise authority; and it is probable that she is represented on her monumental brass in Westminster Abbey, which furnishes it, in the habit of a nun of Barking Abbey, to which place she retired after her husband's murder, and took the veil. The nuns of Barking, however, being of the order of St. Benedict, the dress, both in hue and form, would resemble the mourning habit of a widow of high rank at that period, which was quite conventual in its appearance, even to the *barbe*, or plaited chin-cloth.

The general dress of ladies of quality, during the reign of Richard II., consisted of the kirtle, a sort of low bodied gown, with long tight sleeves, and made to fit very close to the figure, over which was worn a singularly-shaped sleeveless gown, or robe, with a very full skirt and train, the front and edges generally trimmed with ermine, or other rich furs, and giving the appearance of a tight spencer over a loose dress, instead of which it is, as nearly as possible, the exact reverse.

Over this, on state occasions, was worn a long mantle, which, as well as the skirt of the gown, or robe, was frequently embroidered with armorial bearings. Leithieullier, in his observations on Sepulchral Monuments, has remarked, that, in such cases, the arms on the mantle are always those of the husband, and the others those of the lady's own family.

The hair was worn in a gold fret, or caul, of net-work, surmounted by a chaplet, or garland, of goldsmith's work, a coronet, or a veil, according to the fancy or rank of the wearer. The effigy of Anne of Bohemia, and the illuminated MS. entitled *Liber Regalis*, preserved in Westminster Abbey, and executed in the time of Richard II., may be considered the best authorities for the royal and noble female costume of the period.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND,  
 EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York;* } *uncles to the*  
 JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster;* } *King.*  
 HENRY, *surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,*  
*son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.*  
 DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York.*  
 MOWERAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*  
 DUKE OF SURREY.  
 EARL OF SALISBURY.  
 EARL BERKLEY.  
 BUSHY, }  
 BAGOT, } *creatures to King Richard.*  
 GREEN, }  
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
 HENRY PERCY, *his son.*  
 LORD ROSS.  
 LORD WILLOUGHBY.  
 LORD FITZWATER.  
 BISHOP OF CARLISLE.  
 ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER,  
*Lord Marshal; and another Lord.*  
 SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.  
 SIR STEPHEN SCROOP,  
*Captain of a band of Welchmen.*  
 QUEEN to King Richard.  
 DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.  
 DUCHESS OF YORK.  
*Lady attending on the Queen.*  
 Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardēners, Keeper,  
 Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.  
 SCENE,—dispersedly in ENGLAND and WALES.



[SCENE I.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath<sup>1</sup> and banl,<sup>2</sup>  
Brought hither Henry Hereford,<sup>3</sup> thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, last thou soundest him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient matters:

<sup>1</sup> *Band.* *Band* and *bond* are each the past participle passive of the verb *to bind*; and hence the *band*, that by which a thing is confined, and the *bond*, that by which one is constrained, are one and the same thing.

<sup>2</sup> *Hereford.* In the old copies this title is generally *Heit* and pronounced *Herford*. In Hardyng's *Chronicle* the word is always written *Hereford* or *Harford*. It is constantly *Hereford*, as a dissyllable, in Dani-Is "Civil Wars."

Or worthily as a good subject should.

On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence  
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Enter some Attendants.*]

High-struck as they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hoarse as the fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with ROLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.*

*Rolling.* Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Nor.* Each day shall better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come ;<sup>a</sup>  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

*Boling.* First, (heaven be the record to my speech !)

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a misereant ;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live ;  
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword  
may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal :

'T is not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs  
me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubl'd<sup>b</sup> down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain :  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable<sup>c</sup>  
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

<sup>a</sup> *You come.* On which you come ; or you come on. The omission, in such a case, of the preposition is not unusual.

<sup>b</sup> *Doubl'd.* In folio of 1623, and first quarto of 1597, *doubly ; doubl'd* is the reading of the quarto 1615.

<sup>c</sup> *Inhabitable.* Uninhabitable, uninhabitable. Jonson, and Taylor the Water-poet, both use the word in this sense, strictly according to its Latin derivation. But the Norman origin of much of our language warrants this use. *Habitabile*, and its converse, present no difficulty to a Frenchman.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw  
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.<sup>a</sup>

*Nor.* I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :  
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us<sup>b</sup>  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak<sup>c</sup> my life shall  
prove it true ;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand  
nobles,<sup>2</sup>

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd<sup>d</sup> employ-  
ments,

Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.  
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contriv'd in this land,  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and  
spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death ;  
Suggest<sup>e</sup> his soon-believing adversaries ;  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of  
blood :

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me, for justice and rough chastisement ;

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto of 1597. The first folio reads,

"What I have spoken, or thou canst devise."

<sup>b</sup> *Inherit us.* To inherit was not only used in the sense of to inherit as an heir, but in that of to receive generally. It is here used for *to cause to receive*, in the same way that *to possess* is either used for *to have*, or *to cause to have*.

<sup>c</sup> *Speak.* So the first quarto, and most modern editions ; *said* in the folio.

<sup>d</sup> *Lewd.* In its early signification, means mistled, deluded ; and thence it came to stand, as here, for wicked. The lady — "the body of the Christian people," as Gibbon calls them — were designated as *lewd* by the clergy. (See Tocke, v. ii. p. 383.)

<sup>e</sup> *Suggest.* Prompt.



And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution  
soars!—

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes  
and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, our<sup>a</sup> kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke,<sup>3</sup> as low as to thy  
heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou  
liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:  
The other part reserv'd I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's  
death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once I did lay<sup>b</sup> an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:

Which in myself I boldly will defend;

And interchangeably hurl down my gage

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,

To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd  
by me;

<sup>a</sup> *Our kingdom's heir.* So the folio. The earlier copies, *my kingdom's heir.*

<sup>b</sup> *An ambush.* By error, corrected in our Library Edition, we had in *ambush* in the Pictorial.

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:

This we prescribe, though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision.

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;

Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.<sup>4</sup>

Good uncle, let this end where it begins;

We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make peace shall become my  
age:—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry? when? <sup>a</sup>  
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there  
is no boot.<sup>b</sup>

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy  
foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood:  
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.<sup>c</sup>

*Nor.* Yea, but not change his<sup>d</sup> spots: take  
but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded liam,<sup>e</sup> or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast,

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do  
you begin.

<sup>a</sup> *When, Harry? when?* *When*, to stand, is an expression of impatience, as in the Taming of the Shrew—“Why when, I say?” Monck Mason, in this passage suggests a new punctuation, which is very ingenious (though we are scarcely venture to adopt it in the text, certain well-illustrated copies. It is this.

“When, Harry? When?”

<sup>b</sup> *No boot.* *Boot*, is here used in its original sense of compensation. There is no boot, so remedy for what is past,—nothing to be added, or substituted.

<sup>c</sup> *Lions make leopards tame.* The coat of Norfolk was a golden leopard.

<sup>d</sup> *His spots.* So (unobscurely). According to the custom in Shakespeare's time of changing from the singular to the plural number, or from the plural to the singular, the alteration by Pope to *these* was necessary sound for. But in this case Mowbray quotes the very text of Scripture—

Jer. xlii. 23.

<sup>e</sup> *Gilded liam.* In “England's Persecution,” (1604,) these three lines are extracted, but the third line reads thus—  
“Men are but gilded trunks, or painted clay.”

*Boling.* O, Heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?  
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height  
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble  
wring,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear;  
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's  
face. [*Exit GAUNT.*]

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to  
command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
Since we cannot atone you,<sup>a</sup> you shall see<sup>b</sup>  
Justice design<sup>c</sup> the victor's chivalry.  
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke  
of Lancaster's Palace.*<sup>5</sup>

*Enter GAUNT, and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*<sup>6</sup>

*Gaunt.* Alas! the<sup>d</sup> part I had in Gloster's  
blood

Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who when he sees<sup>e</sup> the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper  
spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons,<sup>7</sup> whercof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glo-  
ster,—

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;

<sup>a</sup> *Atone you.* Make you in concord—cause you to be at  
one.

<sup>b</sup> *You shall see.* The folio and four of the old quartos  
have *you*; the first quarto has *we*.

<sup>c</sup> *Design*; designate—point out—exhibit—show by a token.

<sup>d</sup> *The part I had, &c.* My consanguinity to Gloster.

<sup>e</sup> *They see* in all the old copies.

Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all  
vaded,<sup>8</sup>

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that  
womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and  
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life,  
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's  
substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas! may I complain  
myself?<sup>b</sup>

*Gaunt.* To heaven, the widow's champion and  
defence.

*Duch.* Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt  
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear;  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,<sup>9</sup>  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff<sup>c</sup> recreant to my cousin Hereford!

<sup>a</sup> *Vaded.* So all the old copies; modern editors read *faded*.  
But to *vade* seems to have a stronger sense than to *fade*,  
although *vade* was often written *vade*. Still we may trace the  
distinction. In the "Mirrour for Magistrates" we have,

"The barren fields, which wilhom flower'd as they would  
never vade."

This is clearly in the sense of *vade*. In Spenser we have,  
"However gay their blossom or their blade  
Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade."

Here we have, as clearly, the sense to pass away, to vanish.  
But, after all, the old writers probably used the words  
without distinction; for doubtless they are the same words.

<sup>b</sup> *Complain myself.* The verb is here the same as the  
French verb, *se plaindre*.

<sup>c</sup> *Caitiff.* The original meaning of this word was, a pris-  
oner. Wickliffe has "he stighlyng an high ledde *caityffe*  
*caityff*" (captivity captive). As the captive anciently became  
a slave, the word gradually came to indicate a man in a ser-  
vile condition—a mean creature—a dishonest person. The  
history of language is often the history of opinion; and it  
is not surprising that in the days of misused power, to be  
weak, and to be guilty, were synonymous. The French  
*chétif* had anciently the meaning of *captif*.

Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife

With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry: As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

I take my leave before I have begun;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,<sup>9</sup>

Unpeopled offices,<sup>10</sup> untrodden stones?

And what cheer<sup>a</sup> there for welcome but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Open Space near Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c attending.*

*Enter the LORD MARSHAL<sup>11</sup> and AUMERLE.<sup>12</sup>*

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold, stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion the cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel!

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath; As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,

(Which heaven defend a knight should violate!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,<sup>3</sup>

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[*He takes his seat.*]

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms, Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war;

And formally according to our law

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard, in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,

Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,

Except the marshal, and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray and myself are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

<sup>a</sup> *Cheer.* The quarto of 1597 reads *cheer*; the subsequent early edition, *hear*. (See Illustrations to Act I.)

<sup>3</sup> The first folio, deviating from the three first editions, reads "his succeeding issue;"—the succeeding issue of the king. My succeeding issue appears to convey a higher and finer meaning. Mowbray owed to his descendants to defend his loyalty and truth to them, as well as to his God and to his king. Their fortunes would have been ruled by his attainer; their reputations compromised by his disgrace. The sentiment, in its noblest form, is in Burke's most pathetic argument that he owed to the memory of the son he had lost the duty of vindicating himself from a just accusation.—*Letter to the Duke of Bedford.*

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your  
highness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in  
our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!  
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.—  
My loving lord, [*to LORD MARSHAL.*] I take my  
leave of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—  
Not sick, although I have to do with death;  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:  
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To GAUNT.*]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,—  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,<sup>a</sup>  
And furbish<sup>b</sup> new the name of John of Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee  
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and  
live.

*Boling.* Mine innocency, and Saint George to  
thrive. [*He takes his seat.*]

*Nor.* [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune,  
cast my lot,

There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's  
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

<sup>a</sup> *Waxen coat.* The original meaning of the noun *wax*, is that of something pliable, yielding. *Wax* and *wax* have the same root. Mowbray's waxen coat, into which Bolingbroke's lance's point may enter, is his frail and penetrable coat, or armour.

<sup>b</sup> *Furbish.* Thus the quarto of 1597; the folio *furnish*. To *furbish* is to polish. To *furnish* to dress.

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my month the wish of happy years:  
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,<sup>a</sup>  
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and the LORDS return to their seats.*]

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,  
Receive thy lance; and God defend thy right!

*Boling.* [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I  
cry—amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance [*to an Officer.*] to  
Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-  
bray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke  
of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-  
batants. [*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder<sup>b</sup> down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and  
their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:  
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound,  
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near [*To the Combatants.*]  
And list, what with our council we have done.  
For that our kingdom's earth should not be  
soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'  
swords;

<sup>a</sup> *To jest.* A jest was sometimes used to signify a mask, or pageant. Thus, in the old play of *Hieronymo*:—

“He promised us, in honour of our guest,  
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.”

To *jest*, therefore, in the sense in which Mowbray here uses it, is to play a part in a mask.

<sup>b</sup> *Warder.* The truncheon, or staff of command.

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you<sup>a</sup>  
To wake our peace, which in our country's  
    cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]  
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd  
    drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
And grating shoek of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's  
    blood ;—

Therefore, we banish you our territories :  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,<sup>b</sup>  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done : This must my  
    comfort be,

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine  
    on me ;

And those his golden beams, to you nere lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier  
    doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :  
The sly slow hours<sup>c</sup> shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear<sup>d</sup> exile ;—  
The hopeless word of, never to return,  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign  
    liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :  
A dearer merit,<sup>e</sup> not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forego :  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstring'd viol, or a harp ;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue,  
Doubly portecullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now ;  
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native  
    breath ?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compas-  
    sionate ;<sup>a</sup>

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's  
    light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Retiring.*

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath  
    with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,  
(Our part therein we banish<sup>13</sup> with yourselves,)  
To keep the oath that we administer—  
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)  
Embrace each other's love in banishment,  
Nor never look upon each other's face ;  
Nor never write, regret, or reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
'Gaius us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy ;<sup>b</sup>—  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land

<sup>a</sup> *On you.* So the old copies. Pope and some subsequent editors read, *you on*.

<sup>b</sup> *Death.* So the folio. The early quartos have *life*. In Richard's speech to Mowbray he uses *life* in the same sense.

<sup>c</sup> *Sly slow hours.* So the old copies. Pope would read *My slow*. Chapman, in his translation of the *Odyssey*, has "those sly hours." It would hardly be fair to think that Pope changed the text that he might have the credit of originality in the following line:—

"All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes."

<sup>d</sup> *Dear exile.* The manner in which Shakspeare uses the word *dear*, often presents a difficulty to the modern reader. Twenty-five lines before this we have the "dear blood" of the kingdom—the valued blood. We have now the "dear exile" of Norfolk—the harmful exile. Horne Tooke has this explanation: *To dere*, the old English verb, from the Anglo-Saxon *der-san*, is to hurt,—to do mischief; and thence *dearish*, meaning, which hurteth, *dereth*, or maketh *dear*. But one of the most painful consequences of mischief on a large scale, such as the mischief of a bad season, was *dearth*—the barrenness, the scarcity, produced by the hurtful agent. What was spared was thence called *dear*—precious—costly—greatly coveted—highly prized. Professor Craik points out, in his "Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar," that the Anglo-Saxon word answering to precious or beloved, is *deoran* or *dyran*, to hold dear, to love.

<sup>e</sup> *A dearer merit.* A more valued reward. Johnson says to *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any example. Shakspeare here distinctly means to deserve a reward; for merit is strictly the part or share earned or

gained. Prior, who wrote a century after Shakspeare, uses the word in the same sense:—

"Those laurel-groves, the merits of thy youth,  
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain."

<sup>a</sup> *Compassionate.* This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses *compassionate* in the sense of *compassioning*. Theobald suggests *become compassionate*.

<sup>b</sup> *So far.* The earlier editions read *so fare*; the second folio, *so farre*. Johnson's interpretation of this passage seems to be just: "Norfolk, so far I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness; confess thy treasons."

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm;  
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,  
 My name be blotted from the book of life,  
 And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!  
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do  
 know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.  
 Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;  
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine  
 eyes

I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect  
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
 Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,  
 Return [*To BOLING.*] with welcome home from  
 banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little  
 word!

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
 End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of  
 me,

He shortens four years of my son's exile;  
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
 For ere the six years that he hath to spend  
 Can change their moons, and bring their times  
 about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
 Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years  
 to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou  
 canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sor-  
 row,  
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a  
 morrow:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
 Thy word is current with him for my death:  
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good  
 advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;  
 Why at our justice seem'd thou then to lower?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in di-  
 gestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather  
 You would have bid me argue like a father:  
 [O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more  
 mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]<sup>a</sup>  
 Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,  
 I was too strict, to make mine own away;  
 But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,  
 Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid  
 him so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exit K. RICHARD and Train.*]

*Aun.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must  
 not know,

From where you do remain, let paper shew.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will  
 ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard  
 thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of  
 you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
 To breathe the abundant dour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a  
 time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that  
 time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly  
 gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one  
 hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for  
 pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh, when I miscall it  
 so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary  
 steps

Esteem a foil,<sup>b</sup> wherein thou art to set  
 The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I  
 make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
 I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
 To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven  
 visits,

<sup>a</sup> These four lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted in the  
 folio.

<sup>b</sup> Foil or foil, the thin plate or leaf of metal used in setting  
 jewellery.

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not, the king did banish thee ;  
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not, the king exiled thee : or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou  
com'st.

Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence  
strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance :  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.<sup>a</sup>]

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?<sup>14</sup>  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee  
on thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell ;  
sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ;  
AUMERLE following.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call  
him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears  
were shed ?

*Aum.* 'Faith none for me,<sup>a</sup> except the north  
east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our face,  
Awak'd the sleepy rheum ; and so, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you  
parted with him ?

*Aum.* Farewell :

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me  
craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd  
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells ;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is  
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people :—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 't were to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
friends ;

As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go  
these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;  
Expedient<sup>b</sup> manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means,  
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourselves in person to this war.  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand : If that come short,  
Our substitute at home shall have blank charters ;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are  
rich,

<sup>a</sup> The twenty-six lines between brackets are omitted in the folio. They are in the first quarto of 1597, and are continued in the subsequent quartos (See Introductory Notice).

<sup>a</sup> None for me—none, on my part.

<sup>b</sup> Expedient—prompt—suitable—disengaged from entanglements. (See note on King John, Act II. Scene I.)

Act I.]

KING RICHARD II.

[SCENE IV.

They shall subscribe them for large sums of  
gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news?

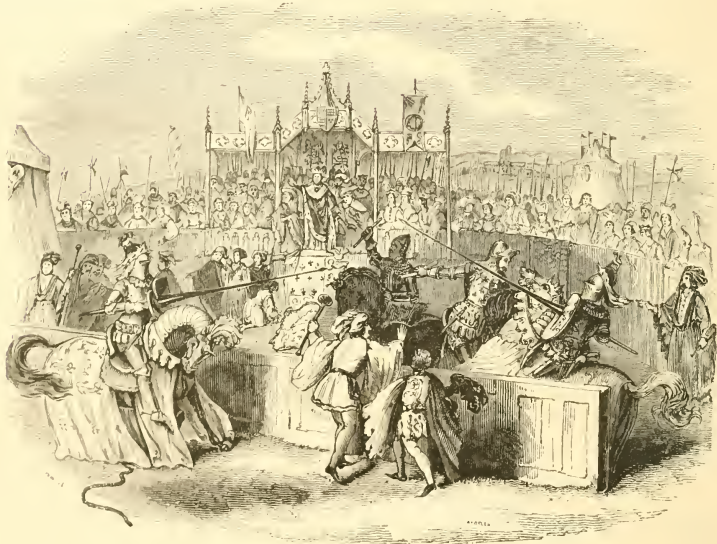
*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,  
my lord;  
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his phy-  
sician's mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too  
late! [*Exeunt.*



[Scene III.—“The king hath thrown his warder down.”]



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Hast thou, according to thy oath and band!*”

THE appeal of Hereford against Mowbray was to be decided by a “trial by combat.” This practice was very ancient, and traces of it are found in the fifth century. The “oath and band” of John of Gaunt were the *pledges* that he gave for his son’s appearance. Thus, in the Fairy Queen of Spenser—

“These three that hardly challenge took in hand,  
For Canabel with Canbel for to fight;  
The day was set, that all might understand,  
And *pledges* pawn’d, the same to keep aright.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Eight thousand nobles.*”

The following is a representation of the gold noble of Richard II. :—



<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Then, Bolingbroke.*”

Henry of Lancaster was not called Bolingbroke, or Bullingbrook, till he had ascended the throne. This name of Henry IV. was derived from his birth-place, Bolingbroke Castle, in Lincolnshire. The last remains of this ancient edifice crumbled over their base, in May, 1815. (*Gentleman’s Magazine*, vol. lxxxv.)

<sup>4</sup> SCENE I.—“*Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.*”

Malone says “this alludes to the almanacs of the time, when particular seasons were pointed out as the most proper times for being bled.” In an

English almanac for 1386—the earliest known (and which has been printed, 1812)—we have full directions for blood-letting. (*See Companion to the Almanac*, 1839, p. 55.)

<sup>5</sup> SCENE II.—“*Duke of Lancaster’s Palace.*”

The *Savoy* Palace, of which some remains existed within a few years, was situated near the Thames. The chapel, nearly four centuries old, was destroyed to the bare walls by fire, on July 7, 1864; but the Queen was graciously pleased to undertake its restoration. This was anciently the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. Upon his



[The Savoy.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

death it devolved to the queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. From that time the Savoy was taken as part and parcel of the earldom and honour of Lancaster, and was used as the London palace of the earls and dukes of that house. John of Gaunt married Blanch, the daughter of Henry, the first duke of Lancaster. Blanch was a co-heiress with her sister Matilda to the vast estates of this duchy; and by the death of Matilda, without issue, he became subsequently possessed of all the property, in right of his wife, and was himself created Duke of Lancaster. In the preceding page we have given an ancient view of the Savoy, which was endowed as "The Hospital of the Savoy," by Henry VII.

### 6 SCENE II.—"Duchess of Gloster."

The following is a portrait of Eleanor Bohun, widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster. [See Introductory Notice.]



### 7 SCENE II.—"Edward's seven sons."

The seven sons of the great Edward III. were, 1. Edward of Woodstock, the Black Prince; 2. William of Hatfield; 3. Lionel, Duke of Clarence; 4. John of Gaunt; 5. Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; 6. William of Windsor; 7. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster.

### 8 SCENE II.—"Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom."

Did not this fine description suggest the equally fine scene in *Ivanhoe*, where the guilty Templar falls without a blow?

### 9 SCENE II.—"Unfurnish'd walls."

"The usual manner," says Percy, in his preface to the *Northumberland Household Book*, "of hanging the rooms in the old castles, was only to cover the naked stone walls with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal."

### 10 SCENE II.—"Unpeopled offices."

The offices were those parts of a great house, or castle, in which the vast train of servants lived and carried on their duties. They were not out-buildings, nor subterraneous, but on the ground-floor within the house. The "unpeopled offices," therefore, of the Duchess of Gloster's desolate mansion, would present, no sound of life, nor "cheer for welcome."

### 11 SCENE III.—"Lord marshal."

Mowbray was himself earl marshal of England; but the Duke of Surrey officiated as marshal on this occasion.

### 12 SCENE III.—"Aumerle."

The eldest son of the Duke of York was created Duke of Aumerle, or Albemarle, a town in Normandy. He officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry.

### 13 SCENE III.—"Our part therein we banish."

The king here alludes to a disputed question amongst writers on public law:—Is a banished man tied in his allegiance to the State which exiled him? Richard requires them to swear by their duty to heaven; for "our part" in your duty "we banish with yourselves." Hobbes and Puffendorf hold this opinion;—Cicero thought differently.

### 14 SCENE III.—"The frosty Caucasus."

"In the language of the Calmuck Tartars, *Chasu* signifies snow," according to Mr. Wilford, in the sixth volume of *Asiatic Researches*. There are two papers in the *Censura Litteraria* of Sir E. Brydges, which refute this notion of the origin of the name of Caucasus.—Vol. iv. p. 412; vol. v. p. 87.



[Richard II. Portrait in the Jerusalem Chamber ]

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SHAKSPERE'S "History" of Richard II. presents, in one particular, a most remarkable contrast to that of King John. In the King John, for the purpose of securing a dramatic unity of action, the chronological succession of events, as they occurred in the real history of the times, is constantly disregarded. In the Richard II. that chronological succession is as strictly adhered to. The judgment of the poet is remarkably exhibited in these opposite modes of working. He had to mould a drama out of the disjointed materials of the real history of John, in which events, remote in the order of time, and apparently separated as to cause and consequence, should all conduce to the development of one great action—the persecution of Arthur by his uncle, and the retribution to which the fate of Arthur led. In the life of Richard II., there were two great dramatic events, far separated in the order of time, and having no connexion in their origin or consequences. The rebellion of Wat Tyler, in 1381, might, in itself, have formed the subject of a drama not unworthy of the hand of Shakspeare. It might have stood as the "First Part" of the Life of Richard II. Indeed, it is probable, as we have shown in the Introductory Notice, that a play in which this event formed a remarkable feature did exist. But the greater event of Richard's life was the banishment and the revolt of Bolingbroke, which led to his own deposition and his death. This is the one event which Shakspeare has made the subject of the great drama before us. With a few very minute deviations from history—deviations which are as nothing compared with the

errors of the contemporary historian, Froissart—the scenes which this play presents, and the characters which it develops, are historically true to the letter. But what a wonderful vitality does the truth acquire in our poet's hands. The hard and formal abstractions of the old chroniclers—the figures that move about in robes and armour, without presenting to us any distinct notions of their common human qualities,—here shew themselves to us as men like ourselves,—partaking of like passions, and like weaknesses; and, whilst they exhibit to us the natural triumph of intellectual vigour and decision over frailty and irresolution, they claim our pity for the unfortunate, and our respect for the "faithful amongst the faithless." But in the Chronicles, Shakspeare found the rude outline ready to his hand, which he was to fill up with his surpassing colouring. There was nothing in the course of the real events to alter for the purposes of dramatic propriety. The history was full of the most stirring and picturesque circumstances; and the incidents came so thick and fast upon one another, that it was unnecessary for the poet to leap over any long intervals of time. Bolingbroke first appealed Norfolk of treason, in January, 1398. Richard was deposed in September, 1399.

The first scene of this Act exhibits the course of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, as it proceeded, after Harry Hereford's "boisterous late appeal." We must observe, that the Bolingbroke of Shakspeare is called Duke of Hereford (or Earl of Derby, his former title) by all the old his-

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

torians ; it being pretty clear that he was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. Drayton states this without any qualification. We must, however, follow the poet in calling him Bolingbroke. It is somewhat difficult to understand the original cause of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. They were each elevated in rank at the Christmas of 1398, probably with the view, on the part of Richard, to propitiate men of such power and energy. They were the only two who remained of the great lords who, twelve years before, had driven Richard's favourites from his court and kingdom, and had triumphantly asserted their resistance to his measures at the battle of Radcot Bridge. The Duke of Gloster, the uncle of the king, with whose party Bolingbroke and Norfolk had always been confederated, was murdered at Calais, in 1398. Bolingbroke, in the same year, had received a full pardon in parliament for his proceedings in 1386. "In this parliament, holden at Shrewsbury," says Holinshed, "Henry Duke of Hereford accused Thomas Mowbray of certain words, which he should utter in talk, had betwixt them as they rode together lately before, betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the king's dishonour." Froissart (we quote from Lord Berners' translation) gives a different version of the affair, and says—"On a day the Earl of Derby and the Earl Marshal communed together of divers matters; at last, among other, they spake of the state of the king and of his council, such as he had about him, and believe't them; so that, at the last, the Earl of Derby spake certain words which he thought for the best, wenyng that they should never have been called to rehearsal, which words were neither villainous nor outrageous." Froissart then goes on to make the Earl Marshal repeat these words to the king, and Derby to challenge him as a false traitor, after the breach of confidence. Shakspeare has followed Holinshed. The accusation of Bolingbroke against Norfolk was first made, according to this chronicler, at Shrewsbury; and "there was a day appointed, about six weeks after, for the king to come unto Windsor, to hear and to take some order betwixt the two dukes which had thus appealed each other." The scene then proceeds in the essential matters very much as is exhibited by Shakspeare, except that the appellant and defendant each speak by the mouth of a knight that had "license to speak." Norfolk is accused of being a false and disloyal traitor—of appropriating eight thousand nobles, which he had received to pay the king's soldiers at Calais—of being the occasion of all the treason contrived in the realm for eighteen years—and, by his false suggestions and malicious counsels, having caused the Duke of Gloster to be murdered. Norfolk, in the answer by his knight, declares that Henry of Lancaster hath "falsely and wickedly lied as a false and disloyal knight;" and he then, in his own person, adds the explanation which Shakspeare gives about the use of the money for Calais. The chronicler, however, makes him say not a word about Gloster's death; but he confesses that he once "laid an ambush to have slain the Duke of Lancaster that there sitteth." The king once again requires them to be asked, if they would agree and make peace together; "but they both flatly answered that they would not; and

withal the Duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the Duke of Norfolk took it up. The king, perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, sware by St. John Baptist, that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again." The combat was then appointed to be done at Coventry, "some say upon a Monday in August; other, upon St. Lambert's day, being the 17th September; other, on the 11th September."

The narrative of Holinshed upon which Shakspeare has founded the third Scene of this Act is most picturesque. We see all the gorgeous array of chivalry, as it existed in an age of pageants, called forth with unusual magnificence upon an occasion of the gravest import. The old stage of Shakspeare's time could exhibit none of this magnificence. The great company of men apparelled in silk sendall—the splendid coursers of the combatants, with their velvet housings—the king on his throne, surrounded by his peers and his ten thousand men in armour—all these were to be wholly imagined upon the ancient stage. Our poet, in his chorus to Henry V. thus addresses his audience:—

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance:  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth."

To assist our readers in seeing the "imaginary puissance" of the lists of Coventry, we subjoin Holinshed's description:—

"The Duke of Aumerle, that day, being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surry, marshal, placed themselves between them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists, the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was, he answered 'I am Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me.' Then, incontinently, he sware upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and, putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

"Soon after him, entered into the field with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and

## KING RICHARD II.

adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach, or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried: 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.'

"The duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud: 'God aid him that hath the right,' and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat.

"The duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward cou-

rageously towards his enemy, six or seven paces. The duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

The sentence of Richard upon Bolingbroke and Norfolk was, in effect, the same as Shakspeare has described it; but the remission of a portion of the term of Bolingbroke's banishment did not take place at the lists of Coventry. Froissart says, that when Bolingbroke's day of departure approached, he came to Eltham, to the king, who thus addressed him:—"As God help me, it right greatly displeaseth me the words that hath been between you and the earl marshal; but the sentence that I have given is for the best, and for to appease thereby the people, who greatly murmured on this matter; wherefore, cousin, yet to ease you somewhat of your pain, I release my judgment from ten year to six year. Cousin, take this aworth, and ordain you thereafter." The earl answered and said; "Sir, I thank your grace, and when it shall please you, ye shall do me more grace."

We subjoin a copy of the illumination of Richard pronouncing sentence of banishment, from the MS. Froissart, in the British Museum. The costume in this and other engravings from the same source, is of a later period than that of Richard II.





[SCENE III.—“ There stands the Castle.”]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in Ely House.*

*GAUNT on a couch ; the Duke of YORK, and others standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the king come? that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth.

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say, the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony ;  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain ;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before ;

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

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Writ in remembrance more than things long past ;<sup>a</sup>

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As praises of his state : then, there are found

Lascivious metres ; to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen :

Report of fashions in proud Italy ;

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,

(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

<sup>a</sup> We deviate from our first edition in now adopting the ordinary reading of this passage, instead of preferring the change in the punctuation which was suggested by Monck Mason,

“(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest) last.”

By this alteration the word *last*, at the end of the second line, is read as a verb, of which the *sun* and *music* form the nominative case.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt  
thou lose

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet now in-  
spir'd;

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are  
short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection<sup>a</sup> and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it),

<sup>a</sup> *Infection*. All the ancient copies read *infection*. In England's Parnassus (1690), where the passage is quoted, we read *infection*. Farmer suggested the substitution of *infection*, which Malone has adopted, and which we thought right to follow in our first edition. *Infection*, in Shakspeare's time, was used, as it is now, to express the taint of some pernicious quality; and was more particularly applied to that frightful disease, the plague, to whose ravages London was annually subject. It appeared to us, therefore, that to call England

"This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection,"

would require some explanation to an audience who were constantly witnesses of the ravages of infection.

"The silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall," was then unavailing to keep out "the pestilence which walketh in darkness." But, on the other hand, England had been long free from foreign invasion. *Infection* is taken, by Malone, to be an abbreviation of *infection*, in the same way that, in Bishop Hall, *acceptation* is used for *acceptation*. *Infection* appears to have designated those violent incursions of an enemy—those annoying, joy-depriving (*infectus*) ravages to which an unprotected frontier is peculiarly exposed; and from which the sea, "as a moat defensive to a house," shut out "this scepter'd isle." Still, *infection*, being a word of which there can be no doubt of the meaning, is to be preferred, if we can be content to receive the idea in a limited sense—that the sea in some sort kept out pestilence, though not absolutely. Perhaps an audience of Shakspeare's time might so understand it, in the same way that quarantine was trusted in to keep out the plague.

Like to a tenement, or pelting<sup>b</sup> farm:  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN; AUMERLE,  
BESHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*

*York.* The King is come: deal mildly with his  
youth;  
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the  
more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with  
aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my com-  
pensation!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;  
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with  
their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those  
that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living utter those that  
die.

<sup>b</sup> *Pelting*. Whatever doubts there may be as to the origin of this word, its application is perfectly clear. It invariably means something petty—of little worth. The "*pelting farm*" in this passage; and "the poor pelting vassals" in  *Lear*, would leave no doubt as to its use, even if we had not "a pelting little town," and "a pelting volume of barbarous people," in North's "*Pittarsh*." The passage was not confined to inanimate things. In *Merry for Measure* we have the famous passage:

"Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer,  
Would use his heaven for battering."

Gabriel Harvey it seems, wrote the word *pelting*; and as *pell* is the Teutonic word for a serap—a rag—some say that *pelting*, *petting*, and *peltry* are the same. *Pell*, as is well known, is a skin. The fur trade is still called the *peltry* trade. But skins—peltries—in former times, might have been considered comparatively worthless. A dead fowl thrown to a hawk was, according to Grose, a *pell*. This *pelting* may have been derived directly from *pell*, although it may have had some original affinity with *pell*.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, he that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art possess'd<sup>a</sup> now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease:  
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou, and not king:  
Thy state of law is bondsman to the law;  
And ———

*K. Rich.* And thou<sup>b</sup> a lunatic lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,  
With fury, from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:  
My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)

May be a precedent and witness good,

<sup>a</sup> *Possess'd.* The second possess'd in this sentence is used in the same way in which Maria speaks of Malvolio, in Twelfth Night. — "He is, sure, possess'd, n. adam."

<sup>b</sup> So the folio. The first quarto reads thus: —

"*Gaunt.* And thou —

*K. Rich.* ——— a lunatic lean-witted fool."

That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:  
Join with the present sickness that I have;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,<sup>a</sup>  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee! —

These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and sul-  
lens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his words<sup>b</sup>

To wayward sickness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he? <sup>c</sup>

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that. Now for our Irish war:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else  
But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

<sup>a</sup> *Crooked age.* It has been suggested, that *age* here means *Time*; and that crooked age is not *bending age*, but *Time* armed with a crook, by which name a sickle was anciently called. The natural meaning of the passage seems to be, like bent old age, which crops the flower of life.

<sup>b</sup> Stevens struck out *I do* from this line.

<sup>c</sup> Stevens stuck in *now*, to make ten syllables of this line.



About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first ;  
 In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman :  
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;  
 But when he frown'd it was against the French,  
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
 O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

*York.* O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd  
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
 Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?  
 Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 His charters, and his customary rights ;  
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;  
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
 But by fair sequence and succession ?  
 Now, afore God ! God forbid, I say true !  
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,  
 Call in the letters-patents that he hath  
 By his attorney-general to sue  
 His livery,<sup>1</sup> and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will ; we seize into  
 our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while : My liege,  
 farewell :

What will ensue hereof there's none can tell ;  
 But by bad courses may be understood,  
 That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire  
 straight ;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house  
 To see this business : To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;

And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.  
 Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exit* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE,  
 GREEN, and BAGOT.]

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is  
 dead.

*Ross.* And living too ; for now his son is duke.  
*Will.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great ; but it must break  
 with silence,

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him  
 ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

*Will.* Tends that thou 'dst speak to the duke  
 of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him ;

Unless you call it good to pity him,  
 Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such  
 wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute  
 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with  
 grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts :<sup>a</sup> the nobles hath he  
 fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Will.* And daily new exactions are devis'd—

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what ;

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he  
 hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achieved with blows :

More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in  
 farm.

*Will.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a  
 broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over  
 him.

<sup>a</sup> Seevens struck out quite from this line.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman: most degenerate  
king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not,<sup>a</sup> but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wrack that we must  
suffer:

And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes  
of death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willow.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou  
dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be  
bold.

*North.* Then thus:—I have from Port le  
Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,  
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord  
Cobham,<sup>b</sup>

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,<sup>c</sup>  
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and  
Francis Quoint,—

All these, well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:  
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out<sup>e</sup> our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurge:  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them  
that fear.

*Willow.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be  
there. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> Strike not. To strike sail is to lower sail.  
<sup>b</sup> We print this line according to the old copies. Several  
editors have omitted Duke of.

<sup>c</sup> Imp out. To imp a hawk was artificially to supply such  
wing feathers as were dropt or forced out by accident. To  
imp is to engraft—to insert.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty's too much sad:  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming<sup>a</sup> heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please  
myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty  
shadows,

Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
Like perspectives,<sup>3</sup> which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
Shew nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,  
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Find shapes of griefs, more than himself, to  
wail;

Which, look'd on it as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not;  
more's not seen:

Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,  
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise: How'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—<sup>b</sup>  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious  
lady.

*Queen.* 'T is nothing less: conceit is still de-  
riv'd

From some forefather grief; mine is not so;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;  
'T is in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* Heaven save your majesty!—and well  
met, gentlemen,

<sup>a</sup> Life-harming. So the quarto of 1597. The folio, *self-*  
harming.

<sup>b</sup> Original copies have *on thinking*.

I hope, the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope; Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land: The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* O, madam, 't is too true; and that is worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

*Green.* We have: whercupon the earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship, And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir: Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy; And I, a gasping new-delivered mother, Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity With cozening hope; he is a flatterer, A parasite, a keeper-back of death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life, Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck; O, full of careful business are his looks! Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:]<sup>a</sup>

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief. Your husband he is gone to save far off, Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

<sup>a</sup> This line is wanting in the folio.

Here am I left to underprop his land; Who, weak with age, cannot support myself: Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made; Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,<sup>b</sup>

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.— Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster; Bid her send me presently a thousand pound: Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, I came by, and called there;— But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess died.

*York.* Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once! I know not what to do:—I would to heaven, (So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,) The king had cut off my head with my brother's. What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?<sup>c</sup>— How shall we do for money for these wars?— Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, [*to the Servant.*] get thee home, provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know How, or which way, to order these affairs, Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;— The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath And duty bids defend; the other again Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd, Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Stevens rejected the second *they are* from this line.

<sup>b</sup> The first quarto has *no* *posts*.

<sup>c</sup> Stevens omits *gentlemen*. In our first edition we thought it right to say "that we notice the principal of these changes, which are very numerous in this play, and were made without any authority from old copies, to account for the differences between our text and that of all the modern editions, except Malone's of 1821. The principle upon which Stevens invariably worked, was to cut out or thrust in a word, or words, whenever he found a verse longer or shorter than ten syllables count'd upon *his fingers*. To restore the popular text to what Shakespeare wrote, would, perhaps, be impossible; for every edition, in a portable form, that has been printed within the

And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.  
I should to Plashy too ;—  
But time will not permit :—All is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* YORK and QUEEN.]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to  
Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power,  
Proportionable to the enemy,  
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in  
love,

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons: for  
their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally  
condem'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you: for little  
office

Will the hateful commons perform for us;  
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—  
Will you go along with us?

*Bagot.* No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back  
Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke! the task he under-  
takes

Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.  
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,  
*with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley  
now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

last thirty years, makes a merit of adopting "the text of Steevens and Malone," which is, in point of fact, the text with all the corruptions of Steevens. Malone, when left to himself, and not working in conjunction with Steevens, knew better what was the duty of an editor. We have restored several minor readings without notice."

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-  
pany;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguild  
The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess:  
And hope to joy,<sup>a</sup> is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath  
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter* HARRY PERCY.

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whence so-  
ever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd  
his health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; he hath forsook  
the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason?  
He was not so resolv'd when we last spake  
together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed  
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;  
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,  
boy?

*Percy.* No, my good lord; for that is not  
forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is  
the duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my  
service,

<sup>a</sup> To joy is here used as a verb.

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir  
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Maun'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;  
None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.*

*North.* Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Will.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.  
*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:<sup>a</sup>

I am come to seek that name in England:  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning

<sup>a</sup> To Lancaster. I do not answer to the name of Hereford—my answer is to the name of Lancaster.

To raze one title of your honour out:—  
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)  
From the most gracious<sup>a</sup> regent of this land,  
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you;  
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

*York.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle!

*York.* Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.<sup>b</sup>  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word, grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But then more why;—why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,  
And ostentation of despised arms?<sup>c</sup>  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;  
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

<sup>a</sup> Gracious in the first quarto;—glorious in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> This is the reading of the first quarto. The folio reads,

"Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor uncle me."

In Romeo and Juliet we have

"Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."

<sup>c</sup> Despised arms. The ostentation of arms which we despise.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd  
Hereford :

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :  
You are my father, for, methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties  
Pluk'd from my arms perforce, and given  
away

To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the  
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patents give me leave :  
My father's goods are all distraun'd, and sold ;  
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,  
And challenge law : Attorneys are denied me ;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much  
abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon, to do him  
right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you  
this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right :  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;  
And you that do abet him in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn his com-  
ing is

But for his own : and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that  
oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these  
arms ;

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :  
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;  
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you :—but  
yet I'll pause ;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :  
Things past redress are now with me past care.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten  
days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;

Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

*Sol.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-  
man ;

The king repositeth all his confidence  
In thee.

*Cap.* 'T is thought the king is dead ; we will  
not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and  
leap,—

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :  
These signs forerun the death [or fall] of kings.—  
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

*[Exit.*

*Sol.* Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy  
mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest ;  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *[Exit.*

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*His livery.*”

MALONE gives the following explanation of this passage:—“On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the executor of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*,—that is, *his livery*,—that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him.” Bolingbroke had appointed attorneys to execute this office for him, if his father should die during the period of his banishment.

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*That late broke from the Duke of Exeter.*”

Thomas, the son of the Earl of Arundel, was

in the custody of the Duke of Exeter, and escape<sup>1</sup> from his house—broke from him. The description could not apply to “Reignold, Lord Colbeun;”—and, therefore, Malone has introduced a line, which he supposes, or something like it, to have been accidentally omitted:—

*“The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel,  
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter.”*

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“*Like perspectives.*”

These perspectives were produced by cutting a board, so that it should present a number of sides, or flats, when looked at obliquely. To these sides, a print, or drawing, cut into parts, was affixed; so that looked at “awry” the whole picture was seen—looked at *direct*—“*rightly gaz'd upon*”—it shewed “nothing but confusion.” Dr. Plot, in his “History of Staffordshire,” describes these “perspectives.”



[John of Gaunt.]

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

John of Gaunt, who, in the first line of this play, is called,—

*“Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster.”*

was the fourth son of Edward III., by his Queen Philippa. He was called of Gant or Ghent, from the place of his birth;—was born in 1340, and died in 1399. The circumstance of the king naming him as *Old John* of Gaunt, has many examples in the age of Shakspeare. Spenser calls the Earl of Leicester an old man, though he was then not fifty; Lord Huntingdon represents Coligny as very old, though he died at fifty-three. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that the average duration of human life has been much increased during the last two centuries; and, at that

period, marriages were much earlier, so that it was not uncommon for a man to be at the head of a family before he was twenty. When John of Gaunt was fifty-eight (in the year of Bolingbroke's appeal against Hereford), Henry of Monmouth, his grandson, was eleven years old; so that Bolingbroke, who was born in 1366, must have been a father at twenty-one. Froissart thus speaks of the death of John of Gaunt:—“So it fell, that, about the feast of Christmas, Duke John of Lancaster, who lived in great displeasure, what because the King had banished his son out of the realm for so little a cause, and also because of the evil governing of the realm, by his nephew, King Richard; for he saw well if he long persevered, and were suffered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost,—with these imaginations and

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

other, the duke fell sick, whereon he died; whose death was greatly sorrowed of all his friends and lovers."

Shakspeare found no authority in the Chronicles for the fine death-scene of John of Gaunt; but the principal circumstance for which he reproaches the king that England "is now leas'd out,"—is distinctly supported. Fabian says, "In this 22nd year of King Richard, the common fame ran, that the king had *letten to farm* the realm unto Sir William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Sir John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, Knights." The subsequent reproach of the confederated lords that

"Daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As blanks, benevolences,"

is also fully supported. The "blanks" were most ingenious instruments of pillage, principally devised for the oppression of substantial and wealthy citizens. For these blanks, they of London "were fain to seal, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realm, whereby great grudge and murmuring arose amongst the people; for when they were so sealed, the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with payment of money, as otherwise."

The general condition of the country, while the commons were "pill'd," and the nobles "fin'd," by Richard and his creatures, was, according to Froissart, most lamentable. We copy the passage, as it is highly characteristic of the manners of the times. The period thus described is that immediately before the departure of Richard for Ireland:—"The state generally of all men in England began to murmur and to rise one against another, and ministering of justice was clean stopped up in all courts of England; whereof the valiant men and prelates, who loved rest and peace, and were glad to pay their duties, were greatly abashed: for there rose in the realm companies in divers routs, keeping the fields and highways, so that merchants durst not ride abroad to exercise their merchandise for doubt of robbing; and no man knew to whom to complain to do them right, reason, and justice, which things were right prejudicial and displeasent to the good people of England, for it was contrary to their accustomed usage; for all people, labourers and merchants in England, were wont to live in rest and peace, and to occupy their merchandise peaceably, and the labourers to labour their lands quietly; and then it was contrary, for when merchants rode from town to town with their merchandise, and had either gold or silver in their purses, it was taken from them; and from other men and labourers out of their houses these companies would take wheat, oats, beafs, muttons, porks, and the poor men durst speak no word. These evil deeds daily multiplied so, that great complaints and lamentations were made thereof throughout the realm, and the good people said, the time is changed upon us from good to evil, ever since the death of good King Edward the Third, in whose days justice was well kept and ministered: in his days there was no man so hardy in England to take a hen or a chicken, or a sheep, without he had paid truly for it; and now-

a-days, all that we have is taken from us, and yet we dare not speak; these things cannot long endure, but that England is likely to be lost without recovery: we have a king now that will do nothing; he intendeth but to idleness, and to accomplish his pleasure, and by that he sheweth he careth not how every thing goeth, so he may have his will. It were time to provide for remedy, or else our enemies will rejoice and mock us." There is a remarkable corroboration of the state of cruel oppression in which the common people lived, furnished by a copy of the stipulations made by the Duke of Surrey, in 1398, on taking upon him the government of Ireland: "Item, That he, the lieutenant, may have, at sundry times, out of every parish, or every two parishes, in England, a man and his wife, at the cost of the king, in the land of Ireland, to inhabit the same land where it is wasted upon the marshes." (Cotton MS.) This compulsory colonization must have been most odious to the people, who knew that the "wild men" of Ireland, amongst whom they were to be placed, kept the Government in constant terror.

The seizure of Bolingbroke's patrimony by Richard, after the death of Gaunt, is thus described by Holinshed; and Shakspeare has most accurately followed the description as to its facts: "The death of this duke gave occasion of encreasing more hatred in the people of this realm toward the king, for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the Duke of Hereford, by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patents, which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attorneyes general to sue livery for him, of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him, and that his homage might be respited with making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident that the king meant his utter undoing." The private malice of Richard against his banished cousin—

"The prevention of poor Bolingbroke,  
About his marriage"—

is also detailed in the Chronicles.

Fired with revenge by these aggressions, and encouraged by letters from the leading men of England—nobility, prelates, magistrates, and rulers, as Holinshed describes them—promising him all their aid, power, and assistance, in "expulsing" King Richard—Bolingbroke took the step which involved this land in blood for nearly a century. He quitted Paris, and sailed from *Port Blanc*, in Lower Brittany, with very few men at arms, according to some accounts—with three thousand, according to others. This event took place about a fortnight after Richard had sailed for Ireland. His last remaining uncle, the Duke of York, had been left in the government of the kingdom. He was, however, unfitted for a post of so much difficulty and danger; and Shakspeare has well described his perplexities, upon hearing of the landing of Bolingbroke:—

—"If I know  
How, or which way to order these affairs,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
Never believe me."



## KING RICHARD II.

He had been little accustomed to affairs of state. Harlyng, in his Chronicle, thus describes him at an early period of his life:—

—“Edmonde byght of Langley of good chere,  
Glad and mery and of his owne ay lyved,  
Without wrong as chronicles have breved.  
When all the lordes to counsell and parlyament  
Went, he wolde to hunte, and also to hawekyng  
All genyll disporte as to a lorde appent,  
He used aye, and to the pore supporting.”

Froissart describes him as living at his own castle with his people, interfering not with what was passing in the country, but taking all things as they happened. According to Holinshed, the army that he raised to oppose Bolingbroke, “boldly protested that they would not fight against the Duke of Lancaster, whom they knew to be evil dealt with.” It seems to be agreed, on all hands, that Froissart, who makes Bolingbroke land at Plymouth, and march direct to London, was incorrectly informed. Holinshed, upon the authority of “our English writers,” says, “the Duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted alongst the shore a certain time, and had got some intelligence how the people’s minds were affected towards him, landed, about the beginning of July, in Yorkshire, at a place sometimes called Ravenspur, betwixt Hull and Bridlington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write: but he was so joyfully received of the lords, knights, and gentle-

men of those parts, that he found means (by their help) forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part.” The subsequent events, previous to the return of Richard, are most correctly delineated by our poet. Bolingbroke was joined by Northumberland and Harry Percy, by Tem and Willoughby. “He swore unto those lords that he would demand no more but the lands that were to him descended by inheritance from his father, and in right of his wife.” From Doncaster, with a mighty army, Bolingbroke marched through the counties of Derby or Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester; —“through the countries coming by Evesham unto Berkley.” The Duke of York had marched towards Wales to meet the king, upon his expected arrival from Ireland. Holinshed says, he “was received into the Castle of Berkley, and there remained till the coming thither of the Duke of Lancaster, whom when he perceived that he was not able to resist, on the Sunday after the feast of St. James, which, as that year came about, fell upon a Friday, he came forth into the church that stood without the castle, and there communed with the Duke of Lancaster . . . . On the morrow after, the foresaid dukes with their power went towards Bristow, where (at their coming) they shewed themselves before the town and castle, being an huge multitude of people.” The defection of the Welsh under Salisbury is detailed in the writers of the period; and so is the prodigy of the withered bay-trees





[SCENE III.—“ Thus high at least.”]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—  
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls  
(Since presently your souls must part your  
bodies,)

With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 't were no charity: yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul

wrongs.

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Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;  
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:  
While you have fed upon my seignories,  
Dispark'd my parks,<sup>a</sup> and fell'd my forest  
woods;  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—  
To shew the world I am a gentleman,  
This, and much more, much more than twice all  
this,

<sup>a</sup> *Dispark'd my parks.* To disafforest a forest, is to annul all the peculiar privileges which belong to it, and render it, with reference to the rights of the owner or lord, and the privileges of the tenants or vassals, the same as that of ordinary land. Bolingbroke, we presume, complains that when the favourites of Richard had disparked his parks, they let out the property to common purposes of pasture or tillage, and at the same time felled his woods;—thus, not only feeding upon his seignories, but destroying their ancient beauty and propriety.

Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,

Than Bolingbroke to England. [Lords, farewell.]<sup>a</sup>

*Green.* My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Boling.* My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and others, with Prisoners.]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house:

For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:

Tell her, I send to her my kind commendings;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*Fork.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd With letters of your love to her at large.

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;

To fight with Glendower and his complices;

Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

*Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter* KING RICHARD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

*Ann.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears<sup>b</sup> and smiles, in meeting;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Lords, farewell*, is omitted in the fono.

<sup>b</sup> The usual mode of reading these two beautiful lines is as follows:

"As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting."

*Smiles*, in this way, is a verb; but, by the transposition of the comma, it is read as a noun. The "long-parted mother" does not only play fondly with her tears, but with her smiles also. Richard adds,

"So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth."

<sup>c</sup> The repeated use, by Richard, of the word *earth*, would seem to indicate that Shakspeare employs the word in the

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Bishop.* Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

[The means that heaven yields must be embraced,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]<sup>b</sup>

*Ann.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights<sup>c</sup> the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage, boldly<sup>d</sup> bold;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

Ho fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

meaning of *inheritance*,—possession,—"my kingdom,"—"dear earth,"—"my earth,"—"my gentle earth." Mr. Whiter, in his curious Etymological Dictionary, has shewn that the word *heir* is derived from *eris*. "The Latin *heres*, *hered* is, or, as it was anciently written, *eris*, is the person who possesses, or is destined to possess, the certain part of land,—or of *eris*, *heris*, *heris*, &c."  
<sup>a</sup> *Rebellion's arms*. So the quarto of 1597. The first rebellious.

<sup>b</sup> These four lines, enclosed in brackets, are omitted by the folio.

<sup>c</sup> *And lights*. All the old copies read *but lights*. *That* as a relative, has probably *searching* for its antecedent, but the construction is still difficult, what a strict attention removes the difficulty.

<sup>d</sup> *Boldly*. As the early editions read *boldly* with the exception of the quarto of 1597, which has *bold*, conjectured by Mr. Conner to be a misprint for *boldly*. We agree with Mr. Dyce that "nothing can be plainer than that *boldly* is in opposition to *tremiting* in the last line of this glorious passage."

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their  
backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy clected by the Lord :  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the  
right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord ; How far of lies your power ?

*Sal.* Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious  
lord,

Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my  
tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting  
men :

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy  
state ;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege : why looks your  
grace so pale ?

*K. Rich.* But now, the blood of twenty thou-  
saud men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side ;

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege ; remember who you  
are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself : Am I not  
king ?

Awake thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high ?  
High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
Comes here ?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my  
liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-  
par'd ;

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 't was my care ;

And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;

They break their faith to God, as well as us :

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;

The worst is death, and death will have his  
day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is so  
arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their  
shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than  
steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless  
scalps

Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's  
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale  
so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?

What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Boling-  
broke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, in  
deed, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:  
Again unurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands: those whom  
you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. Rich.* No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own, but death;  
And that small model<sup>a</sup> of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.<sup>b</sup>  
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;<sup>c</sup>  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping  
kill'd;

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps death his court; and there the antic  
sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—<sup>2</sup>  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene

<sup>a</sup> *Model.* The word is, probably, here used for something formed or fashioned. The earth assumes the shape of the body which it covers. Douce seems to think it means only measure, portion, or quantity,—a modicum.

<sup>b</sup> We copy a remark of Johnson upon this line, to shew what criticism upon Shakspere used to be, even in the hands of one of the ablest of modern writers: "A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a pie."

<sup>c</sup> *Ghosts they have deposed.* Ghosts of those whom they have depos'd. This sort of ellipsis is very frequently used by our poet.

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bore through his castle walls, and—farewell  
king!

Cover your heads, and muck not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends:—Subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,

[And so your follies fight against yourself.<sup>3</sup>]  
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:  
And fight and die, is death destroying death;  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a power, inquire of him;  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye;  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—  
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his faction.<sup>b</sup>

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—  
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To AUMERLE.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? What comfort have we now  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;

<sup>3</sup> This line is omitted in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *Faction.* The first quarto reads *party*.

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
To ear the land<sup>a</sup> that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none:—Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Ann.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord;

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

*York.* It would besem the lord Northumberland,

To say, king Richard: Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

*North.* Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head,<sup>b</sup> your whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,  
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself  
Against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry;<sup>c</sup> what, will not this castle yield?

*Percy.* The castle royalty is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally?  
Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies  
Within the limits of you lime and stone:  
And with him the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

*North.* Oh! belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

*Boling.* Noble lord, [To NORTH.]  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of  
parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Henry Bolingbroke  
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person: hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;  
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of  
blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of  
Bolingbroke

It is such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.  
Go, signify as much; while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the castle,  
with a trumpet.]

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from this castle's totter'd<sup>d</sup> battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock<sup>e</sup>  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

<sup>a</sup> *Ear the land*,—plough the land. So in Shakspeare's dedication of "Venus and Adonis," to the Earl of Southampton, "never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest." *Ear* is the same as the Latin *arare*, to plough, to till. *Arable* is ear-able.

<sup>b</sup> *Taking so the head*. Johnson thinks that to take the head is to take away liberties. We incline to Douce's opinion, that the expression means to take away the sovereign's chief title.

<sup>c</sup> *Welcome, Harry*. In Steevens, who followed Haumer, we must put up with the feeble *Well, Harry*.

<sup>d</sup> *Totter'd*, for *lottering*, the passive for the active participle.

<sup>e</sup> *Thundering shock*. All the old copies, with one exception, read *smoke*. The quarto of 1597 has *shock*. The passage was written long before the properties of electricity were known; and the poet attributes, therefore, the thundering shock which "tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven," to the meeting of "the elements of fire and water,"—some obscure notion of the days of conjectural science.

My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.  
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Mourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

*York.* See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun,  
From out the fiery portal of the east ;  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.<sup>a</sup>  
Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty ; Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?  
If we be not, shew us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think, that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;  
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threaten the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)  
That every stride he makes upon my land,  
Is dangerous treason : He is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war ;<sup>b</sup>  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;

<sup>a</sup> Warburton held that, in the old copies, the six lines after Richard appears on the castle walls were " absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's."

<sup>b</sup> There is a very similar line in the first part of Jeronimo, a play which, it is supposed, was produced in 1588. (See Dodsley's Old Plays, edition 1825. Vol. iii. page 51.)

" Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war."

Whiter pointed this out in his " Specimen of a Commen- tary," in 1794.

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.  
*North.* The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones ;<sup>3</sup>  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;  
And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
His coming hither hath no further scope,  
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns ;—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind comments.—  
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[To AUMERLE.]

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

*Aum.* No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words,  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Rich.* O God ! O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On you proud man, should take it off again  
With words of soothing !<sup>4</sup> O, that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name !  
Or that I could forget what I have been !  
Or not remember what I must be now !  
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope  
to beat,

<sup>3</sup> *Words of oath.* Words of assent—soothing, soothing words. As used, in its first meaning, is true or truth ; so to soothe is to remove as true ; and thence to assent,—and further to propitiate.

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
The king shall be contented: Must he lose  
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:  
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;  
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;  
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;  
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;  
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;  
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;  
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade,<sup>a</sup> where subjects'

feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:  
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;  
And, buried once, why not upon my head?  
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted  
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer  
corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding  
tears?

As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies  
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping  
eyes?*

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base court<sup>b</sup> he doth  
attend  
To speak with you; may't please you to come  
down?

*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glister-  
ing Phaeton,

<sup>a</sup> *Some way of common trade.* The early meddling editors changed *trade* into *tread*. The original meaning of *trade* is a course—a path traded or trodden continuously. The trade winds are not winds favourable to commerce, but winds blowing in a regular course. Our modern usage of the word as intercourse for buying and selling, is a secondary meaning engrafted upon the original meaning of habitual course or practice.

<sup>b</sup> *Base court*—lower court—*bas cour*.

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow  
base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down court!  
down king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks  
should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.*

Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
Yet he is come.

*Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants below.*

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord.— [*Kneeling.*

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely  
knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*]  
although your knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for  
mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours,  
and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubled  
lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—They well de-  
serve to have

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;  
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;  
For do we must what force will have us do.—  
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.*

Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's  
Garden.*

*Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in  
this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?



1 *Lady*. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen*. 'Twill make me think  
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune  
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 *Lady*. Madam, we will dance.

*Queen*. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady*. Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen*. Of sorrow, or of joy?<sup>a</sup>

1 *Lady*. Of either, madam.

*Queen*. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:  
For what I have, I need not to repeat;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady*. Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen*. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better would'st  
thou weep.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do  
you good.

*Queen*. And I could sing,<sup>b</sup> would weeping do  
me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pines,  
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so  
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*]

*Gard*. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Of sorrow or of joy.* All the old copies read of sorrow or of grief, which the context clearly shows to be an error. It was corrected by Pope.

<sup>b</sup> *And I could sing.* Thus all the old copies; but Pope, having corrected the error just above, was satisfied that another error existed, and changed *sing* to *weep*. This reading has been adopted in some subsequent editions. We believe that the original was right, and that the sense of the passage was mistaken. The queen, who speaks constantly of her sorrow, it may be presumed does weep, or has been weeping. The lady offers to sing, but the queen desires sympathy:—"Thou should'st please me better would'st thou weep." The lady could weep, "would it do you good." The queen rejoins,

"And I could sing, would weeping do me good."

If my griefs were removed by weeping,—if my tears could take away my sorrow,—I should be ready to sing.—I could sing, and then, my sorrows being past, I would "never borrow any tear of thee"—not ask thee to weep, as I did just now. Mr. Grant White adopts this reading.

<sup>c</sup> *Apricocks.* Our modern *apricot* is from the French *abricot*. But the name came with the fruit from Persia—*brice*; and we probably derived it from the Italian. Florio, in his New World of Words, has "Berricocoll—Apricock-pumpes."

Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a  
pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd,<sup>d</sup> and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard.* Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did  
shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity  
is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown  
down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall  
be depos'd?

*Gard.* Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,  
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
That told black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through  
want of speaking!

[*Coming from her concealment.*]

<sup>d</sup> *Knots disorder'd.* The symmetrical beds of a garden were the knots. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Illustrations of Act I.)

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd? Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth, Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how, Can'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I To breathe these news: yet what I say is true. King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd: In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, And some few vanities that make him light; But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, Besides himself, are all the English peers, And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so: I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me, And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go, To meet at London London's king in woe.

What, was I born to this! that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? Gardener, for telling me this news of woe, I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*Gard.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.— Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place, I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace: Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Scene IV.—Langley.]



[Tomb of Edward III.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Bolingbroke's camp, at Bristol.*”

We have given, on the next page, an ancient view of Bristol. Redcliffe Church, which is the prominent object in the view, was completed in 1376.

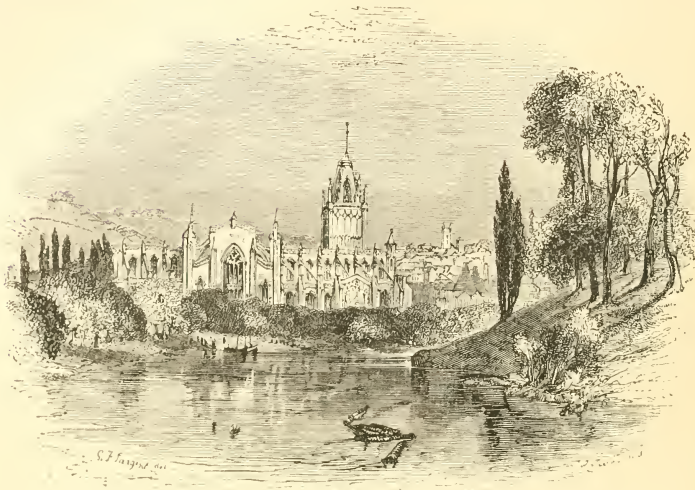
### <sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*There the antic sits Stooping his state, and grinning at his pomp.*”

We have given a fac-simile from the seventh in the fine series of wood-cuts, called *Imagines mortis* improperly attributed to Holbein. It is a wonderful composition; and it is by no means improbable, as suggested by Douce, that the engraving furnished Shakspeare with the hint of these splendid lines.

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“*By the honourable tomb he swears, That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones.*”

We present, above, a representation of the splendid tomb of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey. The reverence in which the memory of this illustrious king was held by his descendants, and by the people, made this oath of peculiar solemnity. And yet Bolingbroke violated it in an oath-breaking rage.





[Bristol.]

### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

We have hitherto traced the course of events in Shakspeare's History of Richard II. by the aid of the Chronicles. Froissart was a contemporary of Richard ; and in the days of the king's prosperity had presented him with a book "fair enlumined and written," of which, when the king demanded whereof it treated, the maker of histories "shewed him how it treated matters of love, whereof the king was glad, and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well." Holinshed was, in another sense, a "maker of histories." He compiled, and that admirably well, from those who had written before him ; and he was properly Shakspeare's great authority for the incidents which he dramatised. But we have now to turn to one of the most remarkable documents that affords materials for the history of any period—the narrative of an eye-witness of what took place from the period when Richard, being in Ireland, received the news of Bolingbroke's landing, to the time when the king was utterly prostrate at the feet of the man whom he had banished and plundered. All the historians have been greatly indebted to this narrative. It is entitled, "*Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre Richard, Traictant particulièrement la Rebellion de ses subiectz et prins de sa personne. Composée par un gentilhom'e Francois de marque, qui fut à la suite du dict Roy, avecq permission du Roy de France, 1399.*" The most beautiful, and, apparently, the earliest copy of this manuscript is in the British Museum. It contains sixteen illuminations, in which the identity of the portraits and of the costume is preserved throughout. It appears to have been the property of Charles of Anjou, Count of Maine, and formed part of the Harleian collection. Another manuscript of the same

history, which is in the library at Lambeth, was that consulted and quoted by the early historians, and it is called, by Holinshed, "*A French Pamphlet that belonged to Master John Dee :*" the name of John Dee, with the date 1575, appears in the last leaf. The author of the Metrical History informs us, in his title, that he was "*Un gentilhom'e Francois de marque ;*" and, when brought before Bolingbroke, the writer says of himself and his companion, "*The herald told him, in the English language, that we were of France, and that the king had sent us wit' King Richard into Ireland for recreation, and to see the country.*" This manuscript has been re-published in the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia*, with a most admirable translation, and notes alike distinguished for their learning and good sense, by the Rev. John Webb.

The author of the Metrical History, with his companion, "*in the year one thousand and four hundred save one, quitted Paris, full of joy ;*" and, travelling late and early, reached London. He found that Richard had set out, anxious to journey day and night. He followed him to Milford Haven, where "*he waited ten days for the north-wind, and passed his time pleasantly amidst trumpets and the sounds of minstrelsy.*" The king had proceeded to Waterford, whither the French knight at length followed him. Six days afterwards the king took the field, with the English, for Kilkenny, whence, after a fortnight's delay, he marched directly towards Mac-moro (the Irish chieftain) into the depths of the deserts, who, with his wild men—Shakspeare's "*rough rug-headed kerns*"—defied England and its power. The usual accompaniment of war was not want-

## KING RICHARD II.

ing on this occasion:—"Orders were given by the king that everything should be set fire to." Neither were the pageantries of chivalry,—the gilding of the horrors,—absent from this expedition. Henry of Monmouth, the son of Bolingbroke, being then eleven years old, was with the king; and Richard knighted him, making, at the same time, eight or ten other knights. The English army appears to have suffered greatly from the want of provisions. A negotiation took place with Mac-more, which ended in nothing. The king's face grew pale with anger, and he swore, in great wrath, by St. Edward, that no, never, would he depart from Ireland till, alive or dead, he had Mac-more in his power. The want of provisions dislodged the army and drove them to Dublin, where, for six weeks, they lived "easy of body as fish in Seine." No news came from England. The winds were contrary. At last, "a barge arrived, which was the occasion of much sorrow." Those who came in her related to the king how Scrope was beheaded by Bolingbroke—how the people had been stirred to insurrection—how the invader had taken towns and castles for his own. "It seemed to me," says the French knight, "that the king's face at this turned pale with anger, while he said, 'Come hither, friends. Good Lord, this man designs to deprive me of my country.'" Richard consulted his council on a Saturday, and they agreed to put to sea on the next Monday. The king, however, according to this writer, was deceived and betrayed by Aumerle, who persuaded him to remain himself, and send Salisbury to raise the Welch against Bolingbroke. The French knight and his companion departed with Salisbury, and landed at Conway. Salisbury raised, it seems, forty thousand men within four days. The earl kept them in the field a fortnight; but they then deserted him, as Shakspeare has represented, because they heard "no tidings from the king." He "tarried eighteen days," says the French knight, "after our departure from Ireland. It was very great folly."

The Metrical History now proceeds to the events which followed the landing of Richard upon the Welch coast. "He did not stop there," says the history, "considering the distress, complaints, and lamentations of the poor people, and the mortal alarm of all. Then he resolved that, without saying a word, he would set out at midnight from his host, attended by a few persons, for he would on no account be discovered. In that place he clad himself in another garb, like a poor priest of the Minors (Franciscans), for the fear that he had of being known of his foes. . . . Thus the king set out that very night, with only thirteen others, and arrived, by break of day, at Conway." He here met Salisbury. "At the meeting of the king and the earl, instead of joy there was very great sorrow. Tears, lamentations, sighs, groans, and mourning, quickly broke forth. Truly it was a piteous sight to behold their looks and countenances, and woeful meeting. The earl's face was pale with watching. He related to the king his hard fate." Aumerle, the constable, according to this writer, basely went off with the king's men—his last hope. "The king continued all sorrowful at Conway, where he had no more with him than two or three of his intimate friends, sad and distressed.

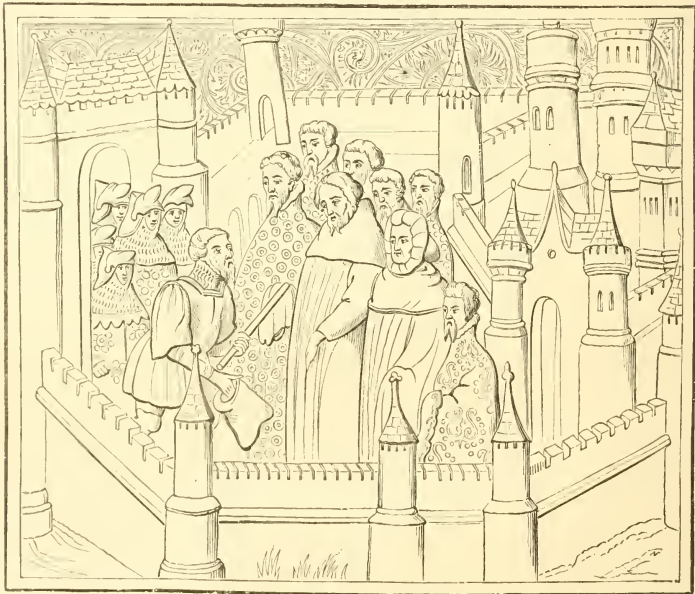
. . . . Reckoning nobles and other persons we were but sixteen in all." From Conway they went to Beaumaris, and thence to Carnarvon. "In his castles, to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he anything to lie down upon but straw. Really, he lay in this manner for four or six nights; for, in truth, not a farthing's worth of victuals or anything else was to be found in them." In consequence of this poverty, the king returned to Conway. The Metrical History then details, at considerable length, and with great spirit and circumstantiality, the remarkable incident of Northumberland entrapping Richard to leave Conway, so that he might convey him as his prisoner to Flint Castle. "This is one of the instances," says Mr. Courtenay (Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered Historically), "in which a more minute knowledge of history might have furnished Shakspeare with some good scenes and further discriminations of character." One would suppose, from this remark, that the account of the meeting between Northumberland and the king at Conway, and the king's agreement, upon Northumberland's assurances of safety, to go with him to Flint, was unrecorded by the chronicler whom Shakspeare is known to have consulted. Holinshed relates this affair with great distinctness; and he moreover gives an account of the ambush described by the French knight. We must, therefore, conclude that Shakspeare knew his own business as a dramatist in the omission of the scene. The passage is also given very fully in Stow; and is versified by Daniel in his "Civil Warres."

"In the castle of Flint," says the Metrical History, "King Richard awaited the coming of the Duke of Lancaster, who set out from the city of Chester on Tuesday, the 22nd of August, with the whole of his force." King Richard, "having heard mass, went up upon the walls of the castle, which are large and wide in the inside, beholding the Duke of Lancaster as he came along the sea-shore with all his host." Messengers came from Henry to Richard, and an interview took place between them. Shakspeare has made Northumberland the negotiator on this occasion, as he really was at Conway. "The king was up again upon the walls, and saw that the army was two bow-shots from the castle; then he, together with those that were with him, began anew great lamentation." At length Lancaster entered the castle. "Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and, as they approached each other, he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake first in this manner: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome.' Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, 'My lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me: the reason wherefore I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.' King Richard then

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III

answered him, 'Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.' And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything: for I heard and understood them very well." This version of the remarkable dialogue between Bolingbroke and Richard is not given by Holinshed, although he quotes all the substance of what had previously taken place between Northumberland and Richard "out of Master Dee's book." Holinshed thus describes the interview:—"Forthwith as the duke got sight of the king, he shewed a reverend duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and, coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the king took him

by the hand, and lift him up, saying, 'Dear cousin, ye are welcome.' The duke, humbly thanking him, said, 'My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honour saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable license.' The king hereunto answered, 'Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is your's, without exception.'" Shaksper's version of the scene appears to lie between the two extremes of Bolingbroke's defiance, as recorded by the French knight, and copied by Stow; and of his assumed humility, as described by Holinshed.



[Meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke. Illumination xiv., Metrical History.]



[Exterior of Westminster Hall.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.*

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless<sup>a</sup> end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

*Boling.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot.* My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,

I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court

As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?—  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,  
In this your cousin's death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Sympathies.* Sympathy is, passion with,—mutual passion. Aumerle thinks that to accept the challenge of Bagot would dishonour his "fair stars;" the stars that presided over his birth made him Bagot's superior. Fitzwater, who is his equal in blood, throws down his gage with the retort.

"If that thy valour stand on sympathies."

<sup>a</sup> *Timeless.* Untimely.

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :  
By that fair sun that shews me where thou  
stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.<sup>a</sup>

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, eoward, live to see the  
day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this  
hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for  
this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as  
true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :  
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot  
off,

And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

[*Lord.* I task the earth<sup>b</sup> to the like, forsworn  
Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun :<sup>c</sup> there is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw  
at all :

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.]<sup>d</sup>

*Surrey.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember  
well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true :<sup>e</sup> you were in presence  
then ;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

<sup>a</sup> *Rapier's point.* The rapier was a weapon not known in the time of Richard. This is an anachronism which the commentators dwell on, but which is justified upon the principle of employing terms which were familiar to an audience.

<sup>b</sup> *Task the earth.* This is the reading of the first quarto. The subsequent editions read *take*. When the lord threw down his gage, he task'd the earth, in the same way that Percy had done by throwing down his gage. Johnson would read *thy oath*, instead of *the earth*. Whiter, although he does not suppose that there was a connexion between an oath and the earth, when the gage was thrown—or as Warner has it in his *Albion's England*, when the glove was "terr'd"—yet points at an etymological affinity between the Gothic *ait* (juramentum), and *airtha* (terra).

<sup>c</sup> *From sun to sun.* The old copies read from *sun to sin*. The time appointed for the combats of chivalry was betwixt the rising and the setting sun. Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline*, uses the phrase in this sense.

<sup>d</sup> The challenge of the anonymous lord to Aumerle, and his answer (eight lines in brackets) are omitted in the folio. <sup>e</sup> *'Tis very true.* So the quarto of 1597. The folio reads, "My lord, 'tis very true."

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself  
is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn,  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward  
horse !

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.  
As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a  
gage,

That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under  
gage,

Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his land and seignories ; when he's  
return'd

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :  
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,<sup>1</sup>  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Car.* As sure as I live, my lord.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul  
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to  
thee



From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing  
soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

*Boling.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal  
throne.

*Car.* Marry, Heaven forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard; then true noblesse<sup>a</sup> would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbend<sup>b</sup> it, God,

That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd

Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,

Stir'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.

My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king.

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:

And if you erown him, let me prophesy,—

The blood of English shall manure the ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act;

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,

And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars

Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd

The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.

O, if you rear<sup>c</sup> this house against this house,

It will the woefullest division prove

That ever fell upon this cursed earth:

Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,

Lest child, child's children, cry against you—  
woe!

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for  
your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here—  
My lord of Westminster, bid your church  
To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons'  
suit?

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common  
view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed

Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our  
arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer:

Little are we beholden to your love

[*To CARLISLE,*

And little looked for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers  
bearing the crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,

Before I have shook off the regal thought?

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—

Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me

To this submission. Yet I well remember

The favours<sup>d</sup> of these men: Were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, all had I to me?

So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thou-  
sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—

To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—

The resignation of thy state and crown

To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,  
seize the crown;

Here, cousin, on this side my hand; on that  
side thine<sup>e</sup>

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes two buckets filling one another;

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water:

<sup>a</sup> All the old copies, with the exception of the first quarto, read *nobleness*. The more antique word, *noblesse*, is now adopted by us. There is authority for the use of *noblesse* in the sense of nobleness, in Ben Jonson (Epigram, 12):

"But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature still."

<sup>b</sup> *Forfend*. The quarto of 1597. The folio, *forbid*. We cling to the less common word, as in *Othello*:—

"No, heavens forfend, I would not kill thy soul."

<sup>c</sup> *Rear*, in the folio; in the quartos, *raise*.

<sup>d</sup> *Favours*—features, countenances.

<sup>e</sup> This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1608, the only other edition in which the passage appears, reads thus:—

"Give me the crown.—Seize the crown.

Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours."

It appears to us that the repetition of "here, cousin" is Shaksperian; and that Malone does not show his usual judgment in omitting "here, cousin," in the second line.

That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*K. Rich.* My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won;  
The cares I give I have, though given away;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;

Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.  
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
God save king Henry unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!  
What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
[*Offering a paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weav'd-up follies! Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,  
There should'st thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,  
But they can see a sort<sup>a</sup> of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest:

For I have given here my soul's consent,  
To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave;  
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—  
No, not that name was given me at the fount,—  
But 't is usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,  
That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself!  
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops!—  
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good.)

As if my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may shew me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit an Attendant.

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough.

When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

<sup>a</sup> A sort—a company. So in Richard III.,

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read,  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
Was this the face that fae'd so many follies,  
And was at last outfae'd by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
As brittle as the glory is the face;

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of laments<sup>a</sup>  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin? I am greater than a  
king?

For, when I was a king, my flatterers

<sup>a</sup> *Laments* is the reading of the old copies.

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from  
your sights.

*Boling.* Go, some of you, convey him to the  
Tower.

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers<sup>a</sup> are  
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

*[Re-enter K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a Guard.]*

*Boling.* On Wednesday next, we solemnly set  
down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

*[Re-enter all but the ABBOT, BISHOP OF  
CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.]*

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come; the children yet  
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot shall shew us all a merry day. *[Re-enter.*

<sup>a</sup> *Conveyers.* Conveyer was sometimes used in an ill sense,—as a fraudulent appropriator of property, a juggler. In Tyndall's works we have "What say ye of this crafty conveyer, which feareth not to juggle with the Holy Scripture!" Pistol gives it as a soft name for stealing.—"Convey the wise it call."

## ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.— "And there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth."

THE remains of Thomas Mowbray were interred in St. Mark's Church, in Venice, A.D. 1399; but his ashes were removed to England in 1533. The slab which originally covered these remains, at the latter end of the seventeenth century stood under the gallery of the ducal palace; and the

arms of Thomas Mowbray being very elaborately engraved upon it, the stone was described, by an Italian writer, in 1682, as a Venetian hieroglyphic. By the indefatigable inquiries of Mr. Rawdon Brown, an English gentleman residing in Venice, this most curious monument was traced, in 1859, to the possession of a stone-mason, and removed to the custody of Mr. Howard of Corby.



[Richard surrendering the Crown. Illumination in Froissart.]

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION TO ACT IV.

THE fourth Act of Shakspeare's history of Richard II. opens with the assembly of Bolingbroke and the peers in Parliament. The entry of the triumphant Henry of Lancaster and the captive king into London, is reserved by the poet for the unequalled description by York to his Duchess in the fifth Act. But, as we are following the course of real events, we will very briefly describe the proceedings between the surrender of Richard at Flint Castle and his deposition.

After the interview between Richard and Bolingbroke, the author of the Metrical History thus proceeds: "The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses,' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs. The king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other." Henry, with his captives, set out from Flint, and proceeded to Chester, where they staid three days. The duke then dismissed many of his followers, saying that thirty or forty thousand men would be sufficient to take the king to London. At Lichfield, the unhappy Richard attempted to escape by night, letting himself down into a garden through a window of his tower. The French knight goes on to record that a deputation arrived from London, to request Henry, on the part of the commons, to cut off the king's head; to which request Henry replied, "Fair Sirs, it would be a very great disgrace to us for ever if we should thus put him to death; but we will bring him to London, and there he shall be judged by the Parliament." Proceeding by Coventry, Daventry, Northampton, Dunstable, and St. Albans, the army reached within six miles of London. Here the cavalcade was met by the Mayor, accompanied by a very great number of the Commons. "They paid much greater respect," says the writer,

"to Duke Henry than to the king, shouting with a loud and fearful voice, 'Long live the Duke of Lancaster.'" Richard was taken, according to this relation, to Westminster. Henry, who entered the city at the hour of vespers, "alighted at St. Paul's, and went all armed before the High Altar to make his orisons. He returned by the tomb of his father, which is very nigh to the said altar, and there he wept very much, for he had never seen it since his father had been laid there." The personal narrative of the French knight here closes; the remainder of his narrative being given on the faith of another person, a clerk. From Westminster Richard was removed to the Tower. The Parliament, which began on the 13th September, drew up thirty-three "Articles objected to King Richard, whereby he was counted worthy to be deposed from his principality."

The scene of fiery contention in Westminster Hall, with which this Act opens, follows the chroniclers very literally. Shakspeare has, however, placed this remarkable exhibition of vindictive charges and recriminations before the deposition of Richard. It took place after Henry's coronation. The protest of the Bishop of Carlisle, whom Holinshed calls "a bold bishop and a faithful," also, according to most authorities, followed the deposition. It is stated to have been made on a request from the Commons that Richard might have "judgment decreed against him, so as the realm were not troubled by him." There is considerable doubt whether this speech was delivered at all. It does not appear that Richard made his resignation in Parliament, but that Northumberland and other peers, prelates and knights, with justices and notaries, attended the captive on the 29th September, 1399, in the chief

## KING RICHARD II.

chamber of the king's lodging in the Tower, where he read aloud and subscribed the scroll of resignation, saying that, if it were in his power, he would that the Duke of Lancaster there present should be his successor. These instruments were read to the Parliament the day following. So Holinshed relates the story. Froissart, however, details the ceremonies of the surrender with more minuteness: "On a day the Duke of Lancaster, accompanied with lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons, and knights, and of the notablest men of London, and of other good towns, rode to the Tower, and there alighted. Then King Richard was brought into the hall, apparelled like a king in his robes of state, his sceptre in his hand, and his crown on his head; then he stood up alone, not holden nor stayed by no man, and said aloud: 'I have been King of England, duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland, about twenty-one years, which signiory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster; and I desire him here, in this open presence, in entering of the same possession, to take this sceptre:' and so delivered it to the duke, who

took it." There can be no doubt that this apparently willing resignation, which his enemies said was made even with a merry countenance, was extorted from Richard by the fear of death. Northumberland openly proclaimed this when he rebelled against Henry. In a very curious manuscript in the library of the king of France, from which copious extracts are given in Mr. Webb's notes to the *Metrical History*, there is a detailed account of a meeting between Richard and Bolingbroke in the Tower, at which York and Aumerle were present,—where the king, in a most violent rage, says, "I am king, and will still continue king, in spite of all my enemies." Shakspeare has most skillfully portrayed this natural struggle of the will of the unhappy man, against the necessity by which he was overwhelmed. The deposition scene shews us,—as faithfully as the class which the poet introduces exhibits the person of the king,—the vacillations of a nature irresolute and yielding, but clinging to the phantom of power when the substance had passed away. There can be no doubt that Shakspeare's portrait of Richard II. is as historically true as it is poetically just.



Richard and Bolingbroke arrived at London. [Illumination xv., *Metrical History*.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

The chroniclers have shewn us the fierce, and, as we should call them in modern times, the brutal contests of the peers in the first Parliament of Henry IV. But another view is presented to us in a most curious record of the days of Richard, which shews us a Parliament that more nearly approaches to our notions of an assembly of men called together for the public good, but not forgetting their private interests in their peaceful moods; and deporting themselves as men do who have mighty questions to deliberate upon, but who bring to that deliberation the sloth, the petty feelings, and the other individual characteristics that remind us that great legislators are sometimes small men. The Camden Society, which is doing for literature the very reverse of what the Roxburgh Club did—which is making unpublished and rare Tracts accessible to all men, instead of gaining a petty reputation by rendering scarce things known, and then causing them to be scarce,—has published an "Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of King Richard II." This most curious production is printed from a manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge. There seems to be no doubt that the poem was written about the time when Richard fell into the hands of his enemies:—the first lines represent the author as being informed that "Henri was entrid on the est half" of the kingdom, while Richard "werid he west on the wilde Yrisshe." The author of the poem appears to have been a partisan of Bolingbroke;—the transcriber was of the opposite faction;—and to this circumstance we owe the loss of the more important part of the original composition;—for he broke off abruptly in the description of Richard's scrvile Parliament,—the Parliament that, giving a colour to

his exactions and despotic exercise of authority, led to the great revolution which ended in his deposition. Of this famous Parliament, the following is a part of the description to which we have alluded:—

" And somme slombrid and slepte, and said but a lite;  
And somme maflid with the mouth, and nyst what they meant;  
And somme had hire, and helde ther-with evere,  
And wolde no fforth a foot, ffor ffor of her maistris;  
And somme were so soleyne, and sad of her wittis,  
That er they come to the clos a-combred they were,  
That thei the conclucioun than constrewe ne couthe  
No burne of the benche, of borowe nother ellis,  
So bynde and so ballid and bare was the reson;  
And somme were so fiers at the frist come,  
That they bente on a bouet, and bare a topte saile  
A-ffor the wynde fressshely, to make a good flare."

We venture upon a free prose translation of the old English:—

"And some slumbered and slept, and said but a little; and some stammered with the mouth, and knew not what they meant; and some were paid, and held to that, and would no further a-foot, for fear of their masters; and some were so sullen and grave in their wits, that before they came to the close they were so much encumbered, that their conclusions could be construed by no baron of the bench, nor by no one else of the borough,—so blind, and so bald, and so bare was their reason. And some were so fierce at the first coming, that they were bent on a bout, and bare a topsail afore the wind freshly, to make a good fare."—Unchangeable human nature!



[Scene I.—Throwing the Gag. Illumination in Froissart.]



[SCENE I.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come; this is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected<sup>a</sup> tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.*

But soft, but sec, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Ill-erected*—erected for evil.

<sup>b</sup> The queen, in a series of bold metaphors, compares

Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not king Richard; thou most beautiful  
inn,<sup>a</sup>

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do  
not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we arc

her "condemned lord" to a ruin, or a mere outward form of greatness. He is "the model where old Troy did stand"—the representation of the waste on which the most renowned city of antiquity once stood.

<sup>a</sup> *Inn.* We doubt whether the word is here used as Falstaff uses it—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn?" An inn was originally a dwelling—a place of cover or protection. We have still the Inns of Court; Lord Braybrooke's seat in Essex, commonly called Audley-End, is, probably, Audley-Inn. When the queen opposes the term *ale-house* to *inn*, she certainly does not mean, as Monck Mason thinks, to discriminate between two classes of houses of entertainment, but between a public-house and a "beautiful mansion."

Shews us but this: I am sworn brother,<sup>a</sup> sweet,  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to  
France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken  
down.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape  
and mind

Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy  
heart?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught  
but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for  
France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou  
tak'st,

As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is  
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder where-  
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,

<sup>a</sup> Sworn brother. Military adventurers were sometimes leagued to share each others' fortunes;—to divide their plunder, and even their honours. They were then *fratres jurati*—sworn brothers.

It is too little, helping him to all:

And he shall think, that thou, which know'st  
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd another way,  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there  
an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forth-  
with.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorce'd?—Bad men, ye  
violate

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and  
me;

And then betwixt me and my married wife.  
Let me unkind the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.<sup>a</sup>  
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the  
clime;

My queen<sup>b</sup> to France; from whence, set forth  
in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas,<sup>c</sup> or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we  
part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and  
heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king  
with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes thither let  
me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make  
one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.<sup>d</sup>  
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with  
groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest  
moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the  
way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

<sup>a</sup> The kiss was a established form of the ancient ceremony of affiancing. (See Illustrations of Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Scene II.)

<sup>b</sup> Queen. So the folio. The quartos wife.

<sup>c</sup> Hallowmas. The first of November,—opposed to "sweet May."

<sup>d</sup> Ne'er the near. Some deem this a proverbial expression, meaning not nearer to good. It appears to us here to mean "never the nearer."



One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;  
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no  
good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, begone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this  
fond delay;

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke  
of York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*<sup>1</sup>

*Duch.* My lord, you told me you would tell  
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows'  
tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bol-  
lingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Boling-  
broke!

You would have thought the very windows  
spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he  
the whilst?

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's  
eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save  
him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose,  
steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have  
melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.<sup>2</sup>

But heaven hath a hand in these events;

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Enter AUWERLE.*

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was; <sup>3</sup>

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,

And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:

I am in parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Duch.* Welcome, my son: Who are the violets  
now

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care  
not;

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring  
of time,

Lest you be clogg'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and  
triumphs?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that that hangs without  
thy bosom? <sup>4</sup>

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 't is nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me;

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean  
to see.

I fear, I fear,—

<sup>1</sup> It is pleasant, in reading what has been written upon Shakspeare, to meet occasionally with the genial criticism of one who understands him. Dryden, speaking of this celebrated passage, says, "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language."

<sup>2</sup> *Aumerle that was.* Aumerle was deprived of his dukedom by an act of Henry's first Parliament; but was suffered to retain his earldom of Rutland.

<sup>3</sup> The seal was formerly not impressed on the deed itself, but attached to it by a slip of parchment. The Great Seal is applied in a similar manner at the present day.

*Duch.* What should you fear?  
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd  
into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with  
a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aun.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may  
not shew it.

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.  
[Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who is within there? [Enter a  
Servant.] Saddle my horse.

Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my  
horse:—

Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villain. [Exit Servant.

*Duch.* What's the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman.

*Duch.* I will not peace:—What is the matter,  
son?

*Aun.* Good mother, be content; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

*York.* Bring me my boots, I will unto the  
king.

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou  
art amaz'd:

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—  
[To the Servant.

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

*York.* Away,

Fond woman! were he twenty times my son

I would appeach him.

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*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman.

[Exit.

*Duch.* After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his  
horse;

Spur, post; and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old:

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:

And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;

Begone. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and  
other Lords.

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?<sup>2</sup>  
'T is full three months since I did see him last:  
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.

I would to Heaven, my lords, he might be  
found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions—

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow laues,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,<sup>3</sup>

Takes on the point of honour, to support

So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw  
the prince,

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the  
kings

stews,

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute as desperate: yet, though  
both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> While he. This is Pope's alteration of the original  
Which he.

<sup>3</sup> In the folio these lines stand thus:—

"I see some sparks of better hope; which elder days

May happily bring forth. But who comes here?"

The usual reading is certainly an improvement; and several

of the quartos have sparkles.

Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

*Enter AUMERLE, hastily.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?  
*Boling.* What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum.* God save your grace. I do beseech  
your majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us  
here alone. [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]  
What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the  
earth, [*Kneels.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

*Boling.* Intended, or committed, was this  
fault?

If on the first, how heinous ere it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn  
the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.  
*Boling.* Have thy desire.

[*AUMERLE locks the door.*]

*York.* [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to  
thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand;  
Thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-  
hardy king;

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*]

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou  
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-  
mise past:—

I do repent me; read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it  
down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O heinous, strong, and bold con-  
spiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou sheer,\* immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy pas-  
sages

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;  
'Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for  
heaven's sake let me in.

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes  
this eager cry?

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king;  
't is I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious  
thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;  
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted  
man;

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou  
make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me,  
gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:  
For ever will I walk upon my knees,<sup>b</sup>

\* *Sheer* means separated, unmingled, free from admix-  
ture—and thus pure.

<sup>b</sup> *Walk upon my knees.* This is the reading of the first  
quarto. The folio has *kneel* upon my knees, which is a  
redundancy. We say to *walk* upon our hands and feet;  
and why not then upon our knees? To *walk* is figuratively  
used for to move generally. Thus, in Spenser,

"From every coast that heaven *walks* about."

In our poet's 128th sonnet, addressing a lady playing on the  
virginal, he speaks of the keys of the instrument as

"Those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers *walk* with gentle gait."

And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Ann.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my  
knee. [*Kneels.*]

*York.* Against them both my true joints  
bended be. [*Kneels.*]

[*Ill may'st thou thrive if thou grant any grace!*]<sup>a</sup>

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his  
face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our  
breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;<sup>b</sup>  
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they  
grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;  
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;  
But pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.  
I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
Say—pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
No word like pardon for kings' mouths so  
meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king: say, *par-  
donnez moy.*

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to  
destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
That set'st the word itself against the word!  
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;  
The chopping French<sup>c</sup> we do not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:  
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine car;  
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do  
pierce,  
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

<sup>a</sup> This line is not in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> Blair, in his Lectures on Rhetoric, compares this argument to a passage in Cleero, where the orator maintains that the coldness of Marcus Cællidius, in making an accusation of an attempt to poison him, was a proof that the charge was false. "An tu, M. Cællidi, nisi fingers, sic ageres!"

<sup>c</sup> *Chopping French.* Chopping is here used in the sense of changing, which is derived from cheating, trafficking. We still say a *chopping wind*. Malone, we apprehend, mistakes when he explains the word by *jabbering*. York exhorts the king instead of saying *pardon* to say *pardonnez moy*—excuse me. The duchess will have pardon as " 'tis current in our land." 'Tis chopping French—the French which changes the meaning of words—which sets "the word itself against the word," she says, "we do not understand."

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon  
me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

'Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twam,  
But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart  
I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Boling.* But for our trusty brother-in-law,<sup>3</sup>  
and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you  
true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son;—I pray Heaven<sup>a</sup>  
make thee new. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Exton and a Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what  
words he spake?  
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"  
Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he  
spake it twice.

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistly<sup>b</sup> look'd on  
me;

As who should say,—I would thou wert the  
man

<sup>a</sup> *Heaven.* This is the last passage of the play in which we have substituted, according to the authority of the folio of 1623, the word *Heaven* for *God*. It is to be observed that the editors of the folio have retained the name of the Most High when it is used in a peculiarly emphatic, or reverential manner, and have not made the change to *Heaven* indiscriminately. The substitution of this word, in most cases, was made in obedience to a statute of James the First; (3 Jac. I. c. 21,) and it appears to us that in many recent instances good taste has not been exercised in restoring the readings of the earliest copies, which were issued at a time when the habits of society sanctioned the habitual and therefore light employment of the Sacred Name. We have no desire to *Bowderise* Shakspeare, but, on the other hand, it is desirable to avoid, if possible, giving offence to the serious.

<sup>b</sup> *Wistly.* So the old copies. *Wistly* is constantly used by the writers of Shakspeare's time,—by Drayton, for example,—

"But when more wistly they did her behold."

That would divorce this terror from my heart ;  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;  
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world :  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it ;—yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;  
My soul, the father : and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world ;<sup>a</sup>

In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the Word itself  
Against the Word<sup>b</sup>

As thus,—Come, little ones ; and then again,—  
It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

'Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot  
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars.  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
That many have, and others must sit there :  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

<sup>a</sup> *This little world.* "The little world of man," as in Lear. Shakspeare here uses the philosophy which is thus described by Raleigh:—"Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world."—(*History of the World.*)

<sup>b</sup> We give the reading of the first quarto. The folio has "the faith itself against the faith." We must remark that, in the third scene of this Act the Duchess uses precisely the same expression ; "That sett'st the world itself against the word :—the sense of the word there bring, as will be seen, altogether different.

And so I am : Then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
Then am I king'd again : and by-and-by,  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing :—But, whate'er I am,  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd  
With being nothing. Music do I hear ? [*Music.*]  
Ha, ha ! keep time :—How sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !  
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;  
But, for the concord of my state and time,  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.  
For now hath time made me his numbring  
clock :

My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.<sup>a</sup>  
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,

Shew minutes, times, and hours :—but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the  
clock.<sup>b</sup>

This music mads me, let it sound no more ;  
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
For 't is a sign of love ; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch<sup>c</sup> in this all-hating world.

<sup>a</sup> It is somewhat difficult to follow this reading. Richard says, Time has made him a numbring clock. A clock and a watch were formerly the same instruments ; a clock so called because it clicketh—a watch so called because it marks the watches, the ancient divisions of the day. Comparing, then, himself to such an instrument, he says, his thoughts jar—that is, tick their watches on (unto) his eyes, which are the outward part of the instrument—the dial plate on which the hours are numbered,—whereto his finger, the dial's point, is pointing. These analogies may appear forced, and somewhat obscure ; but it must be observed that throughout the character of Richard, the poet has made him indulge in those freaks of the imagination which belong to weakness of character. [See Supplementary Notes.]

<sup>b</sup> *Jack o' the clock.* An automaton, which as formerly constituted one of the wonders of London, before St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street ; but which the ruthless hand of improvement has now swept away.

<sup>c</sup> *A strange brooch.* The brooch, a valuable ornament, was, it seems, out of fashion in Shakspeare's time. In All's Well that Ends Well, we have, "the brooch, and the toothpick which wear not now." Love to Richard is, therefore, called a strange brooch, a thing of value out of fashion.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.<sup>d</sup>  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog<sup>a</sup>  
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable,  
king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards  
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.  
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly as if he had disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing<sup>b</sup> Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

*Keeper.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. [*To the Groom.*]

*K. Rich.* If thou love me 't is time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*]

*Keeper.* My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keeper.* My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

<sup>a</sup> *Sad dog.* Sad is here used in the sense of grave, gloomy.

<sup>b</sup> *Jauncing.* Richard compares himself to a spur-galled beast that Bolingbroke rides.—Jauncing—jaunting—hurriedly moving, Bolingbroke. It is possible, however, that it may be a contraction of *joynancing*.

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!  
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*]  
*Keeper.* Help, help, help!

*Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*]  
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.*]  
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*]

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood:  
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,  
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

'Tis dead king to the living king I'll bear.  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish.* *Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK with Lords and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*]

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely ;  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be  
forgot ;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of West-  
minster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;<sup>5</sup>  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom :—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend  
room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast  
wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I  
this deed.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison  
need,

Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never shew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black, incontinent ;  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—  
March sadly after ; grace my mourning here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier.

*Exeunt.*



[SCENE II. York's Description. "Then, as I said."]'

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—*Duchess of York.*

THE mother of Aumerle died in 1394. Edmund of Langley was subsequently married.

SCENE III.—*“Can no man tell of my unthrifty son.”*

Shakspeare has here laid the connexion between this play and that of Henry IV., by a dramatic relation of the real events of history. Henry of Monmouth was at this time only twelve years old. Richard had taken him with his army to Ireland; had knighted him; and had kept him as a hostage when he knew of Bolingbroke's invasion.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—*“Our trusty brother-in-law.”*

John, Duke of Exeter (own brother to Richard II.) who married Elizabeth, the sister of Bolingbroke.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE V.—*“The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.”*

We subjoin a representation of the groat of Richard II.



<sup>5</sup> SCENE VI.—*“Hath yielded up his body to the grave.”*

William de Colchester, Abbot of Westminster, according to Holinshed's Chronicle, which Shakspeare followed, died about this time. The relation is not correct. He out-lived Henry IV. The portrait, which we give below, is from his tomb in Westminster Abbey.





## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

WE have avoided any previous illustration of the history and character of Richard's queen, reserving a short notice for this Act, in which she occupies so interesting a position. Richard was twice married. His first wife, who was called the good Queen Anne, died in 1394. His second wife, the queen of this play, was Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI., of France. When Richard espoused her, on the 31st of October, 1396, she was but eight years old. The alliance with France gave the greatest dissatisfaction in England, and was one amongst the many causes of Richard's almost general unpopularity. Froissart mentions Richard's obstinacy in this matter with great naïveté: "It is not pleasant to the realm of England that he should marry with France, and it hath been showed him that the daughter of France is over young, and that this five or six year she shall not be able to keep him company; thereto he hath answered and saith, that she shall grow right well in age." Isabel was espoused at Paris, by proxy. Froissart says, "as I was informed, it was a goodly sight to see her behaviour: for all that she was but young, right pleasantly she bare the port of a queen." Isabel lived at Windsor, under the care of Lady de Coucy: but this lady was dismissed for her extravagance, and an Englishwoman, Lady Mortimer, succeeded her in the charge. It appears from the Metrical History that Richard was very much attached to her. In his lamentations in Conway Castle he uses these passionate expressions: "My mistress and my consort! accursed be the man, little doth he love us, who thus shamefully separateth us two. I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire. Since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that, oftentimes, I am hard upon despair. Alas! Isabel, rightful daughter of France, you were wont to be my joy, my hope, and my consolation; I now plainly see, that through the great violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must wrongfully be removed from you." When we observe, that Froissart describes the girl of eight years old, as deporting herself right pleasantly as a queen, and read of the lamentations of Richard for their separation, as described by one who witnessed them, we may consider that there was an historical as well as a dramatic propriety in the character which Shakspeare has drawn of her. In the garden scene at Langley we have scarcely more elevation of character than might belong to a precocious girl. In one part, however, of the last scene with Richard, we have the majesty of the high-minded woman;

"What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd! Hath Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect! Hath he been in thy heart?"

The poet, however, had an undoubted right to mould his materials to his own purpose. Daniel, in his descriptive Poem of the Civil Wars, which approaches to the accuracy of a chronicle, makes "the young affected queen" a much more prominent personage than Shakspeare does. These are her words, as she

witnesses the procession of Richard and Bolingbroke in imaginary situation altogether:—

"And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful hand  
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part.  
I do remain the same, under thy hand;  
Thou still doth rule the kingdom of my heart:  
If all be lost, that government doth stand;  
And that shall never from thy rule depart:  
And, so thou be, I care not how thou be:  
Let greatness go, so it go without thee!"

Poor Isabel was sent back to France; and there she became, a second time, the victim of a state alliance, being married to the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, who was only nine years old. Her younger sister became the wife of our Henry V.

The writer of the Metrical History appears to have conceived a violent suspicion of Aumerle and of all his proceedings. He represents him as the treacherous cause of Richard's detention in Ireland; and, in the conspiracy of the Abbot of Westminster and the other lords, he is described as basely becoming privy to their designs, that he might betray them to Henry IV. Shakspeare's version of the story is the more dramatic one, which is given by Holinshed.

"This Earl of Rutland departing before from Westminster, to see his father the Duke of York, as he sat at dinner had his counterpart of the indenture of the confederacy in his bosom. The father, espying it, would needs see what it was: and though the son humbly denied to shew it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force took it out of his bosom, and, perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horses to be saddled out of hand, and spitefully reproving his son of treason, for whom he was become surety and mainpinner for his good bearing in open parliament, he incontinently mounted on horseback to ride towards Windsor to the king, to declare to him the malicious intent of his son and his accomplices. The Earl of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, took his horse and rode another way to Windsor, in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castle-gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying, that he must needs deliver the keys to the king. When he came before the king's presence, he knelt down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as every thing had passed; obtained pardon; and there-with came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his son, unto the king; who thereby perceiving his son's words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxford, and dispatched messengers forth to signify unto the Earl of Northumberland his high constable, and to the Earl of Westmoreland his high marshal, and to others his assured friends, of all the doubtful danger and perilous jeopardy."

The death of Richard the Second, is one of those historical mysteries which, perhaps, will never be cleared up. The story which Shakspeare has adopted, of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton and his followers, was related by Caxton in his addition to Hygden's *Polygraphicon*; was copied by Fabyan, and

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

of course, found its way into Holinshed. The honest old compiler, however, notices the other stories—that he died either by compulsory famine or by voluntary pining. Caxton borrowed his account, it is supposed, from a French manuscript in the royal library at Paris, written by a partisan of Richard. In his *Chronicle*, printed two years before the additions to the *Polyconicon*, Caxton takes no notice of the story of the assassination by Sir Piers of Exton; but says “He was enfamined unto the death by his keeper, . . . yet much people in England, and in other lands, said, that he was alive many year after his death.” It is a remarkable confirmation of the belief that Richard did not die by the wounds of a battle-axe, that when his tomb was opened in Westminster Abbey, some years since, his skull was found uninjured. Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time of Richard’s death, relates that the unhappy captive voluntarily starved himself. His body was removed to the Tower, where it was publicly exhibited. The story of his voluntary starvation is, however, doubtful; that of his violent assassination seems altogether apocryphal. In an important document, whose publication we owe to Sir Henry Ellis—the manifesto of the Percies against Henry the Fourth, issued just before the battle of Shrewsbury—Henry is distinctly charged with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard of among Christians. Two years afterwards Archbishop Scroop repeats the charge; but he adds, what unquestionably weakens its force, “*ut vulgariter dicitur*.” There is one other story which has formed the subject of a

very curious controversy, but which it would be out of place here to detail—that espoused by Mr. Tytler—that Richard escaped, and lived nineteen years in Scotland. The various arguments for and against this incredible tale may be found in a paper, by the late amiable and accomplished Lord Dover, read before the Royal Society of Literature. The conflicting evidence as to the causes of Richard’s death in Pomfret Castle is very ably detailed by Mr. Amyot, in the 20th volume of the *Archæologia*. The prison-scene in Shakspeare will, perhaps, more than any accredited relation, continue to influence the popular belief; and yet, on the other hand, we have the beautiful passage in Gray’s *Bard*, to support the less dramatic story:—

“Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s spray,  
That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare,  
Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell thirst and famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.”

The body of Richard was brought to London; and, being publicly exposed, was removed to Langley for interment. Henry V., who appears always to have cherished a generous regard for the memory of the unfortunate king, caused it to be removed in great state to Westminster Abbey.



[Funeral of Richard II. Illumination in Froissart.]



["I'll give my jewels for a set of beads."—ACT III. Sc. 3.]

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

WE scarcely know how to approach this drama, even for the purpose of a simple analysis. We are almost afraid to trust our own admiration, when we turn to the cold criticism by which opinion in this country has been wont to be governed. We have been told, that it cannot "be said much to affect the passions or enlarge the understanding."\* It may be so. And yet, we think, it might somewhat "affect the passions,—for "gorgeous tragedy" hath here put on her "scepter'd pall," and if she bring not Terror in her train, Pity, at least, claims the sad story for her own. And yet it may somewhat "enlarge the understanding,"—for though it abound not in those sententious moralities which may fitly adorn "a theme at school," it lays bare more than one human bosom with a most searching anatomy; and, in the moral and intellectual strength and weakness of humanity, which it discloses with as much precision as the scalpel reveals to the student of our physical nature the symptoms of health or disease, may we read the proximate and final causes of this world's success or loss, safety or danger, honour or disgrace, elevation or ruin. And then, moreover, the profound truths which, half-hidden to the careless reader, are to be drawn out from this drama, are contained in such a splendid frame-work of the picturesque and the poetical, that the setting of the jewel almost distracts our attention from the jewel itself. We are here plunged into the midst of the fierce passions and the gorgeous pageantries of the antique time. We not only enter the halls and galleries, where is hung

"Armoury of the invincible knights of old,"—

but we see the beaver closed, and the spear in rest:—under those cuirasses are hearts knocking against the steel with almost more than mortal rage:—the banners wave, the trumpets sound—heralds and marshals are ready to salute the victor— but the absolute king casts down his warder, and the anticipated triumph of one proud champion must end in the unmerited disgrace of both. The transition is easy from the tourney to the battle-field. A nation must bleed that a subject may be avenged. A crown is to be played for, though

"Tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound."

The luxurious lord,

"That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men,"

perishes in a dungeon;—the crafty usurper sits upon his throne, but it is undermined by the hatreds even of those who placed him on it. Here is, indeed, "a kingdom for a stage." And has the greatest of poets dealt with such a subject, without affecting the passions, or enlarging the understanding? No. No. Away with this. We *will* trust our own admiration.

It is a sincere pleasure to us to introduce our remarks upon the Richard II. by some acute and

\* Johnson.

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just observations upon Shakspeare's historical plays in general from a French source. The following passage is from the forty-ninth volume of the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture," Paris, 1833.) The article bears the signature of Philarète Chasles :—

"This poet, so often sneered at as a frantic and barbarous writer, is, above all, remarkable for a judgment so high, so firm, so uncompromising, that one is almost tempted to impeach his coldness, and to find in this impassible observer something that may be almost called cruel towards the human race. In the historical pieces of Shakspeare, the picturesque, rapid, and vehement genius which has produced them, seems to bow before the superior law of a judgment almost ironical in its clear-sightedness. Sensibility to impressions, the ardent force of imagination, the eloquence of passion—these brilliant gifts of nature, which would seem destined to draw a poet beyond all limits, are subordinated in this extraordinary intelligence to a calm and almost deriding sagacity, which pardons nothing and forgets nothing. Thus, the dramas of which we speak are painful as real history. Æschylus exhibits to us Fate hovering over the world; Calderon opens to us heaven and hell as the last words of the enigma of life; Voltaire renders his drama an instrument for asserting his own peculiar doctrines;—but Shakspeare seeks *his* Fate in the hearts of men, and when he makes us see them so capricious, so bewildered, so irresolute, he teaches us to contemplate, without surprise, the untoward events and sudden changes of fortune. In the purely poetical dramas to which this great poet has given so much verisimilitude, we console ourselves in believing that the evils which he paints are imaginary, and that their truth is but general. But the dramatic chronicles which Shakspeare has sketched are altogether real. There we behold irrevocable evils—we see the scenes that the world has seen, and the horrors that it has suffered. The more the details that accompany these events are irresistible in their truth, the more they grieve us. The more the author is impartial, the more he wounds and overpowers us. This employment of his marvellous talent is in reality a profound satire upon what we are, upon what we shall be, upon what we were."

It is this wonderful subjection of the poetical power to the higher law of truth—to the poetical truth, which is the highest truth, comprehending and expounding the historical truth—which must furnish the clue to the proper understanding of the drama of Richard II. It appears to us, that when the poet first undertook

—————"to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war,"—

to unfold the roll of the causes and consequences of that usurpation of the house of Lancaster which plunged three or four generations of Englishmen in bloodshed and misery—he approached the subject with an inflexibility of purpose as totally removed as it was possible to be from the levity of a partisan. There were to be weighed in one scale the follies, the weaknesses, the crimes of Richard—the injuries of Bolingbroke—the insults which the capricious despotism of the king had heaped upon his nobles—the exactions under which the people groaned—the real merits and the popular attributes of him who came to redress and to repair. In the other scale were to be placed, the afflictions of fallen greatness—the revenge and treachery by which the fall was produced—the heart-burnings and suspicions which accompany every great revolution—the struggles for power which ensue when the established and legitimate authority is thrust from its seat.—All these phases, personal and political, of a deposition and an usurpation, Shakspeare has exhibited with that marvellous impartiality which the French writer whom we have quoted has well described. The political impartiality is so remarkable that, during the time of Elizabeth, the deposition scene was neither acted nor printed, lest it should give occasion to the enemies of legitimate succession to find examples for the deposing of a monarch. Going forward into the spirit of another age, during the administration of Walpole, the play, in 1733, had an unusual success, principally because it contained many passages which seemed to point to the then supposed corruption of the court; and, on this occasion, a letter published in the "Craftsman," in which many lines of the play were thus applied to the political topics of the times, was the subject of state prosecution. The statesmen of Elizabeth and of George II. were thus equally in fear of the popular tendencies of this history. On the other hand, when Richard, speaking dramatically in his own person, says,—

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;

## KING RICHARD II.

The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord,"—

Dr. Johnson rejoicingly says,—“Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of James, to which it is now the practice of all writers whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish.” Again, when the Bishop of Carlisle, in the deposition scene, exclaims,

‘And shall the figure of God’s majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg’d by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present!’

Johnson remarks, “Here is another proof that our author did not learn in King James’ court his *elevated notions of the right of kings*. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms.” Steevens adds that Shakspeare found the speech in Holinshed, and that “the politics of the historian were the politics of the poet.” The contrary aspects which this play has thus presented to those who were political partisans is a most remarkable testimony to Shakspeare’s political impartiality. He appears to us as if he, “apart, sat on a hill retired,” elevated far above the temporary opinions of his own age, or of succeeding ages. His business is with universal humanity, and not with a fragment of it. He is, indeed, the poet of a nation in his glowing and genial patriotism, but never the poet of a party. Perhaps, the most eloquent speech in this play is that of Gaunt, beginning—

“This royal throne of kings, this scepter’d isle.”

It is full of such praise of our country as, taken apart from the conclusion, might too much pamper the pride of a proud nation. But the profound impartiality of the master-mind comes in at the close of this splendid description, to shew us that all these glories must be founded upon just government.

It is in the same lofty spirit of impartiality which governs the general sentiments of this drama, that Shakspeare has conceived the mixed character of Richard. Sir Joshua Reynolds in his admirable Discourses—(a series of compositions which present the example of high criticism upon the art of painting, when the true principles of criticism upon poetry were neglected or misunderstood)—has properly reprobated “the difficulty as well as danger, in an endeavour to concentrate in a single subject those various powers, which, rising from different points, naturally move in different directions.” He says, with reference to this subject, “Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none.” Here is the great line of distinction between poetry and painting. Painting must concentrate all its power upon the representation of one action, one expression, in the same person. The range of poetry is as boundless as the diversities of character in the same individual. Sir Joshua Reynolds has, however, properly laughed at those principles of criticism which would even limit the narrow range of pictorial expression to conventional, and therefore hackneyed, forms. He quotes a passage from Du Piles, as an example of the attempt of a false school of criticism to substitute the “pompous and laboured insolence of grandeur” for that dignity which, “seeming to be natural and inherent, draws spontaneous reverence.” “If you draw persons of high character and dignity” (says Du Piles), “they ought to be drawn in such an attitude, that the portraits must seem to speak to us of themselves, and, as it were, to say to us, ‘Stop, take notice of me, I am that invincible king, surrounded by Majesty:’ ‘I am that valiant commander who struck terror everywhere:’ ‘I am that great minister, who knew all the springs of politics:’ ‘I am that magistrate of consummate wisdom and probity.’” Now, this is absurd enough as regards the painter; but, absurd as it is, in its limited application, it is precisely the same sort of reasoning that the French critics in the time of Voltaire, and the English who caught the infection of their school, applied to the higher range of the art of Shakspeare. The criticism of Dr. Johnson, for example, upon the *character* of Richard II. is, for the most part, a series of such mistakes. He misinterprets Shakspeare’s delineation of Richard, upon a preconceived theory of his own. Thus he says, in a note to the second scene in the third Act, where Richard for a moment appears resigned,

“To bear the tidings of calamity,”

“It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and, consequently, to

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only *passive fortitude*, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious." Now this is precisely the reverse of Shakspeare's representation of Richard. Instead of *passive fortitude*, we have *passionate weakness*; and it is that very weakness upon which our pity is founded. Having mistaken Shakspeare's purpose in the delineation of Richard in his fall, this able but sometimes prejudiced writer, flounders on in a series of carping objections to the language which Richard uses. After Richard has said,

" Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,"

he flies off into a series of pretty imaginings, and ends thus,

" Well, well, I see  
I talk but idly, and you mock at me."

Now in nothing is the exquisite tact of the poet more shewn than in these riots of the imagination in the unhappy king, whose mind was altogether prostrate before the cool and calculating intellect of Bolingbroke. But Johnson, quite in the *Du Fies*' style, here says, "Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line ('May hourly trample on their sovereign's head'), it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death." Now, it is most certain that Shakspeare had no intention to exhibit "the natural language of submissive misery." Such a purpose would have been utterly foreign to the great ideal truth of his conception of Richard's character. Again, in the interview with the queen, when Richard says,—

" Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize," &c.

Johnson observes, "the poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire." Mr. Monck Mason very innocently remarks upon this comment of Johnson, "This is certainly childish prattle, but it is of the same stamp with the other speeches of Richard after the landing of Bolingbroke, which are a strange medley of sense and puerility." Of course they are so. There are probably no passages of criticism upon Shakspeare that more forcibly point out to us, than these of Johnson and his followers do, the absurdity of trying a poet by laws which he had of purpose cast off and spurned. Had Johnson been applying his test of excellence to the conventional kings and heroes of the French stage, and of the English stage of his own day, he might have been nearer the truth. But Shakspeare undertook to shew us, not only a fallen king, but a fallen man. Richard stands before us in the nakedness of humanity, stripped of the artificial power which made his strength. The props are cut away upon which he leaned. He is,

" in shape and mind,  
Transform'd and weaken'd,"—

humbled to the lot of the commonest slave, to

" feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends."

This is the Richard of our poet. Is it not the Richard of history? We must trespass upon the patience of the reader while we run through the play, that we may properly note the dependance of its events upon its characters.

Froissart has given us the key to two of the most remarkable and seemingly opposite traits of Richard's mind,—cunning and credulity. Speaking of his devising the death of his uncle of Gloster, Froissart says, "King Richard of England noted well these said words, the which was shewed him in secretness; and like an *imaginative prince* as he was, within a season after that his uncles of Lancaster and of York were departed out of the court, then the king took more hardness on him." Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, always uses "imaginative" in the sense of *deceitful*, *crafty*,—following his original. As to the king's credulity, the same accurate observer, who knew the characters of his own days well, thus speaks:—"King Richard of England had a condition that if he loved a man, he would make him so great, and so near him, that it was marvel to consider, and no man durst speak to the contrary; and also he would *lightly believe sooner than any other king of remembrance before him.*" Upon these historical truths is

## KING RICHARD II.

Shakspeare's Richard, in the first scenes of this drama,—the absolute Richard,—founded. But with what skill has Shakspeare indicated the evil parts of Richard's character—just as much as, and no more than is sufficient to qualify our pity for his fall. We learn from Gaunt that Richard was the real cause of Gloster's death;—the matter is once mentioned, and there an end. We ourselves see his arbitrary bearing in the banishment of Bolingbroke and Norfolk;—his moral cowardice in requiring an oath for his own safety from the two enemies that he was at that moment opposing; his meanness in taunting Gaunt with his "party-verdict" as to his son's banishment; his levity in mitigating the sentence after it had been solemnly delivered. After this scene we have an exhibition of his cold-hearted rapacity in wishing for the death of Gaunt:—

" Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind  
To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars."

This prepares us for the just reproaches of his dying uncle, in the next Act;—when the disassembling king is moved from his craft to an exhibition of childish passion toward the stern but now powerless Gaunt, before whom he had trembled till he saw him on a death-bed. The

" make pale our cheek,"

was not a random expression. The king again speaks in this way, when he heard of the defection of the Welch under Salisbury:—

" Have I not reason to look pale and dead! "

Richard, who was of a ruddy complexion, exhibited in his cheeks the internal workings of fear or rage. This was a part of his weakness of character. The writer of the "Metrical History" twice notices the peculiarity. When the king received a defying message from the Irish chieftain, the French knight, who was present, says: "This speech was not agreeable to the king; it appeared to me that his face grew pale with anger." When he heard of the landing of Bolingbroke, the writer again says: "It seemed to me, that the king's face at this turned pale with anger." Richard's indignation at the reproaches of Gaunt is, at once, brutal and childish:

" And let them die that age and follies have."

Then comes the final act of despotism, which was to be his ruin:—

" We do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd."

He is amazed that York is indignant at this outrage. He is deaf to the prophetic denunciation,

" You pluck a thousand dangers on your head."

Still, Shakspeare keeps us from the point to which he might have led us, of unmitigated contempt towards Richard;—to make us hate him was no part of his purpose. We know that the charges of the discontented nobles against him are just;—we almost wish success to their enterprise;—but we are most skilfully held back from discovering so much of Richard's character as would have disqualified us from sympathising in his fall. It is highly probable, too, that Shakspeare abstained from painting the actual king as an object to be despised, while he stood as "the symbolic, or representative, on which all genial law, no less than patriotism, depends."\* The poet does not hesitate, when the time is past for reverencing the king, or compassionating the man, to speak of Richard, by the mouth of Henry IV., with that contempt which his weakness and his frivolities would naturally excite:—

" The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burn'd: carded his state;  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys," &c.—(Henry IV. Part I.)

There is nothing of this bitter satire put in the mouths of any of the speakers in Richard II.; and the poetical reason for this appears obvious. Yet it is perfectly true, historically, that Richard "carded his state," by indiscriminately mixing with all sorts of favourites, who used the most degrading freedoms towards him.

\* Coleridge.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Bolingbroke (then Henry IV.) thus describes himself to his son :—

“ And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.”

The Bolingbroke who, in Henry IV., is thus retrospectively painted, is the Bolingbroke in action in Richard II. The king

“ Observ'd his courtship to the common people.”

When he returns from banishment, in arms against his unjust lord, he wins Northumberland by his powers of pleasing :—

“ And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar.”

Mark, too, his professions to the “gentle Percy :”—

“ I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends.”

When York accuses him of

“ Gross rebellion and detested treason,”

how temperate, and yet how convincing is his defence. York remains with him—he “cannot mend it.” But Bolingbroke, with all his humility to his uncle, and all his courtesy to his friends, abates not a jot of his determination to be supreme. He announces this in no under-tones—he has no confidences about his ultimate intentions ;—but we feel that he has determined to sit on the throne, even while he says,

“ I am a subject,  
And challenge law.”

He is, in fact, the king, when he consigns Bushy and Green to the scaffold. He speaks not as one of a council—he neither vindicates nor alludes to his authority. He addresses the victims as the one interpreter of the law ; and he especially dwells upon his own personal wrongs :

“ See them deliver'd over  
To execution and the hand of death.”

Most skilfully does this violent and uncompromising exertion of authority prepare us for what is to come.

We are arrived at those wonderful scenes which, to our minds, may be classed amongst the very highest creations of art—even of the art of Shakspeare. “Barkloughly Castle” is “at hand.”—Richard stands upon his “kingdom once again.” Around him are armed bands ready to strip him of his crown and life. Does he step upon his “earth” with the self-confiding port of one who will hold it against all foes ? The conventional dignity of the king cannot conceal the intellectual weakness of the man ; and we see that he must lose his “gentle earth” for ever. His sensibility—his plastic imagination—his effeminacy, even when strongly moved to love or to hatred—his reliance upon his office more than his own head and heart—doom him to an overthrow. How surpassingly characteristic are the lines in which he addresses his “earth” as if it were a thing of life—a favourite that he could honour and cherish—a friend that would adopt and cling to his cause—a partisan that could throw a shield over him, and defend him from his enemies :—

“ So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.—  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,” &c.

He feels that this is a “senseless conjuration ;” but when Aumerle ventures to say, “we are too remiss,” he reproaches his “discomfortable cousin,” by pointing out to him the heavenly aid that a king might expect. His is not the holy confidence of a high-minded chieftain, nor the pious submission of a humble believer. He, indeed, says,—

“ For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God, for his Richard, hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel.”

But when Salisbury announces that the “Welshmen” are dispersed, Richard, in a moment, forgets the “angels” who will guard the right. His cheek pales at the evil tidings. After a pause, and upon the exhortation of his friends, his “sluggard majesty” awakes ;—the man still sleeps. How artificial and externally-sustained is his confidence :—

“ Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground  
Ye favourites of a king.”

Scoop arrives ;—and Richard avows that he is prepared for the worst. His fortitude is but a



## KING RICHARD II.

passing support. He dissimulates with himself; for, in an instant, he flies off into a burst of terrific passion at the supposed treachery of his minions. Aumerle, when their unhappy end is explained, like a man of sense casts about for other resources:—

"Where is the duke, my father, with his power?"

But Richard abandons himself to his despair, in that most solemn speech, which is at once so touching with reference to the speaker, and so profoundly true in its general application.

"No matter where; of comfort no man speak."

His grief has now evaporated in words:—

"This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is to win our own.  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?"

Scroop's reply is decisive:—

"Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke."

Richard is positively relieved by knowing the climax of his misfortunes. The alternations of hope and fear were too much for his indecision. He is forced upon a course, and he is almost happy in his weakness:—

"Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
Of that *sweet* way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more."

Shakspeare has painted indecision of character in Hamlet—but what a difference is there between the indecision of Hamlet and of Richard! The depth of Hamlet's philosophy engulfs his powers of action;—the reflective strength of his intellect destroys the energy of his will:—Richard is irresolute and inert, abandoning himself to every new impression, because his faculties, though beautiful in parts, have no principle of cohesion;—judgment, the key-stone of the arch, is wanting.

Bolingbroke is arrived before Flint Castle. Mr. Courtenay says, "By placing the negotiation with Northumberland at Flint, Shakspeare loses the opportunity of describing the disappointment of the king, when he found himself, on his progress to join Henry at Flint, a prisoner to Northumberland, who had concealed the force by which he was accompanied." A Mr. Goodhall, of Manchester, in 1772, gave us a new Richard II., "altered from Shakspeare, and the style imitated." We are constrained to say, that such criticism as we have extracted, and such imitations of style as that of Mr. Goodhall, are entirely on a par. Shakspeare wanted not the additional scene of Northumberland's treachery to eke out the story of Richard's fall. He was too sagacious to make an audience think that Richard might have surmounted his difficulties but for an accident. It was his business to show what was essentially true (though one episode of the truth might be wanting), that Bolingbroke was coming upon him with steps as certain as that of a rising tide towards the shivering tenant of a naked sea-rock. What was still more important, it was his aim to exhibit the overthrow of Richard, and the uprising of Bolingbroke, as the natural result of the collision of two such minds meeting in mortal conflict. The mighty physical force which Bolingbroke subdued to his purpose was called forth by his astute and foreseeing intellect: every movement of this wary chief—perhaps even from the hour when he resolved to appeal Norfolk—was a consequence from a calculated cause. On the other hand, Richard threw away every instrument of defence;—the "one day too late," with which Salisbury reproaches him—which delay was the fruit of his personal weakness and vacillation—shews that it was impossible to save him. Had he escaped from Conway, after being reduced to the extremities of poverty and suffering, in company with a few wretched followers, he must have rushed, from his utter want of the ability to carry through a consistent plan, into the toils of Bolingbroke. Shakspeare, as we must repeat, painted events whilst he painted characters. Look at Bolingbroke's bearing when York reproaches Northumberland for not saying, "King Richard;"—look at his decision when he learns the king is at Flint;—look at his subtlety in the message to the king:—

"Harry Bolingbroke  
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand:"

Compare the affected humility of his professions with the real, though subdued, haughtiness of his threats—

"If not, I'll use the advantage of my power."

He marches "without the noise of threatening drum;" but he marches as a conqueror upon an undefended citadel. On the one hand, we have power without menaces; on the other, menaces without power. How loftily Richard asserts to Northumberland the terrors which are in *actu*—

\* "Shakspeare's Historical Plays historically considered."

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

the "armies of pestilence" which are to defend his "precious crown." But how submissively he replies to the message of Bolingbroke :—

" Thus the king returns —  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither—  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends."

Marvellously is the picture of the struggles of irresolution still coloured :—

" Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?"

Beautiful is the transition to his habitual weakness—to his extreme sensibility to evils, and the shadows of evils—to the consolation which finds relief in the exaggeration of its own sufferings, and in the bewilderments of imagination which carry even the sense of suffering into the regions of fancy. We have already seen that this has been thought "deviating from the pathetic to the ridiculous." Be it so. We are content to accept this and similar passages in the character of Richard, as exponents of that feeling which made him lie at the feet of Bolingbroke, fascinated as the bird at the eye of the serpent :—

" For do we must, what force will have us do."

This is the destiny of tragedy ;—but it is a destiny with foregoing causes—its seeds are sown in the varying constitution of the human mind :—and thus it may be said, even without a contradiction, that a Bolingbroke governs destiny, a Richard yields to it.

We pass over the charming repose-scene of the Garden—in which the poet, who in this drama has avoided all dialogues of manners, brings in "old Adam's likeness," to shew us how the vicissitudes of state are felt and understood by the practical philosophy of the humblest of the people. We pass over, too, the details of the quarrel scene, in Westminster-hall, merely remarking, that those who say, as Johnson has said,—"this play is extracted from the Chronicle of Holinshed, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with *very little alteration*, transplanted into his scenes,"—that they would have done well to have printed the passages of the Chronicle and of the parallel scenes side by side. This scene is one to which the remark refers. Will our readers excuse us giving them half-a-dozen lines, as a specimen of this "very little alteration?"

HOLINSHED.

"The Lord Fitzwater herewith rose up, and said to the king, that where the Duke of Aumerle excuseth himself of the Duke of Gloucester's death, I say (quoth he) that he was the very cause of his death; and so he appealed him of treason, offering, by throwing down his hood as a gage, to prove it with his body."

SHAKSPEARE.

"If that thy valour stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
By that fair sun which shews me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point."

We have long borne with these misrepresentations of what Shakspeare took from the Chronicles,—and what Shakspeare took from Plutarch. The sculptor who gives us the highest conception of an individual, idealized into something higher than the actual man ;—(Roubiliac, for example, when he figured that sublime image of Newton, in which the upward eye, and the finger upon the prism, tell us of the great discoverer of the laws of gravity and of light)—the sculptor has to collect something from authentic records of the features, and of the character of the subject he has to represent. The Chronicles might, in the same way, give Shakspeare the general idea of his historical Englishmen, as Plutarch of his Romans. But it was for the poet to mould and fashion these outlines into the vital and imperishable shapes in which we find them. This is creation—not alteration.

Richard is again on the stage. Is there a jot in the *deposition scene* that is not perfectly true to his previous character? As to Bolingbroke's consistency there cannot be a doubt, even with the most hasty reader. The king's dallying with the resignation of the crown—the prolonged talk, to parry, as it were, the inevitable act,—the "ay, no; no, ay;"—the natural indignation at Northumberland's unnecessary harshness ;—the exquisite tenderness of self-shrinking abasement, running off into poetry, "too deep for tears;"—

" O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water drops ;"

and, lastly, the calling for the mirror, and the real explanation of all his apparent affectation of disquietude ;—

" These external manners of lament,  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul:"

## KING RICHARD II.

who but Shakspeare could have given us these wonderful tints of one human mind—so varying and yet so harmonious—so forcible and yet so delicate—without being betrayed into something different from his own unity of conception? In the *parting scene* with the queen, we have still the same unerring consistency. We are told, that "the interview of separation between her and her wretched husband is remarkable for its poverty and tameness."\* The poet who wrote the parting scene between Juliet and her Montague, had, we presume, the command of his instruments; and though, taken separately from what is around them, there may be differences in the degree of beauty in these parting scenes, they are each *dramatically* beautiful, in the highest sense of the term. Shakspeare never went from his proper path to produce a beauty that was out of place. And yet who can read these lines, and dare to talk of "poverty and tameness":—

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages long ago betid;  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds."

We are told, as we have already noticed, that this speech ends with "childish prattle." Remember, Richard II. is speaking.—Lastly, we come to the *prison scene*. The soliloquy is Richard all over. There is not a sentence in it that does not tell of a mind deeply reflective in its misfortunes, but wanting the guide to all sound reflection,—the power of going out of himself, under the conduct of a loftier reason than could endure to dwell upon the merely personal. His *self-consciousness* (to use the word in a German sense) intensifies, but lowers, every thought. And then the beautiful little episode of "Roan Barbary," and Richard's all-absorbing application to himself of the story of the "poor groom of the stable." Froissart tells a tale, how Richard was "forsaken by his favourite greyhound, which fawns on the earl." The quaint historian, as well as the great dramatist who transfused the incident, knew the avenues to the human heart. Stevens thinks the story of Roan Barbary might have been of Shakspeare's own invention, but informs us, that "Froissart relates a yet more silly tale!" Even to the death, Richard is historically as well as poetically true. His sudden valour is shewn as the consequence of passionate excitement. The prose manuscript in the library of the King of France, to which we have alluded in the Historical Illustrations, exhibits a somewhat similar scene, when Lancaster, York, Aumerle, and others, went to him in the Tower, to confer upon his resignation: "The king, in great wrath, walked about the room; and at length broke out into passionate exclamations and appeals to heaven; called them false traitors, and offered to fight any four of them." The Chronicles which Shakspeare might consult were somewhat meagre, and might gain much by the addition of the records of this eventful reign which modern researches have discovered. If we compare every account, we must say, that the Richard II. of Shakspeare is rigidly the true Richard. The poet is the truest historian in all that belongs to the higher attributes of history.

But with this surpassing dramatic truth in the Richard II., perhaps, after all, the most wonderful thing in the whole play—that which makes it so exclusively and entirely Shakspearian—is the involvement of the truth under the poetical form. The character of Richard, especially, is entirely subordinated to the poetical conception of it;—to something higher than the historical propriety, yet, including all that historical propriety, and calling it forth under the most striking aspects. All the vacillations and weaknesses of the king, in the hands of an artist like Shakspeare, are re-produced with the most natural and vivid colours; so as to display their own characteristic effects, in combination with the principle of poetical beauty, which carries them into a higher region than the perfect command over the elements of strong individualization could alone produce. For example, when Richard says,—

"O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bellingbroke!"

we see in a moment how this speech belongs to the shrinking and over-powered mind of the timid voluptuary, who could form no notion of power, apart from its external supports. But then, separated from the character, how exquisitely beautiful is it in itself! Byron, in his finest drama of Sardanapalus, has given us an entirely different conception of a voluptuary overpowered by misfortune; and though he has said, speaking of his ideal of his own dramatic poem—"You will find all this very unlike Shakspeare, and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers"—it is to us very doubtful if Sardanapalus would have been written, had not the Richard II. of Shakspeare offered the temptation to

\* Skottowe's Life of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 111.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

pull the bow of Ulysses in the direction of another mark. The characters exhibit very remarkable contrasts. Sardanapalus becomes a hero when the king is in danger;—Richard, when the sceptre is struck out of his hands, forgets that his ancestors won the sceptre by the sword. The one is the sensualist of misdirected native energy, who casts off his sensuality when the passion for enjoyment is swallowed up in the higher excitement of rash and sudden daring;—the other is the sensualist of artificial power, whose luxury consists in pomp without enjoyment, and who loses the sense of gratification, when the factitious supports of his pride are cut away from him. Richard, who should have been a troubadour, has become a weak and irresolute voluptuary through the corruptions of a throne;—Sardanapalus, who might have been a conqueror, retains a natural heroism that a throne cannot wholly corrupt. But here we stop. Sardanapalus is a beautiful poem, but the characters, and especially the chief character, come before us as something shadowy, and not of earth. Richard II. possesses all the higher attributes of poetry,—but the characters, and especially the leading character, are of flesh and blood like ourselves.

And why is it, when we have looked beneath the surface, at this matchless poetical delineation of Richard, and find the absolute king capricious, rapacious, cunning,—and the fallen king irresolute, effeminate, intellectually prostrate,—why is it, when we see that our Shakspeare herein never intended to present to us the image of “a good man struggling with adversity,”—and conceived a being the farthest removed from the ideal that another mighty poet proposed to himself as an example of heroism, when he described his own fortitude—

“ I argue not  
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward ”—

why is it that Richard II. still commands our tears—even our sympathies? It is this:—His very infirmities make him creep into our affections—for they are so nearly allied to the beautiful parts of his character, that, if the little leaven had been absent, he might have been a ruler to kneel before, and a man to love. We see, then, how thin is the partition between the highest and the lowliest parts of our nature—and we love Richard even for his faults,—for they are those of our common humanity. Inferior poets might have given us Bolingbroke the lordly tyrant, and Richard the fallen hero. We might have had the struggle for the kingdom painted with all the glowing colours with which, according to the authorities which once governed opinion, a poet was bound to represent the crimes of an usurper and the virtues of a legitimate king; or, if the poet had despised the usual current of authority, he might have made the usurper one who had cast aside all selfish and unpatriotic principles, and the legitimate king an unmitigated oppressor, whose fall would have been hailed as the triumph of injured humanity. Impartial Shakspeare! How many of the deepest lessons of toleration and justice have we not learned from thy wisdom, in combination with thy power? If the power of thy poetry could have been separated from the truth of thy philosophy, how much would the world have still wanted to help it forward in the course of gentleness and peace!









[Henry of Monmouth.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE TO KING HENRY IV. PARTS I. AND II.

### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY.

THE first edition of Henry IV., Part I., appeared in 1598, under the following title: "The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the Battell at Shrewsburie, betwene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the Humourous Conceits of Sir John Falstafle. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise." Five other editions were printed before the folio of 1623. In the second edition of 1599, *Falstafle* is put for *Falstaffe*. The first edition of Henry IV., Part II., appeared in 1600, under the following title: "The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of Henry the Fift. With the Humours of Sir John Falstafle, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaime his Servants. Written by William Shakspeare. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley." Another edition was issued the same year, by the same publishers, for the purpose of supplying the omission of the first scene of the third act. No subsequent edition appeared till the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, from which we print, does not materially differ from the original quartos, in the First Part. In the Second Part there are large additions, and those some very important passages, in the folio. In both Parts, not a few of the expressions which were thought profane, especially some of the ejaculations of Falstaff, have in the folio, been softened or expunged. We do not think that the wit has been in the slightest degree injured by this process. This class of variations we have not deemed it necessary to point out in detail; but all other material differences between the quartos and the folio are indicated in our foot notes.

The First Part of King Henry IV. was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1597. Chalmers, for several reasons which we think altogether unimportant, believes it to have been written in 1596. The Second Part was entered in the Stationers' books in 1600. Francis Meres, in 1598, enumerated Henry IV. amongst Shakspeare's tragedies. He might, or he might not, have referred to both parts. The Second Part was probably written in 1598; for the following passage is found in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599:

"Saei. What's he, gentle Mens. Brisk? Not that gentleman.  
Fast. No lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence."

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### SOURCES OF THE "HISTORY" OF HENRY IV.

Dr. Johnson has correctly remarked that Shakspeare "apparently designed a regular connexion of these dramatic histories, from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth;" and he further says, "These two plays (Henry IV., the first and second parts) will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two, only because they are too long to be one." This essential connexion of the two parts renders it necessary that our Introductory Notice should embrace both plays; and that the same principle should also govern our Supplementary Notice. Shakspeare, indeed, found the stage in possession of a rude drama, "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," upon the foundation of which he constructed not only his two parts of Henry IV., but his Henry V. That old play was acted prior to 1588; Tarleton, a celebrated comic actor who played the clown in it, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and was performed by Henslowe's company in 1595. Mr. Collier thinks it was written soon after 1580. It is, in many respects, satisfactory that this very extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit in a more striking light the marvellous reformation which Shakspeare, more than all his contemporaries, produced in the dramatic amusements of the age of Elizabeth. We have shewn how immeasurably superior the King John of our poet is to the King John of 1591, upon which it was founded. But even that play, feeble and coarse as it is, is of a far higher character, as a work of art, than "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," of which the comic parts are low buffoonery, without the slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shakspeare built upon this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it. It is highly probable that in many more cases than we are acquainted with, Shakspeare adopted the same principle. A gentleman whose name, were we at liberty to publish it, would stamp the highest value upon his opinions, writes to us, "I begin to doubt whether we have a single play that is altogether by that master-hand." In the instance of "The Famous Victories," some improvements might have been made upon the original when it was acted in 1595; for it seems almost impossible that an audience, who were then familiar with Shakspeare, could have tolerated such a mass of ribaldry and dulness. We can, however, only judge of Shakspeare's obligations to that play from the copy which has come down to us. By examining this old play somewhat in detail, we shall have an opportunity of touching upon several controverted points, such as the historical truth of Shakspeare's delineation of Prince Henry, and the supposed originals of his character of Falstaff.

In "The Famous Victories," we are introduced to the 'young Prince' in the opening scene. His companions are 'Ned,' 'Tom,' and 'Sir John Oldecastle,' who bears the familiar name of 'Jockey.' They have been committing a robbery upon the king's receivers; and Jockey informs the prince that his (the prince's) man hath robbed a poor carrier. The plunder of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds; and the prince worthily says, "As I am a true gentleman I will have the half of this spent to-night." He shews his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. The royal amusements in the old tavern in Eastcheap are thus described by a boy of the tavern: "This night, about two hours ago, there came the young prince, and three or four more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noise of musicians, and were very merry for the space of an hour: then, whether their music liked them or not, or whether they had drunk too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drew their swords, and went into the streets and fought, and some took one part, and some took another." The prince is sent to the "counter" by the Lord Mayor. 'Gadshill,' the prince's man, who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young prince, who seems to have got out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief, after the following fashion:—

*Henry.* Why then belike you mean to hang my man.

*Judge.* I am sorry that it falls out so.

*Henry.* Why, my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

*Judge.* An please your Grace, you are my lord the young Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our Sovereign Lord King Henry the Fourth, whom God grant long to reign.

*Henry.* You say true, my Lord: And you will hang my man.

*Judge.* An like your Grace, I must needs do justice.



## KING HENRY IV.—PARTS I. AND II.

*Henry.* Tell me, my Lord, shall I have my man?

*Judge.* I cannot, my Lord.

*Henry.* But will you not let him go?

*Judge.* I am sorry that his case is too ill.

*Henry.* Tush, ease me no casings, shall I have my man?

*Judge.* I cannot, nor I may not, my Lord.

*Henry.* Nay, and I shall not, say, and then I am answered.

*Judge.* No.

*Henry.* No, then I will have him.

*[He gives him a box on the ear.]*

*Ned.* Gog's wounds, my Lord, shall I cut off his head?"

The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. In a subsequent scene with Oldcastle, Ned, and Tom, we have a passage which has evidently suggested a part of the dialogue betwixt the prince and Falstaff.

### FAMOUS VICTORIES.

*"Henry.*—Here's such ado now a-days, here's imprisoning, here's hanging, whipping, and the devil and all: but I tell you, sirs, when I am king, we will have no such thing. But, my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.

*Oldcastle.* He is a good old man. God take him to his mercy the sooner.

*Henry.* But Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do, shall be to put my Lord Chief Justice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice of England.

*Ned.* Shall I be Lord Chief Justice? By Gog's wounds I'll be the bravest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England."

### SHAKSPERE'S HENRY IV.

*"Falst.* I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*Henry.* No, thou shalt.

*Falst.* Shall I? O rare, I'll be a brave Judge."

The ruffian prince of the old play goes on in the same low strain:—"That fellow that will stand by the way side courageously, with his sword and buckler, and take a purse,—that fellow, give him commendations." "But whither are ye going now?" quoth Ned. "To the court," answers the true gentleman of a prince, "For I hear say my father lies very sick. . . . The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head." To the court he goes, and there the bully becomes a hypocrite. "Ah, Harry, now thrice unhappy Harry. But what shall I do? I will go take me to some solitary place, and there lament my sinful life, and when I have done I will lay me down and die." The great scene in the Second Part of Henry IV.,

'I never thought to hear you speak again,"

is founded, probably, upon a passage in Holinshed; but there is a similar scene in "The Famous Victories." It is, perhaps, the highest attempt in the whole play. The blank verse of this old play is blank verse only to the eye.

And now that we have seen what the popular notion of the conqueror of Agincourt was at the period when Shakspeare began to write, and, perhaps, indeed, up to the time when he gave us his own idea of Henry of Monmouth—when we have seen that, for some ten years at least, the Henry of the stage was an ill-bred, unredeemed blackguard, without a single sparkle of a "better hope" surrounded by companions of the very lowest habits, thieves and cut-throats,—when we see him, not seduced from the gravity of his station by an irrepressible love of fun, kept alive by the wit of his principal associate, but given up only to drinking and debauchery, to throwing of pots, and brawls in the streets,—when we see not a single gleam of that "sun,"

"Who doth permit the base contagious clouds,  
To smother up his beauty from the world;"—

and when we know that nearly all the historians, up to the time of Shakspeare, took pretty much the same view of Henry's character,—we may, perhaps, be astonished to be told that Shakspeare's fascinating representation of Henry of Monmouth, "as an historical portrait, is not only unlike the original, but misleading and unjust in essential points of character."\* Misleading and unjust! We admire, and even honour Mr. Tyler's enthusiasm in the vindication of his favourite hero from every charge of early impurity. In the nature of things it was impossible that Henry of Monmouth,—in many particulars so far above his age in literature, in accomplishments, in real magnanimity of character,—should have been the low profligate which nearly all the ancient historians represent him to have been. But Mr. Tyler, instead of blaming Shakspeare for the view

\* Henry of Monmouth, by J. Endell Tyler, B.D., vol. i. page 356.

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which he took of Henry's character,—instead of calling upon us “to allow it no weight in the scale of evidence;”—instead of informing us that the poet's descriptions are “wholly untenable when tested by facts, and irreconcilable with what history places beyond doubt;”—instead of attempting to shake our belief in Shakspeare's general truth, by minute comparisons of particular passages with real dates, trying the poet by a test altogether out of the province of poetry;—instead of telling us that the great dramatist's imagination worked “only on the vague traditions of a sudden change for the better in the prince, immediately on his accession;”—instead of all this, Mr. Tyler ought to have called our attention to the fact that Shakspeare was the *only* man of his age who rejected the imperfect evidence of all the historians as to the character of Henry of Monmouth, and nobly vindicated him even from his own biographers, and, what was of more importance, from the coarser traditions embodied in a popular drama of Shakspeare's own day. It is not our business to enter into a discussion whether the early life of Henry was entirely blameless, as Mr. Tyler would prove. This is a question which, as far as an editor of Shakspeare is concerned, may be classed with a somewhat similar question of the character of Richard III., as argued in Walpole's “*Historic Doubts*.” But the real question for us to consider is this,—what were the opinions of all the historians up to Shakspeare's own time? Mr. Tyler himself says, “Before Shakspeare's day, the reports adopted by our historiographers had fully justified him in his representations of Henry's early courses.” But we contend that Shakspeare did *not* rest upon the historiographers;—he did *not* give credence to the vulgar traditions;—he did *not* believe in the story of Henry's sudden conversion;—he did *not* make him the low profligate of the old play, or of the older Chronicles. We are very much accustomed to say, speaking of Shakspeare's historical plays, that he follows Holinshed. He does so, indeed, when the truth of the historian is not incompatible with the higher poetical truth of his own conceptions. Now, what says Holinshed about Henry V.: “After that he was invested king, and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man—turning insolvency and wildness into gravity and soberness. And whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous disorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unthrifty play-fears, he now banished them from his presence.” Holinshed wrote this in 1577; but did he invent this character? Thomas Elmham, a contemporary of Henry V., who wrote his life, distinctly tells us of his passing the bounds of modesty, and, “when not engaged in military exercises, he also indulged in other excesses, which unrestrained youth is apt to fall into.” Of Henry's sudden conversion this author also tells the story; and he dates it from his father's death bed. Otterburn, another contemporary of Henry, gives us also the story of his sudden conversion:—“*repenté mutatus est in virum alterum*.” Hardyng, another contemporary, and an adherent of the house of Lancaster, says—

“The hour he was crowned and anoint  
He changed was of all his old condition;”

or, as he says in the argument to this chapter of his Chronicle, “he was changed from all vices, unto virtuous life.” Walsingham, a fourth contemporary, speaking of a heavy fall of snow on the 9th April, the day of his coronation, says, “that some interpreted this unseasonable weather to be a happy omen; as if he would cause the snow and frost of vices to fall away in his reign, and the serene fruit of virtues to spring up. That it might be truly said by his subjects, ‘Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.’ Who, indeed, as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty, was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty and gravity, and shewing a desire to practise every kind of virtue.” There is a ballad of Henry IV.'s time addressed to Prince Henry and his brothers, to dissuade them from spending time in “youthed folly.” Caxton, who wrote in the time of Edward IV., says, “Here is to be noted that the King Henry V. was a noble prince after he was king and crowned; howbeit before in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires, but accomplished them after his liking.” Fabyan is even more severe:—“This man before the death of his father applied himself to all vice and insolvency.” The story of Henry insulting the Lord Chief Justice, and being by him committed to prison, was first told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1534, in his book entitled “*The Governor*;” and he sets out by saying “The most renowned Prince King Henry V., late King of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage.” His servant, according to this story, was arraigned for felony, and the prince “incensed by light persons about him, in furious

KING HENRY IV.—PARTS I. AND II.

rage came hastily to the bar." According to Sir Thomas Elyot, the prince did not strike the judge; but "being set all in a fury, all chafed, in a terrible manner came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge." Holinshed makes the blow to have been inflicted. Stow, whose Chronicle was published in 1580, gives us a much more natural version of the prince's robberies than that of the old play:—He makes them to have been wanton frolics, followed by restitution. Lastly, Hall collects and repeats all the charges against Henry of the earlier historians. In a word, there is not one solitary writer up to the time of Shakspeare that entertained any doubt that,—

"His addiction was to courses vain;  
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;  
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports;

This passage in Henry V., which is introduced by the Archbishop to heighten his praises of the king by contrast with his former state, is the severest passage which Shakspeare has against the early character of the prince. It is stronger than his father's reproof, in the third Act of the first Part. But where is the "insolency" of Holinshed—the "all vices" of Hardyng—the "spared nothing of his lusts and desires" of Caxton? Let it be observed, too, how careful Shakspeare has been to make the common tradition of Henry's almost miraculous conversion rest only upon the opinion of others. The Archbishop indeed says,—

"—— never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his scat, and all at once  
As in this king."

But the prince, in the very first scene in which he appears, thus apostrophizes his companions:—

"I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness."

Even in the Richard II., when Henry IV. speaks of his "unthrifty son," we are prepared, not for the coarse profligate of the old play, but for a high-couraged and reckless boy, offending in the very wantonness of his hot blood, which despises conventional forms and opinions:—

"As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,  
I see some sparkles of a better hope."

But it is not from the representations of others that we must form our opinion of the character of the Prince of Shakspeare. He is, indeed, the "mad-cap Prince of Wales,"

"that daff'd the world aside,"

but he is not the "sword and buckler Prince of Wales," that Hotspur would have "poisoned with a pot of ale." He is a gentleman; a companion, indeed, of loose revellers, but one who infinitely prefers the excitement of their wit to their dissipation. How graceful too, and how utterly devoid of meanness and hypocrisy, is his apology to his father for his faults! How gallantly he passes from the revels at the Boar's Head to the preparations for the battle field! How just are his praises of Hotspur! How modest his challenge!

"I have a truant been to chivalry."

What a key to his real kindness of heart and good nature is his apostrophe to Falstaff:—

—"Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man!"

How magnanimous is his pleading for the life of the Douglas! Never throughout the two plays is there a single expression of unfilial feeling towards his father. "My heart blees inwardly," says the Prince of Shakspeare, "that my father is so sick." The low profligate of the old play says, "I stand upon thorns till the crown be on my head." The king's description of his son in Shakspeare is truly in accordance with the poet's delineation of his character:—

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flat;  
As humorous as winter."

And yet, according to Mr. Tyler, Shakspeare has done injustice to Henry of Monmouth. When in Richard II. Bolingbroke speaks of his "unthrifty son," Mr. Tyler informs us that the boy was only twelve years and a half old. "At the very time," says Mr. Tyler, "when, according to the

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poet's representation, Henry IV. uttered this lamentation (Part I. Act I. Scene I.) expressive of deep present sorrow at the reckless misdoings of his son, and of anticipations of worse, that very son was doing his duty valiantly and mercifully in Wales." Again, according to Mr. Tyler, the noble scene between Henry and his father in the third Act of the First Part was not the real truth—*Henry was not then in London*;—and from a letter of Henry to his council we find that the king had received "most satisfactory accounts of this very dear and well-beloved son the prince, which gave him very great pleasure." Mr. Tyler remarks upon this letter, "It is as though history were designed on set purpose, and by especial commission, to counteract the bewitching fictions of the poet." For our own parts we have a love of Henry, as Shakspeare evidently himself had; but we have derived that love more from "the bewitching fictions" of the poet, than from what we learn from history apart from the poet. With every respect for Mr. Tyler's excellent intentions, we are inclined to think that Shakspeare has elevated the character of Henry, not only far above the calumnies of the old Chroniclers, which, we believe, were gross exaggerations, but has painted him much more amiable, and just, and merciful than we find him in the original documents which Mr. Tyler has rendered popular. Mr. Tyler has printed a letter of Prince Henry to the council, written in 1401, and describing his proceedings in Wales against Owen Glendower. It contains the following passages:—"So we caused the whole place to be set on fire, and many other houses around it, belonging to his tenants. And then we went straight to his other place . . . . there we burnt a fine lodge in his park, and the whole country round. . . . . And certain of our people sallied forth, and took a gentleman of high degree. . . . . he was put to death; and several of his companions, who were taken the same day, met with the same fate. We then proceeded to the commote of Edionyon, in Merionethshire, and there laid waste a fine and populous country." Our tastes may be wrong; but we would rather hold in our affections "the mad-cap Prince of Wales" at the Boar's Head, "of all humours, that have shewed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam," than adulterate the poetical idea with the documentary history of a precocious boy, burning, wasting, and slaying; or, as Mr. Tyler says, "doing his duty valiantly." There is sometimes a higher truth even than documentary truth. The burnings and slayings of Henry of Monmouth must be judged of according to the spirit of his age. Had the great dramatist represented these things, he would, indeed, have done injustice to Henry in his individual character. We believe that he most wisely vindicated his hero from the written and traditionary calumnies that had gathered round his name, not by shewing him, as he did Prince John of Lancaster, a "sober blooded boy," but by divesting his dissipation of the grossness which up to his time had surrounded it; and by exhibiting the misdirected energy of an acute and active mind, instead of the violent excesses and the fierce passions that had anciently been attributed to him. The praiseworthy attempt of Mr. Tyler to prove that there was no solid historical ground for Henry's early profligacy, is founded upon a very ingenious treatise, full of antiquarian research, by Mr. Alexander Luders.\* That gentleman, as it appears to us, has left the question pretty much where he found it. He has, however, taken a right view of what our poet did for the character of Henry: "Shakspeare seemed to struggle against believing the current stories of misconduct as much as he could, that he might not let the prince down to their level."

In the play of "The Famous Victories of Henry V." we have, as already mentioned, the character of 'Sir John Oldcastle.' This personage, like all the other companions of the prince in that play, is a low worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humour to relieve his grovelling profligacy. But he is also a very insignificant character, with less stage business than even 'Ned' and 'Tom.' Derieke, the clown, is, indeed, the leading character throughout this play. Altogether Oldcastle has only thirty lines put in his mouth in the whole piece. We have no allusion to his being fat; we hear nothing of his gluttony. Malone, however, calls this Sir John Oldcastle "a pampered glutton." The question which we have here to consider is, whether this Oldcastle, or Jockey, suggested to Shakspeare his Falstaff. We cannot discover the very slightest similarity; although Malone, with less caution than usual, decidedly says, "Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play, entitled *The Famous Victories of King Henry V.*" But Malone is arguing for the support of a favourite theory. Rowe has noticed a tradition that Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. This opinion would receive some

\* "An Essay on the Character of Henry V. when Prince of Wales." 1813.

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confirmation from the fact that Shakspeare has transferred other names from the old play, Ned, Gads-hill,—and why not, then, Oldcastle? The prince in one place calls Falstaff “my old lad of the castle:” but this may be otherwise explained. The Sir John Oldcastle of history, Lord Cobham, was, as is well known, one of the most strenuous supporters of the reformation of Wickliffe; and hence it has been argued that the original name of Shakspeare’s fat knight was offensive to zealous protestants in the time of Elizabeth, and was accordingly changed to that of Falstaff. Malone holds a contrary opinion to this belief, and prefers to make Shakspeare catch the idea of the character of Falstaff from the old play, instead of holding that he took the name alicne. We are inclined to think, with Ritson, that Shakspeare took the name without receiving the slightest hint of the character. In our opinion, there was either another play besides “The Famous Victories” in which the name of Oldcastle was introduced, or the remarks of contemporary writers applied to Shakspeare’s Falstaff, who had originally borne the name of Oldcastle. The following passage is from Fuller’s Church History: “Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place.” This description of Fuller cannot apply to the Sir John Oldcastle of “The Famous Victories.” The dull dog of that play is neither a jovial companion, nor a coward to boot. The prologue to the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, printed in 1600, has these lines:—

“It is no pamper’d glutton we present,  
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,  
But one whose virtue shone above the rest,  
A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer.”

Whether or not Shakspeare’s Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, he was, after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to the second Part of Henry IV. we find this passage:—“For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.” It is remarkable, however, that as late as 1611, or perhaps later, in a comedy by Nathaniel Field, called “Amends for Ladies,” Falstaff’s description of honour is mentioned by one of the characters as if it had been delivered by Sir John Oldcastle.

But another controversy has arisen out of the substitution of Falstaff for Oldcastle. Fuller is once more the complainant against Shakspeare. In his “Worthies,” speaking of Sir John Fastolf, he says, “The stage has been ever bold with his memory, making him a Thraasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour.—True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in all plays for a coward. . . . Now as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse), seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight.” The charge against Shakspeare of libelling the memory of Sir John Fastolf is repeated by other writers, as we find in a very curious note under the article Fastolf in Kippis’s edition of the Biographia Britannica. Our readers, who are perhaps already weary of the subject, will be satisfied with the following very sensible remarks of Oldys, the writer of that note:—

“Upon whom does the horsing of a dead corpse on Falstaff; back reflect? whose honour suffers, in his being forced by the unexpected surprise of his armed plunderers to surrender his treasure? whose policy is impeached by his creeping into a bucking-basket to avoid the storms of a jealous husband? whose reputation suffers by his being buffeted in the disguise of an old witch, or fortune-teller, of Brentford? or whose valour is to be called in question, because he cannot avoid being tormented by a swarm of little fairies in Windsor Forest? If the good name of Fastolf, or any other man of honour, had ever been maliciously doomed to be sacrificed to durable disgrace or exposure, in the character of Falstaff, it would have been founded upon some important, some significant transactions, some instances of flagitious and irreputable misconduct, not such odd, droll, inconsiderable circumstances as these, the harmless issue of pleasant wit and humour, or delightful union of nature and fancy; all so visibly devised of the comic strain, so designed only for innocent

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merriment and diversion, without any personal reflection on this great man, or any other, that we believe there is no real character to be read of in all history, that can be justly disparaged by any application, discernibly intended, of this imaginary one in poetry."

### COSTUME.\*

THE fashions of the reign of Richard II. underwent little if any variation during that of Henry IV., as our engravings and descriptions of the monumental effigies and other portraits of the principal historical personages introduced in the two parts of this play will shew.

To begin with the king; the effigy of Henry, in Canterbury Cathedral, is one of the most magnificent of the series of royal monuments. The king is represented in his robes of state, consisting of a long tunic, with pocket holes richly embroidered, as are also the borders of the sleeves. Over his shoulders is a cape which descends in front low enough to cover the girdle. The inner tunic has a rolling collar sitting close up into the neck. The mantle, with a broad edging of embroidery, is connected not only by cords and tassels, but by a splendidly jewelled band, passing over the chest. The face has beard and moustaches, but no hair is visible on the head, it being cropped all round excessively short,—a fashion which commenced towards the close of this reign. The crown is very large and most tastefully ornamented, and may have been a faithful representation of the "great Harry Crown," which was broken up by Henry V., and pawned in pieces, A. D. 1415, to raise monies for the expenses of the French war.

Of Henry Prince of Wales, there are two representations. One in a copy of Occeleve's Poems in the Royal Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 17 D 6, in which the poet is depicted presenting a copy of his "Regimine Principis" to the prince, who is dressed in a pink robe, and wears a peculiarly shaped coronet on his head. The other is a painting by Vertue, copied from some other illuminated MS. of Occeleve's Poems, also representing that Poet offering a book to the prince. This painting was formerly in the possession of Mr. Douce, whose splendid collection of prints, drawings, MSS., &c., went to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The prince is therein habited in a long blue robe, with the extravagantly long sweeping-sleeves of the period, lined with ermine, and scalloped at the edges. His coronet is without the high pinnacles which distinguish it in the former representation.

The decoration of the collar SS. first appears during this reign; but of the derivation we have still no precise information. The most plausible conjecture is that it was formed of the repetition of the initial letter of Henry IV.'s word or device, "Souveraine;" which appears also to have been that of his father, John of Gaunt. The collar of Esses is seen round the neck of Joan of Navarre, Henry's queen, who lies beside him at Canterbury; and the canopy of the monument is powdered with the letter S, intermingled with the eagle volant and crowned, which in this reign was usually appended to the collar of SS. That of Queen Joan had formerly such a pendant, but it is now broken off. A great gold collar, called of Ilkington, is mentioned, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, as having been a personal jewel of Henry V. while Prince of Wales. It was richly adorned with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, and pawned for £500 to the Bishop of Worcester, in 1415. To the prince also belonged a sword, the sheath of which was garnished with ostrich feathers, in goldsmith's work, or embroidery. Such dresses and decorations would, of course, be worn by Prince Henry only on state occasions. In his revels at the Boar's Head, he would wear only the dress of a private gentleman; and for the general dress of the time the best authorities are the illuminations in the MSS. marked Digby, 283, in the Bodleian Lib. Oxford, and No. 2322, in the Harleian Collect. Brit. Mus., which latter is a curious little calendar of the year 1411, every month being headed with the representation of a personage following some occupation or amusement, indicative of its peculiarities, and affording a most authentic specimen of the habit of the period. Of Prince John of Lancaster we know no representation until after he became Duke of Bedford. Nor are we aware of any portrait of Thomas Duke of Clarence or Prince Humphrey of Gloster at this period. The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland have been already presented, in their civil dresses, to our readers with the

\* The description of the *Scenes* will appear in Part II.

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play of Richard II.; but we give the former, in complete armour, from his effigy in Staindrop Church, Durham, as an illustration of the military costume of this reign. The bascinet is ornamented with a splendid border and fillet of goldsmith's work and jewellery. The jupon, emblazoned with the arms of Neville, confined over the hips by an equally magnificent military girdle. With the difference of the armorial bearings, such would be the appointments of every knight in the field, from the sovereign downwards, the king's bascinet, or those of the knight<sup>s</sup> armed in *imitation* of the king, being surrounded by a crown instead of a jewelled band, or fillet.

The seal of Owen Glendower, as Prince of Wales, exhibits that famous personage, on one side, in his robes of state, and, on the other, in complete armour, with his tilting helmet and crest, encircled by a coronet.

Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, is represented in his judicial costume on his monument in Harwood Church, Yorkshire.

For the dress of Falstaff and his companions the MSS. before mentioned must be consulted.

For the proper costume of the Ladies Northumberland, Percy, and Mortimer, we should point to the effigy of the Countess of Westmoreland, in Staindrop Church, Durham; and for that of Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, to the descriptions of Chaucer and the illuminated MSS. of the period



[Costume of Gentleman. Earl. MS., 231.]



[Costume of Lady. Countess of Westmoreland.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH  
 HENRY, *Prince of Wales*,  
 PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, } *sons to the King.*  
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } *friends to the King.*  
 SIR WALTER BLUNT,  
 THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*  
 HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*  
 HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, his son.*  
 EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*  
 SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*  
 SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the Archbishop.*  
 ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*  
 OWEN GLENDOWER.  
 SIR RICHARD VERNON.  
 SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
 POINS.  
 GADSHILL.  
 PETO.  
 BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*  
 Lady MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*  
 Mrs. QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,  
 Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE.—ENGLAND.

SOVERAYNE





[SCENE III.—"I remember, when the fight was done."]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir  
WALTER BLUNT, and others.*

*K. Hen.* So shaken as we are, so wan with  
care,  
Find me a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds<sup>a</sup> afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance<sup>b</sup> of this soil

<sup>a</sup> *Stronds*—strands—shores.

<sup>b</sup> *Entrance*. In the variorum editions of Shakspeare, except Malone's of 1821, we have the following correction of the text:—

"No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil."

This ingenious reading was suggested by Monck Mason, and adopted by Steevens, in defiance<sup>a</sup> of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture.<sup>b</sup> *Erinnys*, according to Monck Mason, is the Fury of Discord. He gives examples of the use of the name from Virgil, Lucan, and Statius. We will add another example from Ovid (Ep. vi.):—

"Sed tristic Erinnys

Prætulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces."

But such a change is beside the proper duty of an editor, whose business is not to attempt the improvement of his author, but to explain what he has written. *Entrance* could not be a misprint for *Erinnys*;—the words could not be confounded by a transcriber;—not could the ear mistake the one for the other. The first conjecture of Steevens that the word was *entrants* came within the proper line of editorial emendation;—the suggestion of *Douce*, *entrails*, is not far beyond it. But why is the original text to be disturbed at all?

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,"

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields;  
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-becoming ranks,  
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:

is somewhat obscure; but the obscurity is perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare, and in great part arises from the boldness of the metaphor. *Entrance* is put for *mouth*; and if we were to read—No more the thirsty mouth of this earth shall daub her lips with the blood of her own children—we should find little more difficulty than with the passage in Genesis, which was probably in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote the line:—"And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." The terms *entrance* and *mouth* are convertible even now—as the mouth of a river, for the entrance of a river.

Or, suppose the word *surface* stood in the place of *entrance*,—for as the *surface* is the outward part so is the *entrance*—the difficulty is lessened. "No more this soil shall daub her lips"—is clear;—"no more the thirsty surface of this soil shall daub her lips" is equally clear. The only difficulty, then, is in taking '*entrance*' to mean '*surface*.' A correspondent of the present editor suggests *crannies*; and there is authority for this in a line of the old King John, with reference to '*blood*':—

"Closing the crannies of the thirsty earth,"  
(which passage had been previously pointed out by Malone). We should be inclined to prefer *crannies*, did not *entrance* give a perfectly clear meaning if we receive it in the sense of *mouth*.

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;<sup>a</sup>  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;  
Therefore we meet not now:<sup>b</sup>—Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree,  
In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits<sup>c</sup> of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered:  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done,<sup>d</sup> as may not be,  
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems, then, that the tidings of this  
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This, match'd with other like, my gracious  
lord.

Far more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did report:<sup>e</sup>  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

<sup>a</sup> *Levy.* Gifford (Ben Jonson, v., 138) has properly rebuked the rash disposition of Stevens to meddle with the text, in a remark upon the passage before us. Stevens says, to *levy* a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt; and he proposes to read *lead*. "The expression is neither unexampled nor corrupt," says Gifford, "but good authorized English. One instance of it is before me: 'Scipio, before he *levied* his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured.' Gosson's School of Abuse, 1587."

<sup>b</sup> *Therefore we meet not now.* We do not meet now on that account.

<sup>c</sup> *Limits.* To limit is to define—and therefore the limits of the charge may be the calculations, the estimates.

<sup>d</sup> *Welshwomen.* *See.* The story is told in Walsingham, and may be found in Andrews' History of Great Britain, vol. I., part ii., p. 4.

<sup>e</sup> Our reading of this passage is that of the folio, and some of the quartos. The first quarto, which has been followed in most modern editions, is thus:—

"This, match'd with other, *did*, my gracious lord;  
For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did *import*."

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true-industrious  
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome  
news:

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk'd<sup>a</sup> in their own blood, did sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur  
took

Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas; and the earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West.* In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so blest a son:  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts:—What think  
you coz?

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is  
Worcester,

<sup>a</sup> *Balk'd.* To balk is to raise into ridges,—as in Minshew—"to balke, or make a balk in caring of land." Thus, the ten thousand bold Scots, balk'd in their own blood, are the slain heaped up—the "hills of dead" of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. Some conjecture the passage ought to be "balk'd in their own blood,"—as in Heywood's Iron Age,

"Troilus lies embalk'd  
In his cold blood."

Malevolent to you in all aspécts;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer  
this:

And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor; and so inform the lords;  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *An Apartment of the  
Prince's.*

*Enter HENRY, Prince of WALES, and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time o' day is it, lad?

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drink-  
ing of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after  
supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon,  
that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly  
which thou would'st truly know. What a devil  
hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless  
hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons,  
and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the  
signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun  
himself a fair hot wench in flame colour'd taffata;  
I see no reason why thou should'st be so super-  
fluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal:  
for we, that take purses, go by the moon and  
seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that  
wandering knight so fair.<sup>1</sup> And, I prithee,  
sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save  
thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou  
wilt have none,)—

*P. Hen.* What! none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth; not so much as will  
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then? come, roundly,  
roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art  
king, let not us that are squires of the night's  
body be called thieves of the day's beauty;<sup>2</sup> let  
us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,  
minions of the moon: And let men say, we be  
men of good government; being governed as the  
sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the  
moon, under whose countenance we steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well; and it holds well

too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's  
men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being  
governed as the sea is by the moon. As for  
proof<sup>3</sup> Now, a purse of gold most resolutely  
snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely  
spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—  
lay by;<sup>4</sup> and spent with crying—bring in:<sup>5</sup> now,  
in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and,  
by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the  
gallows.

*Fal.* Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my  
hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad  
of the castle.<sup>6</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most  
sweet robe of durance?<sup>7</sup>

*Fal.* How now, mad wag? what,  
in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague  
have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with  
my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning  
many a time and oft.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy  
part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast  
paid all there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my  
coin would stretch; and where it would not I  
have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that were it not here  
apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I  
prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows stand-  
ing in England when thou art king? and resolu-  
tion thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of  
old father antiek the law? Do not thou when  
thou art king hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave  
judge.

*P. Hen.* Thou judgest false already; I mean,  
thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and  
so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it

<sup>1</sup> *As for proof.* We point this according to the punctua-  
tion of the old copies.

<sup>2</sup> *Lay by*—stop. To *lay by*, in navigation, is to slacken sail.

<sup>3</sup> *Bring in*—the call to the drawers for more wine.

<sup>4</sup> *Old lad of the castle.* Lad of the castle was a somewhat  
common term in Shakspeare's time, and is found in several  
contemporary writers. Farmer says it meant *lad of Castile*  
—a Castilian. The passage in the text, in connexion with  
other circumstances, has given rise to the notion that Sir  
John Oldcastle was pointed at in the character of Falstaff.  
*See Introductory Notice.*

<sup>5</sup> *Robe of durance.* The *buff jerkin*, the coat of ox-skin,  
(*beauf*) was worn by sheriff's officers. It was a robe of  
durance, an "everlasting garment," as in the Comedy of  
Errors,—but it was also a robe of "durance" in a sense that  
would not furnish an agreeable association to one who was  
always in debt and danger, as Falstaff was.

<sup>6</sup> *Day's beauty*—perhaps *beauty* is meant to be pro-  
nounced *body*, as it is sometimes provincially.

jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Hen.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat,<sup>a</sup> or a lugged bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.<sup>2</sup>

*P. Hen.* What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?<sup>3</sup>

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration:<sup>b</sup> and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS, at a distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch.<sup>c</sup> O, if men were to be saved by

merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

*P. Hen.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?<sup>4</sup> Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Hen.* Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Hen.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill:<sup>5</sup> There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye,<sup>a</sup> Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou earnest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.<sup>b</sup>

*P. Hen.* Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cap.

*Fal.* Why that's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

<sup>a</sup> *Gib cat.* Gib and Tib were old English names for a male cat. We have Tybalt called "king of cats" in Romeo and Juliet. Tybert is the cat in Reynard the Fox. Chaucer, in the Romaunt of the Rose, gives "Gibbe," as the translation of "Thibert," the cat. The name appears to have been applied to an old male cat, whose gravity approaches to the character of melancholy.

<sup>b</sup> *Iteration*—repetition—not mere citation as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been retorting and distorting the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the *sun and moon*—the Prince retorts with the *sun and moon*;—Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense,—the Prince in another;—so of *judging*; and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint.

<sup>c</sup> *Set a watch.* The folio reads thus; the quartos *set a*

*match.* Steevens says, "as no *watch* is afterwards *set* I suppose *match* is the true reading." To "set a match" appears, from a passage in Ben Jonson, to be to "make an appointment." But Gadshill, it seems to us, was in communication with the chamberlain of the Rochester inn; and this chamberlain, who was to have a share in the "purchase," was the watch or spy that Gadshill had *set*. When Gadshill meets Falstaff and Poins he is received with "O, 'tis our *seller*."

<sup>d</sup> *Hear ye.* This, which is the reading of the old editions, was once changed into the feeble *Hear me*. "Hear ye" is the same as "Hark ye."

<sup>e</sup> *Ten shillings* was the value of the *royal*. Hence Falstaff's quibble.





W. J. Allen, del.

PRINCE HENRY, FOINS, AND FALSTAFF.

[C. M. Jenkins, sculp.]

*Ions.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.  
*Falstaff.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting. . . . Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.  
*Prince Henry.* Farewell, thou later spring! Farewell, All-hallowtown Summer!

*King Henry IV.* Part I. Act I., sc. 2.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallow'n summer!<sup>a</sup> [Exit FALSTAFF.]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,<sup>b</sup> shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P. Hen.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Hen.* Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah,<sup>c</sup> I have cases of buckram for the nonce,<sup>d</sup> to inmask our noted outward garments.

*P. Hen.* But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees

reason I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

*P. Hen.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me. To-morrow night<sup>e</sup> in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

*P. Hen.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come they wish'd-for  
come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes:<sup>b</sup>  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.  
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WOR-  
CESTER, HOTTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and  
others.

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and  
temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,

<sup>a</sup> *To-morrow night.* Steevens thinks we should read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed at four in the morning. But the Prince is thinking *less* of the exploit at Gadshill than of "the virtue of this jest—when we meet at supper,—after the robbery. Perhaps some intermediate place of meeting was thought of by the Prince;—but he breaks off exultingly, with his head full of the supper 'to-morrow night.' We have ventured to point the passage in this sense.

<sup>b</sup> *It pays*—expectations. Thus, the Tanner of Tamworth said to Edward IV., "I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow."

<sup>a</sup> *All-hallow'n summer*—Summer in November—on the first of which month is the feast of All-hallows, or All Saints.

<sup>b</sup> *Falstaff, &c.* In the old copies we read, "Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill." Harvey and Rossil were, most probably, the names of actors, for Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers. (See Act II.) The correction was made by Theobald.

<sup>c</sup> *Sirrah*, in this and other passages is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, hat!* which etymology agrees with Shakspeare's general application of the term.

<sup>d</sup> *For the nonce.* Gifford's explanation of this phrase, (which is also the interpretation of Lord Hailes) is undoubtedly the true one. "For the nonce is simply for the once—for the one thing in question, whatever it be." \* \* \* The progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers,—'a ones'—'an ones'—'for the ones'—'for the names'—'for the nonces'—'for the nonce.'" [See Johnson's Works, vii., 218.]

I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;<sup>a</sup>  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young  
down,

And therefore lest that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little  
deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own  
hands

Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,—

*K. Hen.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremp-  
tory,<sup>b</sup>

And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier<sup>c</sup> of a servaunt brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*

You were about to speak.

[*To NORTH.*

*North.* Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name de-  
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision<sup>d</sup>

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hol.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly  
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

<sup>a</sup> Condition—temper of mind.

<sup>b</sup> We print these three lines as in the old copies. Steevens, who was followed in the current editions, tampered with them thus:—

“Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger,  
And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,  
Your presence is too bold and peremptory.”

<sup>c</sup> Frontier. Steevens says “frontier was anciently used for *forchard*,” but assuredly it is not so used here. What means “the moody forehead of a brow?” Capell, who has been unwisely neglected, through his general obscurity, tells us that “frontier is a metaphorical expression, highly proper, implying—arm'd to oppose: opposition to the will of a master being as plainly indicated by such a ‘brow’ as the king is describing, as war by a town or town’s frontier, furnished against invasion.” (Notes and various Readings, vol. i. p. 153.)

<sup>d</sup> Misprision. So the quartos. The folio reads

“Who either through envy or misprision,”

He gave his nose, and took't away again;  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff.<sup>e</sup> and still he smil'd and talk'd;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmanly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being  
cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or should not;—for he made me  
mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the  
mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,

That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and but for these vile guns

He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly,<sup>f</sup> as I said;

And, I beseech you, let not this report

Come current for an accusation,

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my  
lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest re-told,

May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;

But with proviso, and exception,

That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those that he did lead to fight

Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;

Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then

Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?

<sup>e</sup> Snuff. Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

<sup>f</sup> I answered indirectly. So the quartos. The folio “made me to answer indirectly.”





Alfred Ewars, R. A., del.

HORSER AND THE FOP.

*Hotspur.* " And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He called them untaught knives, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility."

*Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. Sc. 3.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.



Shall we buy treason? and indent with feres,<sup>a</sup>  
 When they have lost and forfeit themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hol.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war;—To prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those  
 wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedge bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did  
 they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,<sup>i</sup>  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy<sup>b</sup>  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou  
 dost belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower;  
 I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumber-  
 land,

We license your departure with your son:—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and TRENCHARD.*]

*Hol.* And if the devil come and roar for them  
 I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and  
 pause awhile;

Herc comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hol.* Speak of Mortimer?  
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 In his behalf<sup>a</sup> I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and eanker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your  
 nephew mad. [To WORCESTER.]

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up, after I was  
 gone?

*Hol.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd  
 pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: Was he not pro-  
 claim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

*North.* He was: I heard the proclamation:  
 And then it was, when the unhappy king  
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition;  
 From whence he, intercepted, did return  
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's  
 wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

*Hol.* But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard  
 then

Proclaim my brother Mortimer  
 Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hol.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin  
 king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
 But shall it be that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
 Of murderous subornation, shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
 O, pardon,<sup>b</sup> if that I descend so low,  
 To shew the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.  
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power

<sup>a</sup> *Feres.* The usual reading is *fears*. We have explained our reasons for the change in the Illustrations to this Act.—Illustration 5.

<sup>b</sup> *Base and rotten policy.* This is the reading of the folio—the quartos, *bare*. *Bare policy*, Monck Mason well observes, is no policy at all.

<sup>a</sup> *In his behalf.* This is the reading of the folio;—the quartos, *yea*, on his part.

<sup>b</sup> *O, pardon, if.* So the folio and some of the quartos;—the first quarto, and that of 1604, *O, pardon me*.

Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker,<sup>a</sup> Bolingbroke?  
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud king; who studies, day and  
night,

To answer all the debt he owes unto you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,——

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more;  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hol.* If he fall in, good night:—or sink or  
swim:—

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple;—the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hol.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy  
leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd  
moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might  
wear,

Without corival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.—  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,  
And list to me.<sup>b</sup>

*Hol.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
That are your prisoners,——

*Hol.* I'll keep them all;  
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;

No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hol.* Nay, I will; that's flat:—  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you,  
Cousin; a word.

*Hol.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gull and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of  
Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-tongue<sup>c</sup> and impa-  
tient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hol.* Why look you, I am whipp'd and  
scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the  
place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'T was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;  
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hol.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,  
And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—  
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive  
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again;  
We'll stay your leisure.

<sup>a</sup> *This canker.* The canker is the dog-rose—the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. In *Much Ado about Nothing* we have, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace."

<sup>b</sup> *And list to me.* This short line is found in the folio, but not in the quartos.

<sup>c</sup> *A wasp-tongue.* *Wasp-stung*, which finds a place in most editions, is the reading of the first quarto. Steevens says Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth;—Malone properly replies—"it means only having a tongue as peevish and mischievous as a wasp."

*Hot.* I have done, in sooth.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is 't not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation<sup>a</sup>  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wond'rous well.

*North.* Before the game's afoot thou still  
lett'st slip.<sup>b</sup>

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble  
plot:—

And then the power of Scotland and of York,—

<sup>a</sup> Estimation—conjecture.

<sup>b</sup> Lett'st slip. The greyhound is held in slips, and is loosened when 't the game's a-foot."

To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 't is no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head:  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt;  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does; we 'll be reveng'd on  
him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,  
Than I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly;<sup>a</sup>  
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall  
thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our  
sport!  
[Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> Suddenly. We make the sentence here end, as in the first folio. The modern editors read,

"No further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe," &c.



[SCENE II.—Globe Hill. \* Early at Gabbell,"]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

### 1 SCENE II.—“*Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.*”

THE “wandering knight so fair” was the *Knight of the Sun*, who, when Don Quixote disputed with the Curate which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, was maintained by master Nicolas, the barber-surgeon, to be that knight to whom “none ever came up.” The adventures of the Knight of the Sun were translated into English in 1585; and the renowned worthy is described in the romance not only as a prodigious “wanderer” but as “most excellently fair.” Falstaff’s allusion to the romance would be well understood by many of Shakspeare’s audience; nor would they object to the sun being represented as a wanderer, according to the long-received theory which the discoveries of Copernik had scarcely then shaken. Douce thinks the allusion was to a spiritual romance, translated from the French, by the name of the Wandering Knight; and which may have suggested to Bunyan the idea of his Pilgrim’s Progress.

### 2 SCENE II.—“*The drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.*”

Stevens is of opinion that the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe is here used, metaphorically, for the croak of the frog in the marshes. Malone, by an apt quotation, has shewn that a bagpipe was peculiar to Lincolnshire. The following passage is from “A Nest of Ninnies. By Robert Armin.” (1608):—

“At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire; when brawne is in season, and indeed all reveling is regarded; this gallant knight kept open house for all comers, were beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstrells to serve up the knight’s meate, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing.”

### 3 SCENE II.—“*The melancholy of Moor-ditch.*”

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, was not only stinking, poisonous, muddy, black, as described by Thomas Decker, in 1606, but it was bounded by an unwholesome and impassable morass; so that the citizens, who had many beautiful suburban fields, regarded this quarter as amongst the melancholy places in which pestilence continually lurked, and which they naturally shunned.

### 4 SCENE II.—“*Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*”

The favourite potato of Falstaff—“a good sherris-sack”—which, with the genial knight, “ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which en-

viron it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,”—has had a somewhat different effect upon certain expounders of its virtues. The solemn disputations which the world has seen upon the nature of “sherris-sack”—whether it was sweet or dry—whether it was Sherry or Malaga—whether the name *sack* was derived from *sec*, because it was dry, or from *secco*, because it was sold in a bag—why Falstaff drank it with sugar, and why he eschewed lime in it—have wasted much learned ink; and, like many other controversies, the questions which have agitated the disputants seem to be left pretty much in their original obscurity. It may be sufficient to refer to Dr. Drake (Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 130) for the main argument, on one side, that “sherris-sack” was not our Sherry, but was a sweet wine; and to Archdeacon Nares (Glossary, art. Sack) on the other hand, that “sherris-sack” was undoubtedly the same wine which we now call Sherry, a wine of the dry or rough kind. There appears only one thing quite certain in the controversy,—that the English in the time of Elizabeth were accustomed to put sugar in their wines; and this fact rests upon the authority of Paul Hentzner and Fynes Moryson.

### 5 SCENE II.—“*But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o’clock, early at Gadshill.*”

We have given a view of Gadshill, which appears to have been a place notorious for robberies before the time of Shakspeare;—for Stevens discovered an entry of the date of 1558, in the books of the Stationers’ Company, of a Ballad entitled “The Robbery at Gadshill.” But Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, (to whom the public is indebted for the discovery and publication of many curious historical documents, and to whom we are under many personal obligations for valuable suggestions as to the conduct of this edition of Shakspeare), communicated to Mr. Boswell a narrative in the hand-writing of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dated 3d July, 1590, which shews that Gadshill was at that period the resort of a band of robbers of more than usual daring. The Chief Baron, it seems, indicted “certain malefactors” upon suspicion of the robberies; and this document contains a narrative of his proceedings. The robbers were, it seems, like Falstaff’s companions, mounted, and wore visors; and the unhappy travellers whom they plundered are, in the narrative, called “true men.” We cannot afford space for more than one paragraph from this paper, which is printed at length in Boswell’s edition of Malone’s Shakspeare, vol. xvi., page 432:—“In the course of that Michaelmas Term, I being at London, many robberies were done in the by-ways at Gadeshill on the west part of Rochester, and at Chatham Down on the east part of Rochester, by horse thieves, with such fat and lusty horses as were not like hackney horses nor far journeying horses; and one of them

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

sometimes wearing a vizard grey beard, he was by common report in the country called Justice Grey Beard; and no man durst travel that way without great company."

7 SCENE III.—"Who then affrighted," &c.

The author of "A Dialogue on Taste," 1762, speaking of this passage, says,—“Had not Shakspeare been perverted by wrong taste and imitation, he could never have produced such lines as these. Nature could never have pointed out to him that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not.” We like, now and then, to shew our readers what was the standard of criticism, combining the qualities of pertness and dullness, in the early days of George III. Johnson alludes, we believe, to this criticism (which we have dragged from its obscurity) when he explains that “Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood.” We presume, according to the author of the Dialogue on Taste, that Milton said the thing that was not, when he described Sabrina, another tutelary power of the Severn, rising “attended by water nymphs,” and singing that exquisite lay

“By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays.”

6 SCENE III.—“*Indent with feres.*”

The old copies all read

“Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?”

The modern copies invariably read “indent with *feres*.” To “indent” is to agree—to sign an indenture—to make a contract. When the king complains that Hotspur still doth deny his prisoners, unless Mortimer is ransom’d “at our own charge,” he asks “shall we buy treason?”—shall we pay the ransom of Mortimer to Glendower, when they both are revolted—both allied in treason against me, by a family compact? But what are the *feres* with which the king refuses to indent,

“When they have lost and forfeited themselves?”

How can a contract be made with ‘*feres*’? how can ‘*feres*’ forfeit themselves? The earlier commentators say that ‘*feres*’ may be used in the active sense for ‘*treason*’; or that ‘*feres*’ may be substituted for ‘*fearful people*’—for ‘*dastards*’, who have lost or forfeited themselves. Mr. Collier says that “indent with *feres*,” means “subscribe an indenture as if under apprehension.” Mr. Dyce has “not the smallest doubt that *feres* is equivalent to objects of fear.” We have ventured, without any support from preceding editors, to substitute the word *feres*, in sound the same as the received reading. A *feres*, as is known to all students of our early poetry, is a *companion*. In “The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine,” (Percy’s Reliques, vol. iii.) we have,

“What when lords go with their *feres*, she said,  
Both to the ale and wine.”

If *feres*, then, were to be taken in the general

sense of companions, brethren, associates,—and in this particular case applied to Glendower and Mortimer who have become fellows, colleagues, confederates,—we should have a very fair reading—certainly a superior reading to *feres*. But in the passage before us, we are inclined to think, *feres* has a meaning beyond that merely of *mates* or *companions*, which is the familiar usage;—a meaning which was very likely to present itself to Shakspeare, from his undoubted acquaintance with legal phrases and customs connected with tenures. The word *feres*, *feere*, *pher*, or *phear*, as it is variously written, is derived from the Saxon *fera*, or *giferfa*, a companion; but it is precisely from the same species of derivation that we obtain the word *vassal*. The *feudal vassals* have been supposed to have had their origin in the *comites*, (*companions*), attending each of the German chiefs in war; and the word *vassal* itself, following its derivation from the German *gesell*, means a helper or *subordinate associate*. We believe, then, that the king, in the passage before us, alludes to Mortimer and Glendower as his revolted *vassals*—they are *feres*, with whom the king refuses to “indent.”

“When they have lost and forfeited themselves.”

But in this line and a half we have two other technical words, *indent* and *forfeited*. A *deed* is, in law, either an indenture or a deed poll. An indenture is a deed between two parties,—a deed poll is the declaration of one party. The king, then, refuses to put himself upon equal terms with Mortimer and Glendower—to *indent* with those who are his *feres*, his *vassals*. But these *vassals* are further not in a condition to make a contract with their *lord*,—they have *forfeited* themselves—by their treason they have incurred the forfeiture of their *fees*, or *fiefs*. And this brings us to the connexion which appears to us to subsist between the words *fee* and *feres*. Lands held under the feudal obligation to a superior lord were held in *fee*. We have an example, in Skelton’s Lament upon the Earl of Northumberland:—

“More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,  
And all other gentilmen with hym entereid  
In *fee*, as menyall men of his housold,  
Whom he as lord worshepley maneyed.”

Here, the companions of the earl, the *feres*, were entertained in *fee*. We are not aware of any English example which would show that the holders in *fee* were called *feres*;—but in Scotland, whilst an estate held by a vassal under a superior is a *Feu*, the possessor of such an estate is a *Fearar*. The different names which have originated in the feudal system, for the *estate* and the *tenant*, the one name arises out of the other, stand thus:

Feud .....	Feud-ary.
Feod .....	Feod-ary—Feod-ary.
Feoff .....	Feoff-ee.
Feu .....	Feu-ar.
Fee .....	Fee-ere—Phe-er—Phe-are—Fere.

To these words we may probably have to add our word *Peer*, the origin of which it is usual to ascribe to the Latin *par*. But it appears to us that it is the same word as *Pheer*. That *peer* was anciently used in the sense of *companion* may be proved by the following quotation from Wiclif’s Translation

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

of the Bible: (Matthew, chap. ii., v. 16.) "It is lyk to children sittynge in chepyng that crien to her *peers*." Our authorized translation of the Bible gives us the same passage as follows: "It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows." We see, then, that *gesell, comes, count, fellow, peer, and fere*, are all equivalent to *vassal*, in the sense of *companion*. But it is more than possible, that the *fere, pheer, or peer*, were companions subject to a superior, and endowed by him with grants of land in *fee*—the only mode by which, in the early feudal times, any of the associates, followers, fellows, companions, of the chief could be maintained. A remarkable illustration of our belief that *Peer* and *Fere* were cognate terms,—and that a *Fere* or *Peer* was one holding of the Crown in *Fee*,—is furnished by the title which the famous John Napier attached to his name. At the end of the Dedication to his "Plain Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John,"—in the edition of 1645, Napier signs himself

"*Peer* of Marchistown." Mr. Mark Napier, in the Life of his great ancestor, (1834) says that the true signature is "*Fear* of Marchistown," and that "*Fear*" means that he was invested with the *Fee* of his paternal Barony. "*Peer*," might have been a printer's or transcriber's substitution for "*Fear*;"—or "*Fear*" might have been rejected by Napier for the more common word "*Peer*." Such a change took place in a passage in Titus Andronicus. Whilst the only quarto edition of that play, and the first folio, describe (Act IV.) Tarquin as a *feere*, the word subsequently became changed to *Peer*, and was restored by Tyrwhitt. If the critical student will not accept *feres* or *feires*, in the sense of vassals, there is the word *feodars*, which might be easily misprinted *feares*, and which gives a clear meaning, and accords with the rhythm of the line. For the use of this term, in the sense of those holding *feods*, Marston is an authority in the drama:—

"For seventeen kings were Carthage *feodars*."  
"Wonder of Women."

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE events which form the action of the first part of Henry IV. are included within a period of ten months. The battle of Holmedon, or Homildon, the result of which the king communicates in the first scene, was fought on the 14th September, 1402, and the battle of Shrewsbury, with which the fifth act closes, took place on the 21st July, 1403.

After the defeat of Hepburn of Hales, by the Earl of March, at Nesbit Moor, in 1402, Archibald Earl Douglas, the Douglas of this play, "sore displeas'd in his mind for this overthrow, procur'd a commission to invade England." So writes Holinshed. The Douglas with an army of ten thousand men advanced as far as Newcastle, but finding no army to oppose him, he retreated loaded with plunder, and satisfied with the devastation he had committed and the terror he had produced. The king at this time was vainly chasing Glendower up and down his mountains; but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur gathered a powerful army, and intercepted Douglas on his return to Scotland. This army awaited the Scots near Milfield, in the north of Northumberland, and Douglas, upon arriving in sight of his enemy, took up a strong post upon Homildon Hill. The English weapon, the long bow, decided the contest, for the Scots fell almost without fight. The desperate valour of two Scotch knights, Swinton and Gordon, forms the subject of Sir Walter Scott's spirited dramatic sketch of Halidon Hill. But he has transferred the incidents of Holmedon to another scene and another period. "For who," he says, "would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur." Shakspeare took the names of the prisoners at Holmedon from Holinshed: but from some confusion in the Chronicle's recital, he has made Mordake, Earl of Fife, the eldest son of Douglas, when in truth he was the son of the Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland; and he has omitted Douglas himself, who was the chief of the prisoners. There is a dramatic propriety in

our poet making Sir Walter Blunt, "the dear and true industrious friend" of the king, bring the "smooth and welcome news" of this great victory; and in this he is neither borne out nor contradicted by the Chronicles. An entry, however, has been found in the Pell Rolls, of a grant of forty pound; yearly "To Nicholas Merbury for other good services, as also because the same Nicholas was the first person who reported for a certainty to the said lord the king, the good, agreeable, and acceptable news of the success of the late expedition at Holmedon, near Wollor." [Wooler.]

Holinshed thus describes the origin of the quarrel between the Percies and the king:—

"Henry Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas Earl of Worcester, and his son, the Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake Earl of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: wherewith the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the council of the Lord Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him that, either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true.



## KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

“The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer that the Earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him, nor release him.

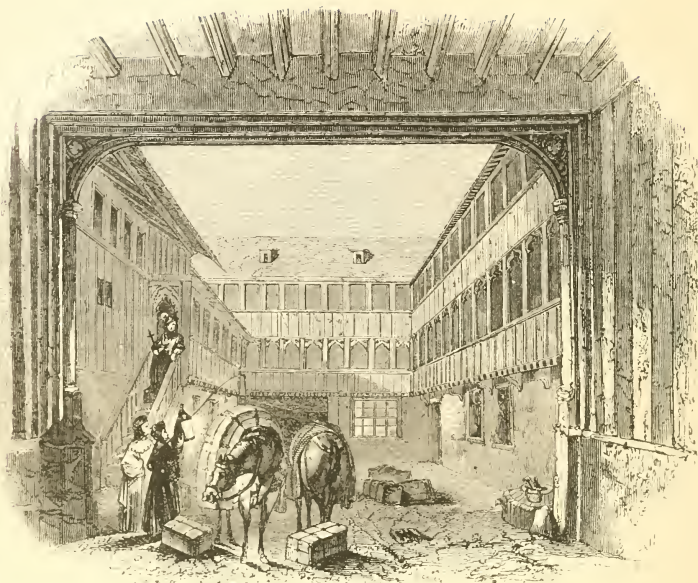
“The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, inasmuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high throne of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund Earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the aforesaid Owen Glendower.”

The refusal of Henry IV. to ransom Mortimer, or to allow him to be ransomed, proceeded from a not unnatural jealousy; but the prisoner of Glen-

dower was not “the heir of the realm,” as Holinshed represents, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of the young Earl of March, whom Henry kept in close custody, because he had a prior claim to the crown by succession. Sir Edmund Mortimer was the “brother-in-law” to Hotspur, who had married his sister. Shakspeare has, of course, followed Holinshed in confounding Sir Edmund Mortimer with the Earl of March; but those from whom accuracy is required have fallen into the same error as the old Chronicler,—amongst others Rapin and Hume. A despatch of the king to his council states, “The rebels have taken my beloved cousin, Esmun Mortymer.” Edmund, Earl of March, was at this period only ten years old, and a state prisoner.

The Earl of Westmoreland, who appears through out this play as one of the most faithful adherents of the king, was a partisan of Bolingbroke from his first landing. We shall find him in the second part of Henry IV., actively engaged in suppressing the insurrection in Yorkshire.





[Ancient Inn-Yard.—SCENE I.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain<sup>a</sup> is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

*Ost.* [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.<sup>b</sup>

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

<sup>a</sup> *Charles' wain.* The churl's wain—the countryman's waggon. The popular name for the constellation of the Great Bear.

<sup>b</sup> *Out of all cess.* Ex-cess-ively. The French *sans cesse* is supposed by Cotgrave to be the same as *out of all cess.*

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;<sup>1</sup> it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.<sup>2</sup>

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a toach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,<sup>a</sup> to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.<sup>3</sup>

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head?

<sup>a</sup> *Razes of ginger.* Mr. Grant White says "a raze of ginger, according to Theobald, was a package, and must be distinguished from a race, which was merely a root." See Hakluyt, vol. iii. p. 493.

canst not hear? An't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.<sup>a</sup>

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?<sup>b</sup>—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

*[Exeunt Carriers.*

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good-morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: Thero's a franklin in the wild of Kent<sup>c</sup> hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks<sup>d</sup> I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang old sir John hangs with me; and

<sup>a</sup> *Two o'clock.* The carrier is deceiving Gadshill. He has just said it is four o'clock.

<sup>b</sup> *Ay, when? canst tell?*—a slang phrase, which we also find in the *Comedy of Errors*. It seems equivalent to the modern "I wish you may get it."

<sup>c</sup> *Wild of Kent.* Unmistakably the wild of Kent.

<sup>d</sup> *Saint Nicholas' clerks*—thieves.

thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long staff, sixpenny strikers;<sup>a</sup> none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms:<sup>b</sup> but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers;<sup>c</sup> such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will: justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,<sup>d</sup> we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith; I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,<sup>d</sup> as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go too; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

1 *Hen.* Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

1 *Hen.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

<sup>a</sup> *Sixpenny strikers*,—petty footpads—robbers for six-pences.

<sup>b</sup> *Malt-worms*—drunkards.

<sup>c</sup> *Oneyers.* Pope interprets this *oneyera*—trustees or commissioners—*Thombald, moneyers*: Hammer, *owens*, *Handinge, moneyers*—mistmen; *Capeti, moneyers*; Malone, *oneyers*, public accountants. Johnson wisely dispenses with such subtleties, and thinks that *great oneyers* is merely a cant phrase for *great ones*. The various editions contain many comments on other parts of Gadshill's slang, which leave the text pretty much as they found it.

<sup>d</sup> *Purchase.* This was another soft name for a theft, of the same kind as *convey*. (See note to Richard II., Act IV.)

*Fal.* Where 's Poins, Hal?

*P. Hen.* He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.]

*Fal.* I am accused to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire<sup>a</sup> further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time these two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt<sup>b</sup> me thus?

*P. Hen.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

*Enter* GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 't is our setter: I know his voice; Bardolph, what news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There 's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*P. Hen.* You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them.

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds! will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, sir John Faunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* We'll leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt* P. HENRY and POINS.]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

*Enter* Travellers.

*I Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand.

*Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

*I Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbelled knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;<sup>a</sup> I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Here they rob and bind the travellers.*  
*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the others.]

<sup>a</sup> *Chuffs.* The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen pampered glutton.

<sup>b</sup> This is the old stage direction, as is the longer one in the next column, "As they are sharing," &c.

<sup>a</sup> *By the squire*—by the rule.

<sup>b</sup> *To colt*—to trick.

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the true men:<sup>a</sup> Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Eal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

*P. Hen.* Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]

*Poins.* Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them; they all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]<sup>b</sup>

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd! [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*<sup>5</sup>

*Enter HOTSPEUR, reading a letter.*

—‘But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.’—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous;’—Why, that’s certain; ’t is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time

itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.’—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish’d woman from my Harry’s bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is ’t that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;

And start so often when thou sitt’st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-ey’d musing and curs’d melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch’d,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk’d

Of sallies and retires;<sup>a</sup> of trenches, tents;

Of palisadoes, frontiers,<sup>b</sup> parapets;

<sup>a</sup> True men. See narrative of robberies at Gadshill [Illustrations to Act I.].

<sup>b</sup> Falstaff staying behind after the rest have run away, and giving a blow or two, is clearly not represented as an absolute coward.

<sup>a</sup> Retires—retreats.

<sup>b</sup> Frontiers. A frontier is something standing in front. Thus the frontier of a territory is the part opposed to fronting, another territory;—and in this way a fort is a frontier, as in this passage.

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;<sup>6</sup>  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the current<sup>a</sup> of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden haste.<sup>b</sup> O, what portents  
 are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet  
 gone?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.<sup>c</sup>

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from  
 the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it  
 not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé!*<sup>d</sup>—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise: But if you go—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question that I shall ask.<sup>e</sup>

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,

Away, you trifer!—Love?—I love thee not,

<sup>a</sup> *Current.* So the folio. Some editions read 'currents, for occurrences, occurrences. But surely "the current of a heady fight,"—the course, the rush, presents no difficulty.

<sup>b</sup> *Haste.* So the folio and several quartos; the first quarto, *heat*.

<sup>c</sup> *Age.* So the quartos. The folio *agone*, which makes an unpleasant jingle with the *gone* of the preceding line.

<sup>d</sup> *Esperancé.* This is the motto of the Percy family. *Hotspur* pictures himself on his roan,—his throne—and leading on his men with the family war-cry. The passage is generally printed *O Esperancé*; but not so in the old editions. *Esperancé* is here a word of four syllables, as in the second scene of the fourth Act;—Shakspeare knowing that in French metre the *e* final always forms a syllable.

<sup>e</sup> *Shall ask.* So the folio. Several of the quartos omit *shall*.

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world  
 To play with marmets<sup>a</sup> and to tilt with lips:  
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
 And pass them current too.—Gods me, my  
 horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou  
 have with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,  
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I will swear  
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
 I must not have you henceforth question me  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I will believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you,  
 Kate:

Whither I go thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's  
 Head Tavern.*<sup>7</sup>

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat  
 room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads,  
 amongst three or four score hogsheds. I have  
 sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah,  
 I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and  
 can call them all by their christian names, as  
 —Tom, Dick, and Francis.<sup>8</sup> They take it already  
 upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince  
 of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell  
 me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but  
 a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and  
 when I am king of England, I shall command

<sup>a</sup> *Marmets*—puppets.

all the good lads in Eastebeap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,<sup>a</sup> they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,<sup>b</sup> clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence, and You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so.* But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Hen.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis! [Exit POINS.]

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

*P. Hen.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [Within.] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

*Poins.* [Within.] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* [Within.] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

*P. Hen.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* [Within.] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Hen.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkün, crystal button, nolt-pated,<sup>a</sup> agate-ring, puke-stocking,<sup>b</sup> caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*P. Hen.* Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What sir?

*Poins.* [Within.] Francis!

*P. Hen.* Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.

[Exit FRAN.]

My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

*P. Hen.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Hen.* I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours, since the old days

<sup>a</sup> Nolt-pated—with the hair cut close. A word of contempt equivalent to the roundhead of the next half century.

<sup>b</sup> Puke stocking. Puke, puce, is a sober brown colour. The prince describes the drawer's master as a person whose dress and appearance were entirely opposite to those of the gay courtiers who frequented his house. The Caddis garter the garter of ferret, matches the puce stocking.

<sup>c</sup> Pennyworth of sugar—to sweeten the wine. (See Illustrations to Act I.)

of Goodman Adam, to the pupil age<sup>a</sup> of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

*Franc.* ANON, ANON, SIR.

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—'Eye upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers, 'Some fourteen'—an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.<sup>b</sup>

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a spotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old:

<sup>a</sup> *Pupil age*—the young time of this present midnight, contrasted with the old days of Goodman Adam. Bacon, on the contrary, makes the present time the old days, and the days of Adam the pupil age, of the world.

<sup>b</sup> *Didst thou never see Titan*, &c. We have three mortal pages of commentary on this passage in the variorum editions. We adopt Warburton's reading, which appears to present no difficulty: "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter that melted at the sweet tale of the sun." "Pitiful-hearted Titan" is parenthetical. The first quarto reads "at the sweet tale of the sun's"—the folio "of the sun." Falstaff is the "compound," that looks like a dish of butter in the sun.

God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing:<sup>a</sup> A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,<sup>b</sup> and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague on all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,—

<sup>a</sup> This is the reading of the early quartos. The corrections in the folio make a large concession to a more decorous system of morals, which some deemed puritanical. For example, in this passage we have "all manner of songs."

<sup>b</sup> *Dagger of lath*. The Vice in the old Moralities was thus armed, as described in *Twelfth Night*. The modern Harlequin, who is the lineal descendant of the Vice, retains the lath.



*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought he with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*P. Hen.* Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.\*

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, be said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green<sup>b</sup> came at

my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,<sup>c</sup>—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,<sup>d</sup> or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to back thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

<sup>a</sup> *Ketch.* All the old copies read *catch*. A *ketch* is a tub—a *cask*; a *tallow-cask* is no unapt comparison for Falstaff. Some editions read *keech*, and Dr. Percy says that a *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox rolled up in a lump. *Catch* and *keech* appear to have been formerly spelt the same. Our musical *catch* is *kech* in Beaumont and Fletcher. *Ketch* and *cask* are each derived from the French *caisse*.

\* This line belongs to the Prince in the early quartos; Poins was substituted in the folio. It seems more correct that Poins should not interpose.

<sup>b</sup> *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* My lord the prince,—

*P. Hen.* How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*P. Hen.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Hen.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Hen.* Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the

manner,\* and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P. Hen.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*P. Hen.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Cholera, my lord, if rightly taken.

*P. Hen.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Braey from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado,<sup>10</sup> and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook;<sup>11</sup>—What, a plague, call you him?—

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

*P. Hen.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running.

*Fal.* A horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. Hen.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

\* Taken with the manner—taken with a stolen thing in hand. (See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Scene I.)

*P. Hen.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Hen.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of his life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leader dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* This is excellent sport, i' faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being

son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a nicher,<sup>a</sup> and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears: not in pleasure, but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare.

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry? whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*P. Hen.* Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a ton of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that botching-butch of bestialness, that sworn parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years!

<sup>a</sup> Nicher—truant.

Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,<sup>a</sup> but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you.<sup>b</sup> Whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know, thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*]

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

*Host.* O, my lord, my lord!—

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

<sup>a</sup> *Cunning*—skilful.

<sup>b</sup> *Take me with you.* A common expression for let me know your meaning.

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras;<sup>12</sup>—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and PETO.*]

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.—

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men unto this house.

*P. Hen.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal.

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men

He shall be answerable; and, so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Hen.* I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

*P. Hen.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*Peto searches.*] What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what he they: read them.

*Peto.* Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 3d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny. *Ob.*<sup>a</sup>

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll

<sup>a</sup> *Ob.* The old mode of writing a halfpenny. But we must give expression to the meaning, or the passage would be unintelligible on the modern stage.

procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.<sup>b</sup> The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Twelve score.* The common phraseology for twelve score yards. We have in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score."

<sup>b</sup> In the old copies the dialogue about the contents of Falstaff's pocket is between the Prince and *Peto.* Johnson transferred the dialogue to *Poins*, saying—"Poins has the Prince's confidence, and is a man of courage—they all retired but *Poins*, who, with the Prince, having only robbed the robbers had no need to conceal himself from the travellers."



[SCENE IV.—Room in the Bear's Head.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

SCENE I.—“*Never joyed since the price of oats rose.*”

IN 1596 the price of grain was exceedingly high, “by colour of the unseasonableness of this summer;” and Elizabeth issued a Proclamation against Ingrossers. This play was undoubtedly written about 1596; and Shakspeare had most probably the scarcity in his mind when he made the dear outs kill poor “Robin ostler.”

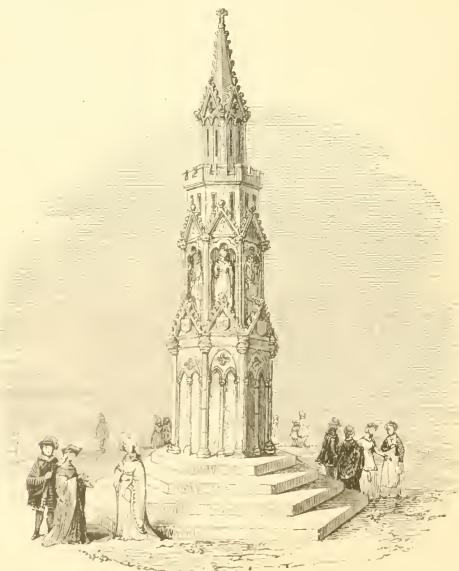
<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Stung like a tench.*”

The second carrier appears to have had some popular knowledge of the natural history of fishes. The tench which is stung, and the loach which breeds fleas, appear to be allusions to the fact that fish, at particular seasons, are infested with vermin. The particular charge against *fleas*, of troubling

fish as they do lodgers “within victualling houses and inns,” is gravely set forth in Philemon Holland’s translation of Pliny.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—*Charing Cross.*

Charing was anciently a village detached from London; and Charing Cross was erected on the last spot where the body of Eleanor, the queen of Edward I., rested, in the road to Westminster. The cross was pulled down by the populace in 1643, through that intolerant fury against what were called superstitious edifices which has destroyed so many beautiful monuments of art in this country and in Scotland. We subjoin a view of Charing Cross, from an old drawing in the Crowle Collection, Brit. Mus.



<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*We have the receipt of fern seed.*”

The ancients believed that fern had no seed. In Holland’s translation of Pliny we find, “Of fern be two kinds, and they bear neither flower nor seed.”

The seed of the fern is so small as to escape the sight; and thus, although our ancestors believed that the plant bore seed, they held that it was only visible to those who sought for it under peculiar influences. It was on St. John’s Eve that the fern

## KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

seed was held to become visible, and that at the precise moment of the birth of the saint. Its possession, it was further held, conferred invisibility. Fletcher, in "The Fair Maid of the Inn," says

"Had you Gyges' ring,  
Or the herb that gives invisibility?"

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—*Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

The following engraving represents a part of the interior that is remaining of Warkworth Castle, the ancient seat of the Percies. In the second part we shall furnish an exterior view, and a description, of this celebrated building.



### <sup>4</sup> SCENE III.—*"Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin."*

Douce, in a note on this passage, supposes the names of ordnance, such as basilisk and culverin, to be derived from the names of serpents. He tells us that a basilisk carried a ball weighing two hundred pounds. Neither Douce nor other commentators have noticed a passage in Harrison's Description of England, which contains "the names of our greatest ordnance,"—and where the basilisk, the cannon, and the culverin, are fully described. The basilisk, the largest of all, weighed 9000 pounds, and carried a ball of 67 pounds;—the cannon weighed 7000 pounds, and also carried a ball of 60 pounds.—(but this weight of ball would appear to be a misprint)—and the culverin weighed 4000 pounds, and carried a ball of 18 pounds. Harrison gives a wondrous account of a great gun,

compared with which the English basilisk must have been a pocket-pistol: "The Turk had one gun made by one Orben, a Dane, the master of his ordnance, which could not be drawn to the siege of Constantinople but by seventy yokes of oxen and two thousand men."

### <sup>7</sup> SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern.*

"Who knows not Eastcheap and the Bear's Head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the Indian Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Humbugs, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting tops?" We quote this passage from Leigh Hunt's delightful "Indicator." Mr. Hunt, we take it, is speaking of the endearing associations of the Bear's Head—not of a real brick and stone tavern. But God-forth, it would appear, had sat in the Bear's Head of Shakespeare. We quote the following from his Essays:—

"Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Bear's Head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral metry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time."

Alas! the real Bear's Head was destroyed in the great fire of London; and its successor, that rose up out of the ruins, has been swept away with the old London Bridge, to which it was a neighbour. We can no longer make a pilgrimage even to the second Bear's Head. "The earliest notice of this place," says Mr. Brayley in his *Londons*, "occurs in the testament of William Warden, who, in the reign of Richard II., gave 'all that his testament, called the Bear's Head, Eastcheap, to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.'"

In an enumeration of taverns, in an old black letter poem, we find the

<sup>10</sup> Bear's Head, nere London Stone."

"The Bear's Head, in Southwark," is noticed in one of the Paston Letters, written in the time of Henry VI. Shakespeare found "the Old Tavern in Eastcheap" in the anonymous play described in our Introductory Notice.

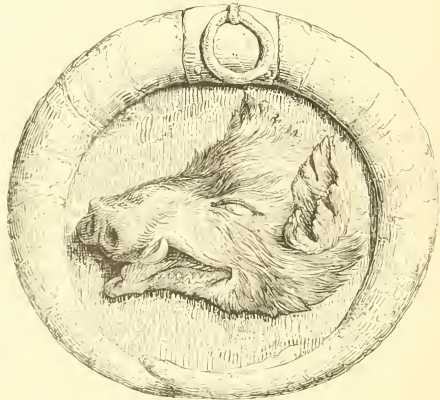
But of the original Bear's Head there remains a very interesting and to all appearances authentic relic. At any rate we will venture in its authenticity without implying a faith. Martinus Scriblerus believed in his brass sheld. In White chapel, some years since, there was a hillock called the

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

Mount, traditionally supposed to have been formed out of the rubbish of the great fire of 1666. Upon the clearing away of that Mount an oaken carving of a Boar's Head, in a frame-work formed of two boars' tusks, was found in a half-burned state. The diameter of this curious relic was four inches and a half. On the back of the carving was a date 1568; and a name, which, by a comparison with some records, corresponded with the name of the

tavernkeeper in that year. It is supposed that this curious and very spirited carving was suspended in the tavern. The original was exhibited at the London Institution, and afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill.

We have been enabled to give a faithful sketch of this carving, from the drawing of a lady who unites the knowledge of an antiquary to the taste of an artist.



<sup>8</sup> SCENE IV.—“*Tom, Dick, and Francis.*”

We learn from Dekker's “*Gull's Horn Book*,” 1609, that to be familiar with drawers, and to know their names, was an accomplishment of gallants some ten or twelve years after Shakspeare wrote this play. “Your first compliment shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers; to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom.”

<sup>9</sup> SCENE IV.—“*At the strappado.*”

Douce has described this cruel punishment, which did not consist in the infliction of blows by a strap, but was effected by drawing up the victim by a rope and pulleys, and dropping him suddenly down, for the purpose of dislocating his shoulder. “The good old times” were remarkable for the ingenuity with which man tormented man.

<sup>10</sup> SCENE IV.—“*He of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado.*”

Amaimon, according to Scot, in his “*Discovery*

of Witchcraft,” was a spirit who might be bound at certain hours of the day and night. He was a fit subject, therefore, for Glendower to exercise his magic upon.

<sup>11</sup> SCENE IV.—“*A Welsh hook.*”

This weapon appears to have been a pike with a hook placed at some distance below its point, like some of the ancient partizans.

<sup>12</sup> SCENE IV.—“*Behind the arras.*”

Dr. Johnson seems to think that the bulk of Falstaff rendered it difficult to conceal him behind the arras; but the arras or tapestry, which was originally hung on hooks, was afterwards set on frames at some distance from the walls. There are many passages in Shakspeare, and in other plays of his time, which shew that the space between the arras and the wall was large enough even for the concealment of Falstaff.



## KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE character of Hotspur has been drawn by Shakspeare with the boldest pencil. Nothing can be more free and vigorous than this remarkable portrait. Of the likeness we are as certain as when we look at the Charles V. of Titian, or the Lord Strafford of Vandyke. But it is too young, say the critics. The poet, in the first scene, say they, ought not to have called him "young Harry Percy," for he was some thirty-five years old at the battle of Holmedon; and the wish of the king,

"that it could be prov'd  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,  
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,"

was a very absurd wish, and such a change was quite beyond the power of a "night-tripping fairy," for Percy was born about 1366, and Henry of Monmouth some twenty years later. Everything in its place. We desire the utmost exactness in matters where exactness is required. Let History proper give us her dates to the very day and hour; but let Poetry be allowed to break the bands by which she would be earth-bound. When Shakspeare shews us the ambitious, irascible, self-willed, sarcastic, but high-minded and noble Hotspur, and places in contrast with him the thoughtless, good-tempered, yielding, witty, but brave and chivalrous Henry, we have no desire to be constantly reminded that characters so alike in the energy of youth have been incorrectly approximated in their ages by the poet. Fluellen had, no doubt, very correct notions "as touching the direction of the military discipline;" but when he bestowed upon Captain Macmorris "a few disputations," in the way of argument and friendly communication, when the town was besieged and the trumpet called to the breach, we think the captain was perfectly justified in telling the worthy Welshman that it was "no time to discourse."

Sir Henry Percy received his *soubriquet* of Hotspur from the Scots, with whom he was engaged

in perpetual forays and battles. The old ballad of the battle of Otterbourne tells us,

"He had byn a mairth-man all hys dayes,  
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede."

He was "first armed when the castle of Berwick was taken by the Scots," in 1378, when he was twelve years old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon, *his spur was never cold*. Nothing can be more historically true than the prince's description of Hotspur—"he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some fourteen, an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'" The abstraction of Hotspur—the "some fourteen,—an hour after,"—has been repeated by our poet in the beautiful scene between Hotspur and his lady, in this Act:—

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he looses me not."

The servant has been called and dismissed; the lady has uttered her reproof; a battle has been fought in Hotspur's imagination, before he answers,

"Away,  
Away, you trifer! Love?—I love thee not."

This little trait in Hotspur's character might be traditionary; and so might be the

"speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish."

At any rate, these circumstances are singularly characteristic. So also is Hotspur's contempt of poetry, in opposition to Glendower, whose mind is essentially poetical. Such are the magical touches by which Shakspeare created the imperishable likenesses of his historical personages. He seized upon a general truth, and made it more striking and permanent by investing it with the ideal.



[Bangor.]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter HOTSPIR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction<sup>a</sup> full of prosperous hope.

*Hol.* Lord Mortimer, — and cousin Glendower, —

Will you sit down? —

And, uncle Worcester; — A plague upon it!  
I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin, Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and  
with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

<sup>a</sup> *Induction.* Stevens properly says that an *Induction* was anciently something introductory to a play; but he adds, somewhat absurdly, that Shakspere's attendance on the theatre might have familiarized him to the conception of the word. In the sense in which Shakspere here uses the word it is synonymous with *introduction*—a leading in, a beginning; and this meaning would have been perfectly familiar to such a master of "the tongue" as Shakspere was, without any theatrical associations. An example of his discrimination in language is offered to us in Richard III. —

"Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams."

Here the word is used in its metaphysical sense of *deductions* from facts or propositions, and not in the sense of *introduction*, as in the passage before us, which Stevens infers.

*Hol.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets;<sup>1</sup> and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hol.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hol.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hol.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement  
striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples<sup>a</sup> down  
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

<sup>a</sup> *Topples.* So the quartos; *tumbles* in the folio.

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains,<sup>a</sup> and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do shew  
I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he<sup>a</sup> living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there's no man speaks better  
Welsh: I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy: you will make  
him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to  
command

The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the  
devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the  
devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him  
hither,

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him  
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the  
devil.

*Mort.* Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke  
made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of  
Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather  
too?

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map; Shall we divide  
our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

<sup>a</sup> *He living* in the first three quartos; the Folio, *there*.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute,  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—  
Within that space, [*to GLEND.*] you may have  
drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-  
men.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you,  
lords.

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:  
From whom you now must steal, and take no  
leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety,<sup>a</sup> north from Bur-  
ton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See how this river comes me cranking<sup>b</sup> in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle<sup>c</sup> out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must; you see  
it doth.

*Mort.* Yea,

But mark how he bears his course, and runs me  
up

With like advantage on the other side;

Gelding the opposed continent as much

As on the other side it takes from you.

*Hot.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him  
here,

<sup>a</sup> *Moiety*. Hotspur calls his third share a "moiety." Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloucester talks of either duke's "moiety." In his dedication to the Rape of Lucrece, Shakespeare uses "moiety" in the sense of a small part of a whole. The explanation which we find in modern deeds, of moiety—"a moiety or half-part"—would shew that it anciently signified any part,—otherwise the explanation is superfluous.

<sup>b</sup> *Cranking*,—bending.

<sup>c</sup> *Cantle*, a corner, according to some etymologists,—a portion, or parcel, according to others.

And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you ?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay ?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then,  
Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as  
you :

For I was train'd up in the English court :  
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue<sup>a</sup> a helpful ornament ;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my  
heart :

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;  
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick<sup>b</sup> turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care : I'll give thrice so much  
land

To any well-deserving friend :

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away  
by night :

I'll haste the writer,<sup>c</sup> and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence :  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*]

*Mort.* Eye, cousin Percy ! how you cross my  
father !

*Hot.* I cannot choose : sometimes he angers  
me,

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,

<sup>a</sup> *The tongue*—the English language, according to Johnson.

<sup>b</sup> *Candlestick.* So the folios ; the quartos *canstick*, which is not an uncommon word in the old poets.

<sup>c</sup> *I'll haste the writer.* So all the old copies. The earlier modern editors read "I'll in and haste the writer."

In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys : I cried, hum,—and well,  
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;  
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on eates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,  
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :  
I warrant you that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-  
blame ;

And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage,  
blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd ; good manners be  
your speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that augers  
me,—

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps ; she will not  
part with you,  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her,—that she, and  
my aunt Percy,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,  
and she answers him in the same.*]

*Glend.* She's desperate here ; a peevish self-  
will'd harlotry,

One that no persuasion<sup>a</sup> can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh

Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this.

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes<sup>b</sup> lay you down,<sup>b</sup>

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;

Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:

By that time will our book,<sup>4</sup> I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;

And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;

And 't is no marvel, he's so humorous.

By 'r-lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then would you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

<sup>a</sup> That no persuasion. All the old copies retain that.

<sup>b</sup> All the old copies gives this as one line. Steevens reads "She bids you  
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down."

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, how<sup>1</sup> in Irish.

*Lady P.* Would'st have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What 's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

A WELSH SONG, sung by *Lady M.*

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you

swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in

good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As

God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarnet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Finchbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,<sup>a</sup>

To velvet-guards,<sup>5</sup> and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be

redbreast teacher.<sup>6</sup> An the indentures be drawn,

I'll away within these two hours; and so come

in when ye will. [*Exit.*

*Glend.* Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are

as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and

then

To horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.*

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference;<sup>b</sup> But be

near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords*

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll bring revengement and a scourge for me:

<sup>a</sup> Pepper gingerbread—spice gingerbread.

<sup>b</sup> Private conference. So all the old copies. Steevens omits private.

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean  
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would I  
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof<sup>a</sup> of many tales devis'd,—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,  
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man  
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession ;  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :  
That men would tell their children,—This is he ;  
Others would say,—Where? which is Boling-  
broke ?

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new ;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;  
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters and rash bavin<sup>b</sup> wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burn'd ; carded<sup>c</sup> by his state ;  
Mingled his royalty with carping<sup>e</sup> fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorn :  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative :  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Encoff'd himself to popularity :  
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey, and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation ; not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious  
lord,

Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge ;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession :  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm :

<sup>a</sup> *Bavin.* Bavin is brushwood, used for kindling fires.

<sup>b</sup> *Carded.* It is possible that Henry simply means that "the skipping king" discarded his state. But in the sense in which Shelton, in his translation of Don Quixote, uses the word—"it is necessary that this book be carded and purged of certain base things"—we may consider that Richard fretted away his state, as the wool-carder makes the lock attenuated by continual tearing.

<sup>c</sup> *Carping.* So the folio, and all the quartos except that of 1598, which reads *capring*. *Carping* was formerly used in the sense of *jesting*.

<sup>a</sup> *Reproof*—disproof.

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
 And military title capital,  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge  
 Christ !

Three hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing  
 cloths,

This infant warrior in his enterprises  
 Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,  
 Eildarg'd him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumber  
 land,

The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate<sup>a</sup> against us, and are up.  
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?  
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
 To fight against me, under Percy's pay,  
 To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so, you shall not find it  
 so ;

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !  
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;  
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
 And stain my favours<sup>b</sup> in a bloody mask,  
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame  
 with it.

And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,  
 That this same child of honour and renown,  
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.  
 For every honour sitting on his helmet,  
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head  
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,  
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render every glory up,  
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :  
 The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,  
 I do beseech your majesty, may save  
 The long-grown wounds of my incorporation :  
 If not, the end of life cometh all heads ;  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in  
 this :—  
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,  
 herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of  
 speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to  
 speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—  
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :  
 A mighty and a fearful host they are,  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offered foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth  
 to-day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;  
 For this advertisement is five days old :—  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set for-  
 ward ;

On Thursday, we ourselves will march :  
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth ; and, Harry, you  
 Shall march through Gloucestershire ; by which ac-  
 count,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the  
 Bear's Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely  
 since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not  
 dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like  
 an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an  
 old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that sud-

<sup>a</sup> *Capitulate*—to settle the heads of an agreement.

<sup>b</sup> *Favours*—features. So in Richard II.

"Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men."

denly, while I am in some liking;<sup>a</sup> I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuously enough: swore little; died, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.<sup>7</sup> You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

*Host.* I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and PETO, marching.*

*FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, I' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone and list to me.

<sup>a</sup> In some liking—in some substance.



*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an otter.

*P. Hen.* An otter, sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

*P. Hen.* I say, 't is copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but

a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Hen.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break!

*P. Hen.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed<sup>a</sup> rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess. Now, Hal, to the news at court: For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

<sup>a</sup> Embossed. Swollen, puffed up. In Lear we have "embossed carbuncle."

*P. Hen.* Bardolph.

*Bard.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,  
To my brother John ; this to my lord of West-  
moreland.—

Go, Peto, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I  
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.  
Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall ;  
At two o'clock i' the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there  
receive

Money, and order for their furniture.  
The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;  
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my  
breakfast ; come :—  
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*]



[SCENE I.—Lady Mortimer singing.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Burning cressets.*”

THE cresset-light was set upon beacons and watch-towers, or carried upon a pole. It was a square or circular framework of iron, having open ribs or hoops, in which pitched ropes or other combustible materials were burned. We have seen one upon the ancient tower of Hadley Church, near Barnet; and we could not help fancying that it might have blazed out when the Lancastrians and the Yorkists fought over the undulating ground from St. Alban's to Barnet Common, where the men of Kent under Warwick made their last desperate stand. It was last lighted in the rebellion of 1745.

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*The goats ran from the mountains,*” &c.

Malone quotes a passage from an account of an earthquake in Catania, to show that Shakspeare's description of the effects of one of the rarer phenomena of nature was literally true: “There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran crying.”

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Wanton rushes,*”

A passage in Bulleyn's “*Bulwarke*,” 1579, tells us the use of rushes: “Rushes that grow upon dry grounds be good to strew in halls, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon; defending apparel, as trains of gowns and kirtles, from dust.”

### <sup>4</sup> SCENE I.—“*Our book.*”

*Book* means charter, or deed. We find the word

*boke-land* in our early history. Whiter (Etymological Dictionary, vol. iii, p. 153) says, the term *Book* is referred to any piece of paper, or materials, written on, which may form a *Roll*, however minute it may be; and this may assist our lawyers in deciding upon those points which have turned on the original sense annexed to the word *Book*.”

### <sup>5</sup> SCENE I.—“*Velvet guards,*”

The velvet guards—edges of velvet—seem to have been a distinguishing peculiarity of the dress of the London city-wives. Fynes Moryson says, “at public meetings the aldermen of London wear scarlet gowns, and their wives a close gown of scarlet, with *guards of black velvet*.”

### <sup>6</sup> SCENE I.—“*'T is the next way to turn tailor,*” &c.

Weavers and tailors were remarkable for singing at their work. Hotspur commends his wife that she will not, by singing, become like a tailor or a teacher of piping birds. Malvolio says, “Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozier's catches?” A *cozier* was one who sews.

### <sup>7</sup> SCENE III.—“*Holland of eight shillings an ell.*”

In this age of power-looms we are apt to forget the high price of clothing in old times, and to think that the hostess was imposing upon Falstaff when she charged the holland of his shirts at eight shillings an ell. Stubbes, in his “*Anatomy of Abuses*,” tells us that the meanest shirt cost a crown,—and some as much as ten pounds

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

OWEN GLENDOWER—the “damned Glendower” of the king—the “great Glendower” of Hotspur—“he of Wales,” that “swore the devil his true liege-man” of Falstaff, was amongst the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the guerilla warfare which he waged against Henry he was eminently successful, and his boast in this drama is historically true, that,

“Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power, thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.”

Shakspeare has, indeed, seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says,

“—at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,”

The old Chroniclers say, “the same night he was born all his father's horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.” His pretensions as a

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

magician, which Shakspeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen, as Holinshed relates, "conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of." His tedious stories to Hotspur,

"of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,"

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower, was executed. "This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though

King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them." Glendower might probably have

"Believed the magic wonders which he sang,"

but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was "trained up in the English court," as he describes himself, and he was probably "exceedingly well read," as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to "bare-footed blackguards," it can scarcely be wondered that he should have raised the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

"Lingering from sad Salopia's field,  
Reft of his aid the Percy fell."



[Portrait of Owen Glendower from his great seal, engraved in the Archeologia.]



[SCENE II.—Road near Coventry.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter HOTSPIUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 't is well:—

*Enter a Messenger, with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father,—

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.<sup>a</sup>

*Wor.* I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise:

'T is catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

<sup>a</sup> *Not I, my lord.* The folio reads *not I his mind*;—the earliest quarto, *not I my mind*. The present is the received reading, upon the correction of Capell.

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Hor.* Your father's sickness is a main to us.

*Hol.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd  
off:—

And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it  
good

To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good: for therein should we read<sup>a</sup>  
The very bottom and the soul of hope;  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* 'Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

*Hol.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Hor.* But yet I would your father had been  
here.

The quality and air<sup>b</sup> of our attempt  
Brooks no division: It will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;  
And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side<sup>c</sup>  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father draws a curtain,  
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

<sup>a</sup> *Read.* By receiving this word in its literal and secondary meaning the commentators have been much perplexed with this passage. Steevens says "sight being necessary to reading, to read is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for to see." This is really most marvellous ignorance of our primitive English; in which to discover is a meaning of the word *read* as well understood as its peculiar meaning with regard to written language. "*Arde* my riddle" is scarcely obsolete.

<sup>b</sup> *Air.* The folio reads *heirs*—the first quarto *haire*. In the modern editions of *Macbeth* we have

"The crown does rear mine eye-balls: and thy air,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first."

Now in the folio the *air* in this passage also is spelt *haire*. It seems to us that the correction is as much called for in the text before us as in *Macbeth*; although "*hair*" is retained in most modern editions. Worcester considers that not only the quality but the appearance of their attempt "breaks no division." *Air* was suggested by Boswell.

<sup>c</sup> *Offering side*—assailing side.

*Hol.* You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use;—  
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here: for men must think  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such  
a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.<sup>a</sup>

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

*Hol.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my  
soul.

*Ver.* Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,  
lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand  
strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

*Hol.* No harm: What more?

*Ver.*—And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hol.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his  
son,

The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms:  
All plumed, like estridges that with the wind  
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;<sup>b</sup>  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,

<sup>a</sup> *Term of fear.* So the first quarto; the folio *dream of fear*.

<sup>b</sup> This passage has always been given thus, since the time of Johnson:

All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;  
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd."

Johnson substituted *wing* for *with*, the ancient reading. But the passage thus changed has become even more perplexed and contradictory. We have ventured to restore *with*, and to change the punctuation. The meaning appears to us to be this:—the prince and his comrades all furnish'd, all in arms, are plumed like estridges (*falcons*, not ostriches) that with the wind bated,—to bate is to swoop upon the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having lately bath'd. Their plumes, their carapises, are as smooth as the unruffled feathers of the hawk that flies with the wind upon his prey;—as brilliant as the eagles that have just dipped their wings in the crystal waters of the mountain tarn. The Cambridge Editors say—"the phrase 'wing the wind,' seems to apply to ostriches (for such is unquestionably the meaning of 'estridges') less than to any other birds." We have said that estridges are falcons, and we support our opinion by a passage in which Shakspeare, describing Love, being "frighted out of fear,"

"The dove will peck the estridge;"  
unquestionably the falcon and not the ostrich is here meant.

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,<sup>a</sup>  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more ; worse than the sun  
in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse ;<sup>b</sup>  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a  
corse.—

O, that Glendower were come !

*Ver.* There is more news :  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of  
yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty  
sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach  
unto ?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be ;  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take<sup>c</sup> a muster speedily :  
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Beaver.* This, which is a part of the helmet, is often used to express a helmet generally. It is so used in Richard III. :—

"What is my beaver easier than it was."

But in the following passage from Henry IV., Part II., we have the word used for a part of the helmet, as it also is in Hamlet :—

"Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down."

<sup>b</sup> *Take my horse*—is the reading of the folio. The first two quartos have *take*. The word was used (but rarely) in the sense of *try*.

<sup>c</sup> *Take.* All the old copies read "take a muster ;"—modern editions "make a muster." Hotspur eagerly inquires as to the number of the king's forces,—and then desires to take an account—*a* muster-roll—of his own. He would not wish to make a muster—to assemble his troops—to collect them together—for they were all with him ; but he desires to know the exact number of "the powers of us" which are to oppose the king's "thirty thousand."

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march through : we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill<sup>a</sup> to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain ?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons : inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,<sup>b</sup> with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced<sup>c</sup> ancient : and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloads all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat ;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ;

<sup>a</sup> *Sutton Cop-hill.* So all the old copies read. The Variorum editions, "Sutton Coldfield." We restored the old reading in our first edition. Colfield was suggested by Hamner, but the Cambridge editors adopt "Co'hill," as a contraction of Goldfield.

<sup>b</sup> *Toasts and butter.* According to Fynes Moryson, the "Londoners, and all within the sound of blow bell, are ir reproach called cocknies, and eaters of buttered toasts."

<sup>c</sup> *Old faced.* An old, patched up standard.

for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

*Fal.* What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.<sup>a</sup>

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss:<sup>b</sup> food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

<sup>a</sup> *To-night.* So the folio. The quartos *all night*.  
<sup>b</sup> *Toss*—toss upon a pike.

*Wor.*

It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, (And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—<sup>a</sup>

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,<sup>b</sup>

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,<sup>c</sup>

But stand against us like an enemy.

<sup>a</sup> *This day lives.* So all the old copies. Some modern editions omitted *this day*.

<sup>b</sup> *As you are.* These words, which are in all the old copies, were also omitted in some modern editions.

<sup>c</sup> *Quality*—of the same kind with us.



*Blunt.* And Heaven defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as, out of limit and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty !  
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious hand  
Audacious cruelty : If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs ;<sup>a</sup> and, with all speed,  
You shall have your desires, with interest ;  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hol.* The king is kind ; and, well we know,  
the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;  
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminde outlaw sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore :  
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to  
God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery,<sup>b</sup> and beg his peace ;  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur ;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth :  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did engle for.  
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hol.* Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd<sup>a</sup> the whole state :  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king,) to be engag'd<sup>b</sup> in Wales,  
There without ransom to be forfeited :  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong ;  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king ?

*Hol.* Not so, sir Walter ; we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace  
and love.

*Hol.* And't may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* 'Pray heaven you do !  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.*

*Arch.* Hie, good sir Michael ; bear this scaid  
brief,<sup>c</sup>

With winged haste, to the lord marshal ;  
This to my cousin Seroop ; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed : if you know  
How much they do import, you would make  
haste.

*Gent.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch. For, sir, at Shrewsbury,

<sup>a</sup> *Task'd.* A tax was anciently a *task*.

<sup>b</sup> *Engag'd.* So the old copies: The bald corrected it to *engag'd*. To be *engag'd* is to be a captive retained as a hostage.

<sup>c</sup> *Brief*—a letter. *Bree* is the old word for the king's writ or letter, is the sheriff

<sup>a</sup> *Griefs*—grievances.

<sup>b</sup> *His livery.* See Richard II., Illustrations of Act II.

As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—

What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence  
thence,

(Who with them was a rated <sup>a</sup> sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Gent.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
there's Douglas,  
And lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Gent.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord  
Harry Percy,  
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head

<sup>a</sup> A rated *sinew*. So the quartos; the folio *rated firmly*.

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath  
drawn

The special head of all the land together;—  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corrivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Gent.* Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well  
oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:  
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against  
him;

Therefore, make haste: I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



[York.]



[Army before Shrewsbury].

## ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky<sup>a</sup> hill!<sup>1</sup> the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathize;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

*Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and YERSON.*

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light.  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of breached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the leg-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dolefulke.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! how come  
it then?

*Ed.* Rebellion lay in his way and he found it.

*P. Hen.* Peace, chewet,<sup>a</sup> peace.

<sup>a</sup> *Busky*—bosky, woolly.

<sup>a</sup> *Chewet*—perhaps the name of a chattering bird—certainly the name of a dish, or pie, of minced meat.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks

Of favour from myself, and all our house ;  
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
 For you, my staff of office did I break  
 In Richard's time ; and posted day and night  
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
 When yet you were in place and in account  
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
 The danger of the time : You swore to us,—  
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;  
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :  
 To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,  
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;  
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
 What with our help ; what with the absent king ;  
 What with the injuries of a wanton time ;  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;  
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
 That all in England did repute him dead,—  
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;  
 And, being fed by us, you used us so  
 As that ungentle gull<sup>a</sup> the cuckoo's bird  
 Useth the sparrow :<sup>2</sup> did oppress our nest ;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your  
 sight,  
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forc'd against yourself ;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have articulated,<sup>b</sup>

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye

<sup>a</sup> *Gull.* Mr. Grant White points out that in Wilbraham's Cheshire Glossary, "all nesting birds in quite an unfiged state are called *gulle* in that county." The callow cuckoo, who finally turns out the sparrows, is an "ungentle gull." The word may have a special meaning referring to the voracity of the "cuckoo's bird"—as the sea-gull is supposed to be so called from *gulo*—*gulosus*.

<sup>b</sup> *Articulated*—exhibited in articles.

Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies there is many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—  
 This present enterprise set off his head,—  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :  
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation ;  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Hen.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well ; even those we love,  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part :  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do :—But if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply :  
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life :  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them :  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

*Fal.* Ha! if thou see me down in the battle,  
 and bestride me, so ; 't is a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee  
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

[*Exit.*]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? <sup>a</sup> Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

*Fer.* 'T were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king would keep his word in loving us:  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion,<sup>b</sup> all our lives,<sup>c</sup> shall be stuck full of  
eyes:

For treason is but trusted like the fox;  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of  
blood;

And an adopted name of privilege,—  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:  
All his offences live upon my head,

<sup>a</sup> The earliest quarto reads—"What is *in* that word, honour? What is that honour?" We follow the folio and the latter quartos. The addition of the first quarto seems surplusage.

<sup>b</sup> *Suspicion*—all the old copies read *supposition*.  
*All our lives*. So the old copies.

And on his father's;—we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of ill, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king.

*Fer.* Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up  
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Dely him by the lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*]

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have  
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,<sup>b</sup> did bear  
it;

Which cannot chose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth  
before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our  
heads;

And that no man might draw short breath to-  
day,

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell  
me,

How shew'd his tasking? <sup>a</sup> seem'd it in contempt?

*Fer.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trium'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicler;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:  
And, which become him like a prince indeed,

<sup>a</sup> *Tasking*. So the first quarto. The folio *tasking*.  
<sup>b</sup> *Engag'd*—*betwixt us surely*.

He made a blushing cital of himself;  
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
 As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
 There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—  
 If he outlive the envy of this day,  
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured  
 Upon his follies; never did I hear  
 Of any prince so wild at liberty:<sup>a</sup>  
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
 Arm, arm, with speed: And, fellows, soldiers,  
 friends,  
 Better consider what you have to do,  
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—  
 O gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
 And if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
 Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,  
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on  
 apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my  
 tale,  
 For I profess not talking; only this,—  
 Let each man do his best: and here I draw a  
 sword,  
 Whose worthy temper I intend to stain<sup>b</sup>  
 With the best blood that I can meet withal  
 In the adventure of this perilous day.

<sup>a</sup> At liberty. The reading of the old editions, except the first four quartos, which give a *libertie*. We cannot think that Johnson's interpretation is correct:—"of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman." *Hotspur* means to say that he never knew of any prince so wild of his own unrestrained will. Capel suggested a *liberline*, which some have adopted.

<sup>b</sup> We find the word *worthy* only in the folio. We have many other examples in this play of lines such as the preceding—having twelve syllables; and it appears to us that all the editorial attempts to get rid of what are called the redundant syllables are sad perversions of ingenuity, which emasculate the text, and destroy the intentions of the author. To those who think that the earlier commentators have, in what they call settling the text, freed it from

Now,—*Esperancé!*<sup>a</sup>—*Percy!*—and set on.—  
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
 And by that music let us all embrace:  
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
 A second time do such a courtesy.  
 [*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarm to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle  
 thus  
 Thou crosses't me? What honour dost thou  
 seek  
 Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath  
 bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
 This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
 Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born to yield, thou haughty  
 Scot;<sup>b</sup>

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
 Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

*Enter HOTSUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-  
 don thus,  
 I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless  
 lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

the corruptions of the *players*, we would commend a careful examination of the following lines:—

"He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;  
 He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign."

Or

"In the exercise of your inquisitive function."

The lines are Byron's, and have been corrupted neither by players nor printers. When with some new Steevens came with his "squire" and his numeration-table, and oblige us with,

My sister he hath wrong'd, he is my brother—  
 His people he hath wrong'd, he is their king—  
 In the discharge of your inquiring function?

<sup>a</sup> *Esperancé.* See Note to Act II. Sc. III.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio. Quartos.

"I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot."

*Hol.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; Scumblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!<sup>a</sup>

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hol.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

*Hol.* Up and away; Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithce, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithce, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory<sup>b</sup> never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithce, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

*P. Hen.* What, is't a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

*Fal.* If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he

do come in my way, so!<sup>a</sup> if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado<sup>b</sup> of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I prithce, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—Lord John of Lancaster go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Hen.* I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so:— My lord of Westmoreland lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive The prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*P. John.* We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies: for God's sake come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*P. Hen.* By heaven thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit: Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,

With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

*P. Hen.* O, this boy Lends metal to us all. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another King! they grow like Hydras' heads:

<sup>a</sup> *If Percy be alive, &c.* We have altered the punctuation of this passage, believing that the "so" applies to some action of Falstaff with his bottle of sack—perhaps thrusting his sword into the cork. A critic upon Shakspere says the poet was not aware that his pun of *Percy and pierce* him was a serious etymology—"Percy A penetrando oculum regis Scolorum." Why not?

<sup>b</sup> *Carbonado*—a rasher on the coals, according to Colgrave.

<sup>a</sup> *A fool.* The early copies read, *Ab, fool!*

<sup>b</sup> *Turk Gregory.* Pope Gregory the Seventh.

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art  
thou

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas,  
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the KING being in danger, enter  
PRINCE HENRY.*]

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou  
art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my  
arms:

It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]  
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;<sup>a</sup>  
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O heaven! they did me too much  
injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas  
Gawsey. [*Exit KING HENRY.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hol.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-  
mouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my  
name.

*Hol.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of that name.  
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

*Hol.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; And would to Heaven,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from  
thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll erop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hol.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you  
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who  
falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUG-  
LAS. HOTSPOUR is wounded, and falls.*

*Hol.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my  
youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword  
my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's  
fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [*Dies.*]

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee  
well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee  
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so great<sup>a</sup> a shew of zeal:—  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

<sup>a</sup> Great. So the folio, and all the quartos except the first, which reads dear.



What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man.  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity.  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit.]*

*Fal. [Rising slowly.]* Embowell'd! if thou embowell me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Blood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me seat and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore sirrah, *[stabbing him.]* with a new wound in your thigh,<sup>3</sup> come you along with me.

*[Takes HOTSPUR on his back.]*

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*

*P. Hen.* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

*P. John.* But, soft! who have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding,

On the ground.

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee,  
speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears:—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy: *[throwing the body down.]* if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how the world  
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is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*[A retreat is sounded.]*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.  
Come brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

*[Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.]*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me Heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

*[Exit bearing off the body.]*

#### SCENE V.—Another part of the Field.

*The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne

Between our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death, and  
Vernon too;

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

*[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]*

How goes the field?

*P. Hen.* The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when  
 he saw  
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;  
 And, falling from a hill, he was so bruise'd  
 That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
 The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace  
 I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to  
 you  
 This honourable bounty shall belong :  
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :  
 His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,

hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*K. Hen.* Then this remains,—that we divide  
 our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
 Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest  
 speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
 Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

Myself, and you son Harry, will towards Wales,  
 To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
 Meeting the check of such another day :

And since this business so fair is done,  
 Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]



[SCENE IV.—“ Poor Jack, farewell.”]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

### 1 SCENE I.—“*Bosky hill.*”

THE hill which rises over the battle-field near Shrewsbury, is called Haughmond hill. Mr. Blake-way says that Shakspeare has described the ground as accurately as if he had surveyed it. “It still merits the appellation of a bosky hill.”

### 2 SCENE I.—“*As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird Useth the sparrow,*” &c.

Shakspeare was a naturalist in the very best sense of the word. He watched the great phenomena of nature, the economy of the animal creation, and the peculiarities of inanimate existence; and he set these down with almost undeviating exactness, in the language of the highest poetry. Before White, and Jenner, and Montagu had described the remarkable proceedings of the cuckoo, Shakspeare here described them, as we believe from what he himself saw. But let us analyze this description:

—“being fed by us, you used us so  
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird  
Useth the sparrow.”

Pliny was the only scientific writer upon natural history that was open to Shakspeare. We are no believers, as our readers may have collected, in the common opinion of Shakspeare's want of learning; and we hold, therefore, that he might have read Pliny in Latin, as we think he read other books. The first English translation of Pliny, that of Philemon Holland, was not published till 1601; this play was printed in 1598. Now, the description of the cuckoo in Pliny is, in many respects, very different from the description before us in Shakspeare. “They always,” says the Roman naturalist, “lay in other birds' nests, and most of all in the *stock dove's*.” In a subsequent part of the same passage, Pliny mentions the *titling's* nest, but not a word of the *sparrow's*. It was reserved for very modern naturalists to find that the hedge-sparrow's nest was a favourite choice of the old cuckoo. Dr. Jenner, in 1787, says, “I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow's eggs.” Colonel Montagu also found a cuckoo, “when a few days old, in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage.” Had Shakspeare not observed for himself, or, at any rate, not noted the original observations of others, and had taken his description from Pliny, he would, in all probability have mentioned the stock dove or the titling. In Lear we have the “hedge-sparrow.” But let us see further—

—“did oppress our nest.”

The word *oppress* is singularly descriptive of the operations of the “ungentle gull.” The great bulk of the cuckoo, in the small nest of the hedge-sparrow, first crushes the proper nestlings; and the instinct of the intruder renders it necessary that they should be got rid of. The common belief, derived from the extreme voracity of the cuckoo, (to which we think Shakspeare alludes when he calls it a gull—*gulo*) has led to an opinion, that it eats the young nestlings. Pliny says, expressly, that it devours them. How remarkable is it, then, that Shakspeare does not allude to this belief! He

makes Worcester simply accuse Henry, that he “did oppress our nest.” Had Shakspeare's natural history not been more accurate than the popular belief, he would have made Worcester reproach the king with actually destroying the proper tenants of the nest. The Percies were then ready to accuse him of the murder of Richard. We, of course, do not attempt to assert that Shakspeare knew the precise mode in which the cuckoo gets rid of its cohabitants. This was first made known by Dr. Jenner. But, although Shakspeare might not have known this most curious fact, the words, “did oppress our nest” are not inconsistent with the knowledge. The very generality of the words is some proof that he did not receive the vulgar story of the cuckoo eating his fellow-nestlings. The term, “oppress our nest,” is also singularly borne out by the observations of modern naturalists; for nests in which a cuckoo has been hatched have been found so crushed and flattened, that it has been almost impossible to determine the species to which they belonged.

“Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,  
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight.”

We have here an *approach* to the inaccuracy of the old naturalists. Pliny, having made the cuckoo devour the other nestlings, says, that the mother at last shares the same fate, for “the young cuckoo being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to seize on the old titling, and to eat her up that hatched her.” Even Linnæus has the same story. But Shakspeare, in so beautifully carrying on the parallel between the cuckoo and the king, does not imply that the grown cuckoo swallowed the sparrow, but that the sparrow, timorous of “so great a bulk,” kept aloof from her nest, “*durst* not come near *for fear* of swallowing.” The extreme avidity of the bird for food is here only indicated; and Shakspeare might himself have seen the large fledged “gull” eagerly thrusting forward its open mouth, while the sparrow fluttered about the nest, where even its “love durst not come near.” This extraordinary voracity of the young cuckoo has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but that it should be carnivorous is perfectly impossible: for its bill is only adapted for feeding on caterpillars and other soft substances. But that its insatiable appetite makes it apparently violent, and, of course, an object of terror to a small bird, we have the evidence of that accurate observer, Mr. White of Selborne. He saw “a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing

‘To have stretched its wings beyond the little nest,’

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock. The dupo of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in her mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude.” In the passage before us Shakspeare, it appears to us, speaks from

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

his knowledge. But he has also expressed the popular belief by the mouth of the fool in Lear:—

For you trow, nuncle,  
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long  
That it had its head bit off by its young."

<sup>3</sup> SCENE IV.—"With a new wound in your thigh."

The old Chroniclers tell us that one of the followers of William the Conqueror committed a similar outrage upon the body of Harold.



[Cuckoo and Hedge-sparrow.]

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"KING HENRY," says Holinshed, "advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near Shrewsbury before they were in doubt of any such thing." The Percies, according to the Chronicler, sent to the king the celebrated manifesto which is contained in Hardyng's Chronicle. The substance of the charges contained in this manifesto are repeated in Hotspur's speech to Sir Walter Blunt in the fourth Act. The interview of Worcester with the king, and its result, are thus described by Holinshed: "It was reported for a truth that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said:—

"O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,—  
The liberal kind offer of the king."

In the Chroniclers, Hotspur exhorts the troops;

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Shakespeare clothes the exhortation with his own poetical spirit.

"Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on,"—

is found in the Chroniclers:—"The adversaries cried *Esperance, Percy.*" The danger of the king, and the circumstance of others being eaparrisoned like him, are also mentioned by Holinshed.

The prowess of Prince Henry in this his first great battle is thus described by Holinshed: "The Prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need."

The personal triumph of Henry over Hotspur is a dramatic creation, perfectly warranted by the obscurity in which the Chroniclers leave the matter.





## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### SCENES IN PARTS I. AND II. OF KING HENRY IV.

PART I.—*Galshill*, is from a somewhat distant sketch of this spot. *Ancient Inn Yard*. The open galleries and the external stair, of the Inn Yard of this period, require no description. *Room in the Boar's Head*. This, of course, is an imaginary representation, but illustrative of the architecture of the period. *Bangor, Coventry, York, and Shrewsbury*, are from the earliest authorities that could be found.

PART II.—The general view of *Warkworth Castle* is from several old prints. The *Entrance Tower of this Castle* is from an original sketch, and represents no more than actually exists, except the restoration of the battlements. The *Street View* (Act I.) is illustrative of the architecture of the period; and the scene being supposed to be in the immediate neighbourhood of East Cheap, the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, is introduced, as it existed at the period represented, on the authority of an old drawing engraved in the "Londina Illustrata." This tower was taken down in 1421. The other street-views in London are also strictly illustrative of the time. The view "near Westminster Abbey" represents the North Transept of the Church, which was the principal entrance at this period, the western portion of the church being unfinished. From the reign of Edward I., when the nave was advanced to the third arch beyond the transept, little was done until the reign of Henry V., and the west front was only completed by Abbot Esteney, who died in 1480. Like most of our ancient churches situated in towns, Westminster Abbey was closely pressed upon by the surrounding houses, until cleared by the hand of modern improvement.

The view of *Windsor* (Act IV.) is from Fox's Acts and Monuments, 1562. *Gualtero's Feast* is imaginary. The *Hall in Shallow's house* is a composition following the domestic architecture of the period.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards*

King Henry V.,

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,*

PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, *afterwards*

created (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford,*

PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, *afterwards*

created (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloster,*

EARL OF WARWICK,

EARL OF WESTMORELAND,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench,

*A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.*

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

SEROOT, *Archbishop of York,*

LORD MOWBRAY,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD BARDOLPH,

SIR JOHN COLVILLE,

TRAVERS and MORTON, *domestics of Northumberland.*

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.

POISS and PETO, *attendants on Prince Henry.*

SHALLOW and SILENCE, *country justices.*

DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL CALF,  
*recruits.*

FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers*

*Rumour.*

*A Porter.*

*A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.*

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PENEY.

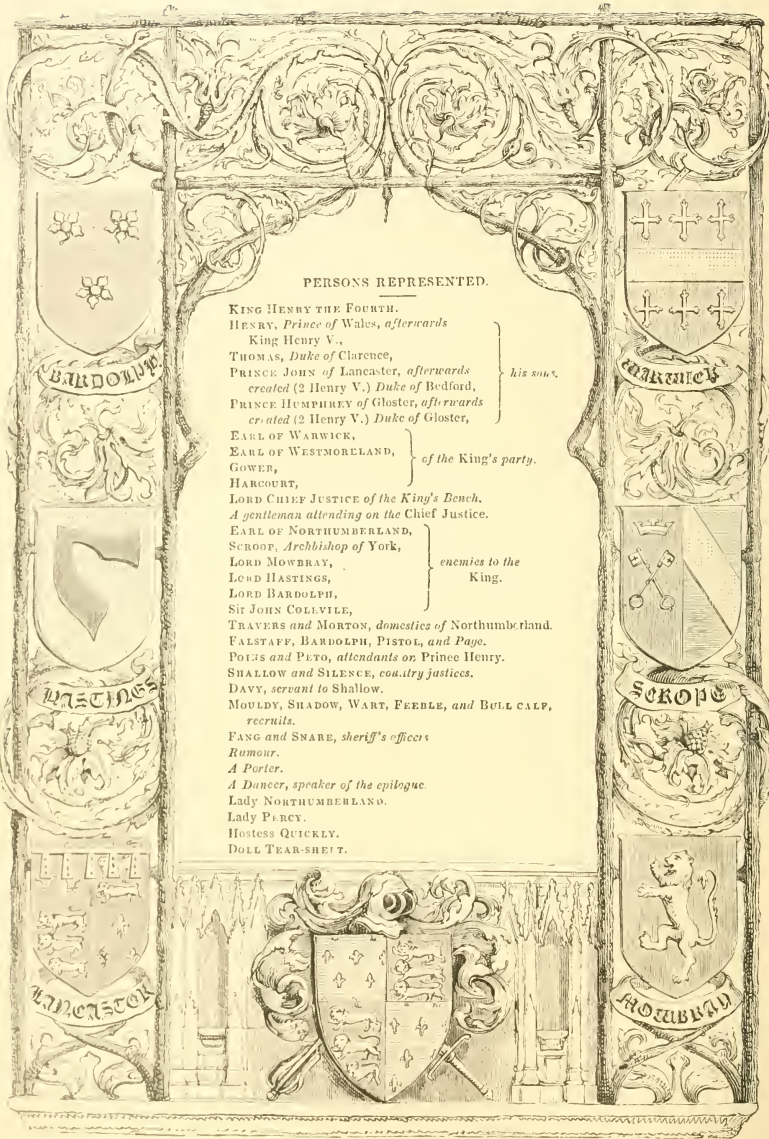
HOSTESS QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

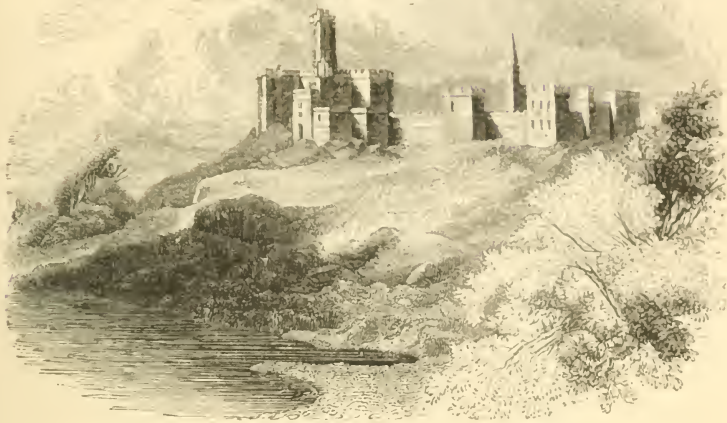
} *his sons.*

} *of the King's party.*

} *enemies to the King.*







[Warkworth Castle.]

## INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*<sup>a</sup>

*Rum.* Open your ears: For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;<sup>1</sup>  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,  
Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other  
griefs,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;

<sup>a</sup> *Painted full of tongues.* This direction for the appearance of Rumour is found only in the quarto of 1600. The direction explains the sixth line:

"Upon my tongues continual slanders ride."

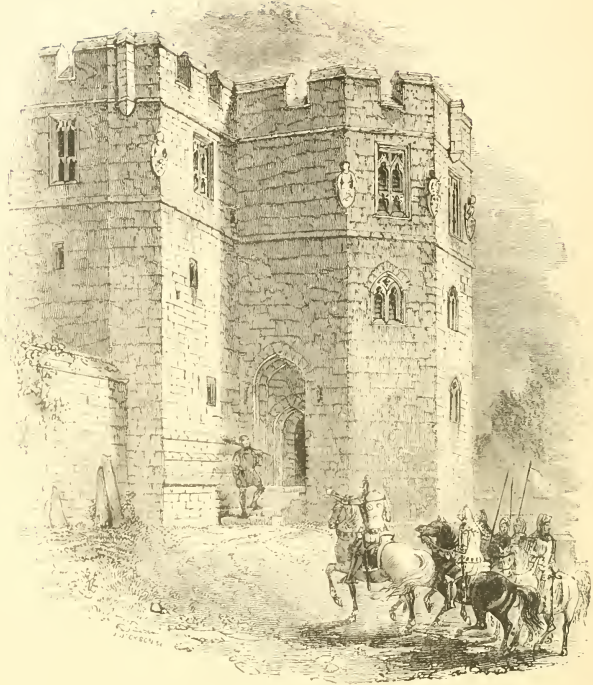
Rumour appears to have been exhibited in a similar manner in the Masques preceding Shakspeare's time, and subsequently. Of the speech of Rumour Dr. Johnson says "It is wholly useless." The object of the poet was evidently to connect this Part of Henry IV. with the first Part.

And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before King Harry's victory;  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his  
troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
Between the<sup>a</sup> royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,<sup>2</sup>  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's  
tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than  
true wrongs. [Exit.]

<sup>a</sup> *The.* So the folio. Quarto, *that.*



[Entrance Tower of Warlworth Castle.]

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.*

*L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?—  
Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl,  
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the  
orchard.

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.

*North.* What news, lord Bardolph? every  
minute now

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Should be the father of some stratagem:<sup>a</sup>  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*L. Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will!

*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish:  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince  
John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;

<sup>a</sup> *Stratagem*—some military movement, according to the Greek derivation of the word;—some enterprise;—some decisive act on one part or the other, resulting from the wild times of contention.

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Caesar's fortunes!

*North.* How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*L. Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that  
came from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant, Travers,  
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the  
way;

And he is furnished with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come  
with you?

*Trav.* My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me  
back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost spent<sup>a</sup> with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied  
horse:

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had ill<sup>b</sup> luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head;<sup>c</sup> and starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what;—

If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman that rode  
by Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.*

Who, he?

He was some hilding<sup>a</sup> fellow, that had sto'en  
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
Spake at adventure.<sup>b</sup> Look, here comes more  
news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-  
leaf,<sup>c</sup>

Foretells the nature of a tragie volume:  
So looks the strond whereon the imperious  
 flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,<sup>d</sup>

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him, half his Troy was  
burn'd:

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.

This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and  
thus:

Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:  
But, for my lord your son,—

*North.* Why, he is dead,

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know,  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,  
Morton;

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies;

<sup>a</sup> *Hilding.* An expression of contempt for a cowardly, spiritless person. Some derive it from the Anglo-Saxon, *hy dan*, to bend;—from which *hilding*, *hirsling*. We find it several times in Shakspeare. Capulet calls Juliet a *hilding*. In Henry V. we have, "a *hilding* foe."

<sup>b</sup> *Adventure.* So the folio. The common reading is, *at a venture*.

<sup>c</sup> *Title-leaf.* Poems of lament—elegies, in the restricted sense of the word—were distinguished by a black title page.

<sup>d</sup> *Woe-begone.* Dr. Bentley, whose commentary on Milton is more laughter-provoking than most jest-books, thought this passage corrupt, and proposed to read,

"So dull, so dead in look, U'aleagon  
Drew Priam's curtain." &c.

<sup>a</sup> *Forspent.* For, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it intensity. *Forscaried*, in King John, and *forspent*, here, mean *scaried out*, *outsent*. The prefix, according to Tooke, is identical with *forth*.

<sup>b</sup> *Ill.* So the folio. The quarto, *bad*.

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's  
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear,<sup>a</sup> or  
sin,

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:  
The tongue offends not that reports his death:  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;  
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.<sup>b</sup>

*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son  
is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to heaven I had not seen:  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-  
breath'd,

To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat  
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung  
up.

In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their  
fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Wor-  
cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the  
king,

<sup>a</sup> Fear—danger; matter or occasion of fear.

<sup>b</sup> *Departing friend*. Malone thought that departing was here used for departed. In Shakspeare's 71st sonnet we have,

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,

Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell,  
Give warning to the world that I am fled."

But the ancient custom was for the bell to ring for the departing soul—not for the soul that had fled. Hence it was called the *passing bell*.

'Gan veil his stomach, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his  
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to  
mourn.

In poison there is physie; and these news,  
Having being well that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle<sup>a</sup> under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with  
grief,<sup>b</sup>

Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou  
nicer<sup>c</sup> crutch;

A sealy gauntlet<sup>d</sup> now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly  
quoif;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach  
The ragged<sup>d</sup> hour that time and spite dare  
bring,

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not Nature's  
hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong,  
my lord.<sup>e</sup>

*L. Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from  
your honour.

<sup>a</sup> *Buckle*. This word, which here means to *bend*, is used precisely in the same signification in the present day, when applied to a horse, whose "weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges," are said to *buckle*. It was obligingly pointed out to us by Mr. W. T. S. Raimbach that, when the light spars of a ship under sail, yielding to the pressure of the wind, bend, they are said to *buckle*.

<sup>b</sup> *Grief*. In this line the first 'grief' is put for bodily pain; the second for mental sorrow.

<sup>c</sup> *Nicer*—weak.

<sup>d</sup> *Ragged'st*. Theobald, and other editors, changed this to *ragged'st*. We find the epithet several times in Shakspeare. In this play we have:

"A ragged and fore-stall'd remission."

It means something broken, torn, wanting consistency and coherence.

This line is not in the folio. It is found in the quarto, where it is given to Umfreville, who is not in the scene.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complies  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you  
said,

Let us make head. It was your presumise,  
That in the dole of blows your soul might drop:  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er:  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward  
spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger  
rang'd:

Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?<sup>a</sup>

*L. Bard.* We all that are engaged to this  
loss

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one:  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

*Mor.* 'T is more than time: And, my most  
noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:  
The gentle archbishop of York is up,  
With well-appointed powers; he is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corpse,  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight:  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls;  
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions; that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and  
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion:  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair king Richard, serap'd from Pomfret  
stones:

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;  
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;

<sup>a</sup> The preceding fourteen lines were first printed in the folio.

And more and less<sup>a</sup> do flock to follow him.<sup>b</sup>

*Nor.* I knew of this before; but, to speak  
truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
Go in with me; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge:  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with  
speed;  
Never so few, nor<sup>c</sup> never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing  
his sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor  
to my water?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good  
healthy water: but for the party that owed it  
he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird<sup>d</sup> at  
me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay,  
man, is not able to invent<sup>e</sup> anything that tends  
to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented  
on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the  
cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk  
before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd  
all her litter but one. If the prince put thee  
into my service for any other reason than to set  
me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou  
whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn  
in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was  
never mann'd with an agate<sup>f</sup> till now; but I  
will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile  
apparel, and send you back again to your  
master, for a jewel; the jewel, the prince  
your master, whose chin is not yet dedged. I  
will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my  
hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet  
he will not stiek to say, his face is a face-royal:  
Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a  
hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-

<sup>a</sup> More and less—greater and less—great and small.

<sup>b</sup> The preceding twenty-one lines were first printed in the folio.

<sup>c</sup> *Nor.* So the folio—the quarto *awl*.

<sup>d</sup> *Gird.* To gird, is to smite, and thence metaphorically to jeer, to scoff at.

<sup>e</sup> *Invent.* So the old editions. Reed changed it to *rent*, which became common.

<sup>f</sup> *Agate.* Falstaff compares his little page to an agate, for his diminutiveness. In the same manner queen Mab, in "Romeo and Juliet," comes,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone."

But agate-stones were also often "cut or graven with some forms and images in them, namely, of famous men's heads." So says Florio, in his *New World of Words*, under the word *formaglio*.

royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Aehitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,<sup>a</sup> then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's,<sup>5</sup> and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield:<sup>6</sup> if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and an Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,——

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiery aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiery aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt counter,<sup>a</sup> hence! avant!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of

<sup>a</sup> *Hunt counter.* The hound that runs *counter* hunt's upon a wrong scent—"on the false trail." (Hamlet.) Falstaff either tells the attendant "you hunt counter;"—you hunt the wrong way; or calls him a "hunt counter,"—which also might imply that the attendant was a bailiff's follower—a "counter-rat," as sir Thomas Overbury has it

lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.<sup>a</sup>

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow<sup>b</sup> with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if

I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.<sup>c</sup>

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is I; he; but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these *oyster-winger times*,<sup>d</sup> that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the raward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?<sup>e</sup> and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and

<sup>a</sup> *Evil angel.* *Fal.* is the reading of the folio. *Ill* of the quarto. Theobald says, "In this sense the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the warty and blundered, even if he has done in his reply." It may be guessed, however, that the honour of the evasion is perhaps rather better found by Falstaff's change of the *evil* from *evil* to *ill*. When he says "an ill angel is I," his allusion is to the *own* called an angel.

<sup>b</sup> *I cannot tell.* Johnson interprets this as a pun on the current. Gifford objects to this interpretation, and says that the expression, which is frequent in Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, has here only its ordinary common meaning.

<sup>c</sup> *Oyster-winger times.* Times of party strife, when politics are ruled by notions, words. A *wing* is a *quill*—thence a *costard*—*war*—and as the year draws to length, as it does now, a small *hook* and *costard*.

<sup>d</sup> *Wit single.* Single may be taken for single according to Steevens, who gives us the expression of single in the *quarto*. But this use of the word had reference to the quantity of male consorted in the prostitution of the town. The expression is Roman and Italian. "O single good part" was also a direct reference to the prostitution of Roman's power. We can scarcely, however, see that *single* means single, but takes generally; but the *Cher Justice*, it appears to us, has lost something of his command in *gravity*, and has become involved in *ill*, who was not very witty himself, but the cause of wit's miseries, and he thus explains the *single* and to the *single* term—and also explains the *part* character of *wit*. *Ill* will be to a certain extent *single*—it has the same meaning, and the more reasonable meaning, which, makes the point. *Single* was in very much the same as *partless* wit.

<sup>a</sup> *Tingling.* In this speech we give the reading of the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *The fellow, &c.* This is probably an allusion to some well-known beggar of Shakspeare's day.

something a round belly.<sup>a</sup> For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.<sup>b</sup>]

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; And Heaven bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit* CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.<sup>c</sup> A man can no more separate age and covetous-

ness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes: And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

*L. Bard.* The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far Till we had his assistance by the hand: For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

<sup>a</sup> *My lord, &c.* The quarto reads, "My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head," &c. The folio omits "about three of the clock in the afternoon." The point of Falstaff's reply is, that two of the marks of age which the Chief Justice objects to him were natural to him—he was *born* with them; and this the reading of the folio retains; but the grave mention of the unessential particular is characteristic.

<sup>b</sup> The passage between brackets is omitted in the folio.



Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.<sup>a</sup>

*Arch.* 'T is very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.* It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

*L. Bard.* Yes;—if this present quality of war,—

(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,)

Lives so in hope,<sup>b</sup> as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:

Which if we find outweighs ability,

What do we then, but draw anew the model

In fewer offices; or, at least, desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,

(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down

And set another up,) should we survey

The plot of situation, and the model;

Consent upon a sure foundation;

Question surveyors; know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite; or else,<sup>c</sup>

We fortify in paper, and in figures,

Using the names of men instead of men:

Like one that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

<sup>a</sup> The four lines here ending were added in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *Yes, &c.* The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

"Yes, in this present quality of war;—

Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)

Lives so in hope," &c.

Modern editors have changed the *if* of the original into *in*, and pointed the passage accordingly. They have thus made that unintelligible which, with care in the punctuation, presents little difficulty. As we read the passage the meaning is this:—Hastings has said that it never yet did hurt to lay down forms of hope. Bardolph replies yes, (it does hurt) if the present condition of our war,—if the instant state of our action and cause on foot—lives only in such hope, as the premature buds of an early spring.

<sup>c</sup> The twenty lines here ending were added in the folio.

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation;

I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads; one power against the French,

And one against Glendower; perforce, a third

Must take up us: So is the unfirm king

In three divided; and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths together,

And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,

He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*L. Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on;

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou would'st have him be?

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to eat him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it? What trust is in these times?

They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :  
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
 When through proud London he came sighing  
 on  
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
 Cry'st now, 'O earth, yield us that king again,  
 And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurst!

Past, and to come, seem best ; things present,  
 worst.<sup>a</sup>

*Morb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and  
 set on ?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids  
 be gone. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> The whole of this speech of the Archbishop was added in the folio.

## RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 239.—"How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his opposite."

"How able such a work to undergo.

*A careful leader sums what force he brings  
 To weigh against his opposite.*"—*Collier.*

The line in italic is introduced for the first time in Mr. Collier's MS. Corrections: it is a "new connecting line," he says. We say it is a new disconnecting line. In the long speech of Lord Bardolph is there a point dropped? Is there not the most perfect carrying out of one idea, the comparison of building a house and building a kingdom? What would an actor do with this speech, who had no

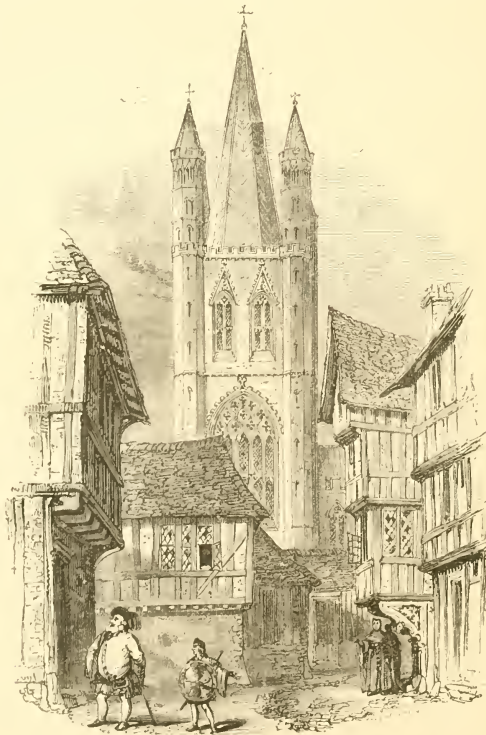
great reverence for his author? He would break the long sentence into two sentences, without much care; so that he got a new start. And so has our "Corrector" done. He puts a full stop after "undergo," and thrusts in this line,—

"A careful leader sums what force he brings

To weigh against his opposite."

"To weigh against his opposite," is to weigh against the king's strength opposite; and, in the speech which immediately follows, Hastings says,—

"I think we are a body strong enough,  
 Even as we are, to equal with the king."



[SCENE II.—"Wait close, I will not see him."]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

### 1 INDUCTION.—“*Upon my tongues,*” &c.

SOME scattered epithets in Chaucer’s “House of Fame” might have supplied Shakspeare with hints for this description of Rumour. The parallel, however, is not very close. A much nearer resemblance is found in a celebrated passage in the fourth Book of Virgil’s *Aeneid*. Dryden’s translation is, as usual, spirited;—

“Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;  
And every mouth is furnish’d with a tongue;  
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.  
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;  
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.  
By day from lofty towers her head she shews;  
And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous news;  
With court-informers’ haunts, and royal spies,  
This done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth  
with lies.”

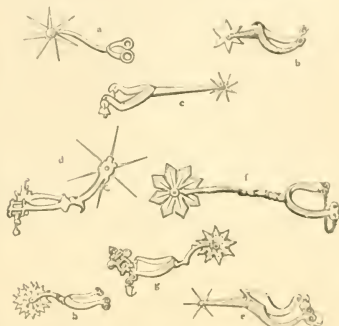
### 2 INDUCTION.—“*This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*”

The views which we have given of Warkworth Castle may render any lengthened description unnecessary. When Leland wrote his *Itinerary* in the time of Henry VIII, this castle was described, as “well maynteyned and large.” Grose says, “when entire it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war.” Warkworth was anciently the seat and barony of the Claverings; and was bestowed upon Henry Percy, the ancestor of the earls of Northumberland, by Edward III., and, after several temporary forfeitures, has remained in the Percy family from the twelfth year of Edward IV. “It is not certainly known when this castle was built: from the circumstance of the Percy arms being put up in several parts of the building, some have supposed that it was erected by that family; but by a slight inspection, it is easily perceived that they have been inserted into the walls at an after period. This is clearly proved by one of them having fallen out, and the place where it was fixed appears to be cut in the wall, about six inches deep. The doors, the windows, and everything about the place, attest that it had been built at a more early period.” (*Historical and Descriptive View of Northumberland*. Newcastle, 1811).

### 3 SCENE I.—“*Up to the rowel-head.*”

Johnson, in a note upon this passage, says, “I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike.” The commentator here fell into an error, which the lexicographer has avoided. A spur with a single point is not a rowel spur. We find the distinction in Froissart: “Then the king was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs, with a point without a rowel.” The word ‘rowel’ is derived from *roue*, a wheel; and thus it signifies a moveable

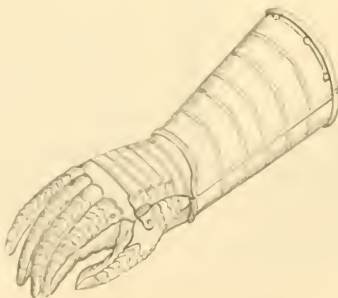
circle, and is applied to a bridle, and to armour, as well as to spurs. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines ‘rowel’ as “the points of a spur turning on an axis,” and gives this very passage in Shakspeare as an illustration. The following are representations of various forms of ancient spurs.



- a Rowel spur, as it appears in illum. to Lydgate’s Poems. Harl. MS. 2278. (15th century).
- b Brass ditto, early part of Henry VI.
- c Ditto, middle of Henry VI.
- d Iron long-spiked rowel spur—temp. Edward IV.
- e Spur found in Towton Field, inscribed with the following motto:—  
“En loial amour tout mon coer.” *Archæologia*, II.
- f Long necked brass spur—temp. Henry VII.
- g Steel spur—temp. Henry VIII
- h Iron ditto—temp. Elizabeth.

### 4 SCENE I.—“*Scaly gauntlet.*”

The following represents the long gauntlet of the time of Elizabeth—the only gauntlet that could be properly called “scaly.”



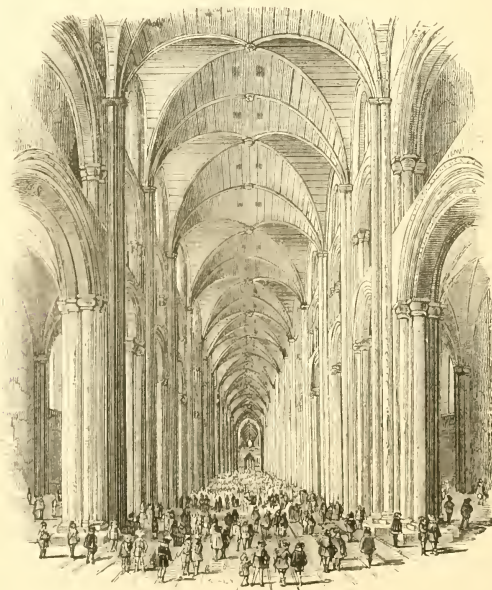
## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

### ° SCENE II.—“*I bought him in Paul's,*” &c.

Falstaff alludes to a proverbial saying, which is thus given in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy:' "he that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or ale-house, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the proverb\* is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife." The middle aisle of the old cathedral of St. Paul's was the resort of idlers, gamblers, and persons in general who lived by their wits. Ben Jonson calls his Captain Bobadill, "a Paul's man." But Paul's was also a sort of exchange; and announcements were fixed upon the pillars that corresponded with the newspaper advertisements of modern times. The "masterless serving-man" set up "his bill in Paul's," as well as the tradesman who called attention to his wares. These advertisements were denominated *Si quisses*. Paul's was also the resort of newsmongers and politicians; and sometimes was the scene of more important conferences than arose out of the gossip of the day. Bishop

\* Burton is the only English author who uses this word in the meaning of an antithetical saying. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)

Carleton tells us that Babington's and Ballard's conspiracy was "conferred upon in Paul's Church." Osborne, in his *Memoirs of James I.*, states, that Paul's was the resort of "the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions." The spendthrifts resorted there for protection against their creditors; a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamplight, steal out." (Dekker's *Gull's Horn Book*, 1609). In Bishop Earle's *Microcosmography* (1628) we have an exceedingly amusing description of all the general features of Paul's walk, of which the following passage will convey a notion of the style:—"It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not half so busy at the parliament."



[Paul's Walk.]

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

### 6 SCENE II.—“A horse in Smithfield.”

The martyr fires of Smithfield are burnt out; but its ancient renown as being the worst horse market in England long survived. Buildings are much more quickly changed than customs; and

thus the external part of Smithfield as it was can scarcely be recognised; while he who very recently walked through that arena of dirt and blackguardism on Friday afternoon, might still recognise a very fitting place for the purchase of a sorry jade by a modern Bardolph.



[Smithfield, 1551.]

### 7 SCENE II.—“A three man beetle.”

This light instrument for the filling of Falstaff, was an instrument used for driving piles, wielded by three men, using its one short and two long

handles. The following representation was given in Stevens's edition—one of the few examples offered by the Shakespeare commentators of illustrations addressed to the eye.



## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It would appear, from these scenes, if we did not make due allowance for the principle that “the historical drama is the concentration of history,”\* that the rising of Northumberland, in connexion with Scroop and Mowbray, took place immediately after the battle of Shrewsbury. The crafty earl,

however, submitted himself to the more politic king, and was restored to some of his honours in the parliament of 1404. His revolt was in 1405. Holinshed thus describes the progress of the conspiracy:

“Whilst such doings were in hand betwixt the English and French, the king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that

\* Bulwer's Preface to Richelieu.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

under their chieftain, Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But, at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracy put in practice against him at home by the Earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scrope Archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray Earl Marshal, son to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished (as before ye have heard), the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolf, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet all together with their whole power, upon Yorkewold, at a day assigned, and that the Earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the Earl Marshal, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed that not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves aggrieved with: which articles they showed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that for redress of such oppressions they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were. The archbishop, not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in arms against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen,

yeomen, and other of the commons, assembled together in great numbers, and the archbishop coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and by all means he could, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to the archbishop and to the Earl Marshal. Indeed the respect that men had to the archbishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have him in no small estimation."

The Lord Chief Justice, introduced in this scene,—and who appears more prominently in the fifth Act,—was Sir William Gascoyne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. "He died," says Steevens, "December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood Church, in Yorkshaire." Fuller states, upon the authority of an inscription on his tomb, that he died on Sunday, December 17, 1412. This is, however, contradictory, for the 17th December of that year, did not fall on a Sunday. The assertion of Fuller, however, gave occasion to one of the charges against Shakspeare of having brought persons upon the scene who had ceased to exist,—the Chief Justice, say the literal critics, died before the accession of Henry V. The point, to our minds, is not worth discussing; but it may be satisfactory to some to know that Shakspeare was here perfectly accurate. The Rev. Mr. Tyler has discovered a will of the Chief Justice, made in 1413. The following portrait is from the effigy on his tomb:—





[SCENE I.—"Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool!"]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the action?

*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where's your yeoman?<sup>a</sup> Is it a lusty yoman? will he stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* Ay, ay; good Master Snare!<sup>b</sup>

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

<sup>a</sup> *Yeoman.* The bailiff's follower was called a serjeant's yeoman.

<sup>b</sup> *Master Snare.* We print the passage as in the original. In our first edition we altered the punctuation according to a suggestion of Capell reading—

"Ay, ay; good! master Snare!"

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foim like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* If I but tist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

*Host.* I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pissquer, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the

lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my ease so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one<sup>a</sup> for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malnsey-nose<sup>b</sup> Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Fal.* How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou basturdly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle<sup>c</sup> villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a reseue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustiliarian! I'll tickle<sup>d</sup> your catastrophe.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*Ch. Just.* How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

<sup>a</sup> *Long one.* So the old copies. Theobald's reading is *long loan*. But the debt was hardly a loan; it was a score. Sir John had eaten the widow out of house and home; she therefore says that a hundred mark is a long one—a long mark—a long reckoning or score.

<sup>b</sup> *Malnsey-nose.* So the folio. In the quarto *malnsey-nose knave*.

<sup>c</sup> *Honeysuckle.* Supposed to be Mistress Quickly's corruption of *homicidal*. In the same way *honey-seed* for *homicide*.

<sup>d</sup> *Tickle.* In folio *tuck*

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host.* O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, sir John? Eye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt<sup>a</sup> goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father<sup>b</sup> to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the

<sup>a</sup> *Parcel gilt.* Partially gilt, or what is now technically called *party-gilt*.

<sup>b</sup> *Liking his father.* The folio reads, *likening hrs.*



true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

*Host.* Yes, in troth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and repay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this snap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.<sup>2</sup>

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, master Gower: What news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman;

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses,<sup>3</sup> is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,<sup>4</sup> is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift—you'll be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

*Fal.* Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*to BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words, let's have her.

[*Exit Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingsloke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come by that? I had thought weariness durst not have attacked one of so high blood.

*P. Hen.* 'Tis it doth me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Hen.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.<sup>a</sup>

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. Hen.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

*P. Hen.* What would'st thou think of me if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what acites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* And to thee.

*Poins.* Nay, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian: and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* Save your grace!

*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.* Come, you pernicious ass, [*to the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson, upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.<sup>b</sup>

*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

<sup>a</sup> (col. 1.) In this speech of Prince Henry there is a passage in the quarto which is omitted in the folio. We have not restored it, as it appears to us more profane than witty.

<sup>b</sup> *Althea dreamed, &c.* Dr. Johnson says, "Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hebe's." In the second part of Henry VI. we have mention of

"The fatal brand Althea burned  
Unto the prince's heart of Caldon."

Shakspeare, then, was acquainted with the right story of Althea. Might he not, of purpose, make the precocious, impudent page, who had been drinking at the house with the red lattice window, attempt a joke out of his *half* knowledge? Or did the poet here make a slip?

*Poins.* Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas,<sup>a</sup> your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir?

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. Hen.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

*Poins.* [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight, — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap;<sup>b</sup> 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

*Poins.* 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.'—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.* Peace!

*Poins.* 'I will imitate the honourable Romans<sup>c</sup> in brevity:'—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repeat at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.'

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,)

Jack Falstaff, with my familiars;  
John, with my brothers and sisters;  
and sir John with all Europe.'

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* Marry the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

<sup>a</sup> *Martlemas.* The feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November. Poins calls Falstaff the martlemas, because his year of life is running out.

<sup>b</sup> *Borrower's cap.* The old copies read *borrowed cap* Warburton suggested the emendation. A borrower's cap is always at hand, ready to be doff'd to the lender.

<sup>c</sup> *Romans.* So the old copies. Warburton read *Roman*, thinking the allusion was to Brutus or Cæsar. Capell observes, 'The matter in question is—epistolary brevity, and in particular the forms of addressing, in which the Romans were most concise: many not remote from Sir John's *I commend me to thee*, &c., are found in all their epistles.'

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?<sup>a</sup>

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

*P. Hen.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

*P. Hen.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

*P. Hen.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Hen.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet in town: There's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

*P. Hen.* Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH and *Page*.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

*P. Hen.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

*Poins.* Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

*P. Hen.* From a god to a bull? a heavy declension!<sup>b</sup> it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, and *Lady* PERCY.

*North.* I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more.

<sup>a</sup> *Frank.* To frank is to cram, to fatten; and thus a frank is a *steer*. In Holland's *Pony* we have—'those guests of his fared so slightly that a man would have said they had been frank-fed.'

<sup>b</sup> *Declension.* See the folio. The quarto *declension*.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady. P.* O, yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endeared to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!  
For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait:  
And speaking thick, which Nature made his  
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous  
him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,  
(Second to none, unseconded by you),  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In disadvantage; to abide a field,  
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:  
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,  
To hold your honour more precise and nice  
With others, than with him; let them alone;  
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.<sup>a</sup>

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go, and meet with danger there;  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided.

*Lady. N.* O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady. P.* If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves: So did your son;

He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 't is with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back:

I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

*Enter Two Drawers.*

1 *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Drawer.* Thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 *Drawer.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;<sup>a</sup> mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. Dispatch:—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Drawer.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Drawer.* By the mass, here will be old utis:<sup>b</sup> It will be an excellent stratagem.

<sup>a</sup> *Sneak's noise.* A noise of musicians is a *band*.

<sup>b</sup> *Old utis.* Utis is the octave of a festival; and so the word passed into the meaning of merriment generally. *Old* does not here mean ancient, but extreme, very good—a sense in which it is often used by Shakspeare, and the writers of his time.

<sup>a</sup> *Monmouth's grave.* The twenty-two lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

*Host.* I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

*Doll.* Better than I was. Hem.

*Host.* Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal.*

When Arthur first in court—

Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king:<sup>a</sup>

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

*Host.* Sick of a calm;<sup>b</sup> yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Doll.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

*Doll.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Doll.* Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

*Fal.*

Your brooches, pearls, and owches<sup>c</sup>

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breech with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

[*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some dis-

<sup>a</sup> *Worthy king.* The ballad, of which Falstaff here sings a snatch, may be found in Percy's "Reliques," vol. I. It commences thus:

"When Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of armes great victorys waind,  
And conquest home did bring."

<sup>b</sup> *Calm.* The hostess means *quail*.

<sup>c</sup> *Four brooches, &c.* Falstaff is here again singing a scrap of an old ballad: (Percy's Reliques, vol. I.)

"A kirtle, and a mantle,  
This boy had him upon,  
With brooches, rings, and owches  
Full daintily be done."

card: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: (*to DOLL.*) you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Doll.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hog's-head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.<sup>a</sup>

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, ancient<sup>b</sup> Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Doll.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hastess?

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally,<sup>c</sup> sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—'was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he:—"master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," saith he, "you are in an ill name;"—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here;—you

<sup>a</sup> It was submitted to us by Dr. Martin that these lines are metrical; that *Doll*, taking in with the musical vein of Falstaff, precipitates him with a little extempore lyric:—

"Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack;  
Thou art going to the wars,  
And whether I shall ever see thee again,  
Or no, there is nobody cares."

<sup>b</sup> *Ancient.* The ancient is the standard, the ensign; and so the bearer of the ensign is also the ancient. Iago is Othello's ancient; Pistol, Falstaff's.

<sup>c</sup> *Tilly-fally.* This interjection, or rather *Tilly-cally*, is said to have been often used by the lady of Sir Thomas More. The origin is somewhat obscure; though it is supposed to have been an odd French hunting cry.

would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,<sup>a</sup> he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Doll.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as 't were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

*Pist.* Save you, sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Doll.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*Doll.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!<sup>b</sup>

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

*Host.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

<sup>a</sup> *Cheater.* The singular origin of this word is indicated in a passage of the Merry Wives of Windsor: "I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me." The officers that manage the *excheats* of the crown were *excheators*; and from the oppression and extortion which they too commonly exercised in the discharge of their offices, came the word *cheat*. The hostess, in her reply, understands the name *cheater* in its official meaning: "I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater."

<sup>b</sup> *Much.* An expression of contempt.

*Doll.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy;<sup>c</sup> which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your cholera.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* On my word, captain; there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give me some sack.

*St fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—<sup>d</sup>  
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

<sup>a</sup> The folio merely has—"A captain! these villains will make the word odious." We give the text of the quarto.

<sup>b</sup> *Hollow pamper'd jades*, &c. Pistol's fustian speeches are made up from scraps of old plays. The following lines are in Marlow's *Tamburlaine* (1590):—

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,  
What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

<sup>c</sup> *Cannibals.* Pistol, whose learning is upon a par with dame Quickly's, means Hannibals. It is curious enough that the Italian of this worthy, a few lines farther on, was corrected, in sober earnest, by Sir Thomas Hanmer

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neck:<sup>a</sup> What! we have seen the seven stars.

*Doll.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:<sup>6</sup> nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*]  
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Doll.* I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Re-ent' PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*]

*Doll.* I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turned him out of doors?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Doll.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweet'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Doll.* Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Doll.* And thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,<sup>7</sup> when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and feining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Draveers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

*Doll.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

*Doll.* They say Poins hath a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.<sup>a</sup>

*Doll.* Why doth the prince love him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare<sup>b</sup> with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of disereet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidupois.

*P. Hen.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

*Poins.* Let us beat him before his whore.

*P. Hen.* Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction; what says the almanac to that?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,

<sup>a</sup> *Neif.* Flist. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom says, "Give me thy *neif*, Monsieur Mustard-seed." The word *neif*, or *neice*, is still commonly used in Scotland.

<sup>a</sup> *Mallet.* Mallard.

<sup>b</sup> *Rides the wild mare.* Plays at see-saw.

his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Doll.* Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Doll.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

*Doll.* By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

*P. Hen.* *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou *Poins* his brother?

*P. Hen.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

*Fal.* A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*P. Hen.* Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

*Doll.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.* Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not to dispraise me; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

*P. Hen.* For the women,—

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt hawl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Doll.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door, there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*P. Hen.* *Peto*, how now? what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,



So idly to profane the precious time ;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south,  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword, and cloak—Falstaff, good  
night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO,  
and BARDOLPH.]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the  
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpecked.  
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door !

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH.

How now ? what's the matter ?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently :  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musicians, sirrah. *To the Page.*  
—Farewell, hostess ;—farewell, Doll.—You see,  
my good wenches, how men of merit are sought

after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man  
of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches :  
If I be not sent away post I will see you again  
ere I go.

*Doll.* I cannot speak ;—If my heart be not  
ready to burst. *Well, sweet Jack, have a care  
of thyself.*

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell

[*Re-enter* FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well : I have known  
thee these twenty-nine years, some peaced  
time ; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—  
Well, fare thee well

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

*Host.* What's the matter ?

*Bard.* [*Within.*] But mistress Tear-sheet come  
to my master.

*Host.* O run, Doll, run : run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]



[SCENE I.—"Sitting in my chamber, at the round table, by a fire-stove."]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Marry, if thou wert an honest man,*” &c.

Coleridge, in his celebrated Essay on Method, has given this speech of the Hostess,—

“Fermenting o’er with frothy circumstance,”

as an example of “the absence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements.” Our great philosophical critic, however, most truly adds, that in this speech of Mrs. Quickly, “the poor soul’s thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connexions and sequence, which the habit of method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*I do desire deliverance,*” &c.

Falstaff claimed the protection legally called *quid profecturus*. (See Coke upon Littleton, 130 a.) This is one of the many examples of Shakspeare’s somewhat intimate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Glasses, glasses,*”

In Lodge’s Illustrations of British History (vol. ii. page 251, edition 1791) there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Thomas Bawdewyn, which the editor inserts on account of the following curious postscript: “I wold have you bye me *glasses* to drink in: Send me word what olde

*plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll nott leve me a cuppe of sylvare to drink in butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde.” Whether the earl sold his plate, and by his example made “glasses” fashionable—“the only drinking”—we are not informed.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE I.—“*The German hunting in water-work.*”

In the Gentleman’s Magazine, 1833, page 393, is a paper which throws considerable light upon the mode of decorating houses in Shakspeare’s time. Steevens speaks of “the German hunting” as a *painted cloth* brought from Holland, considering it to be the same mode of hanging rooms with drapery as that alluded to in this play, Act III.—“as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.” But it appears that the German hunting in *water-work* was a *fresco painting*. Upon Woodford Common, in Essex, there stood, as late as the autumn of 1832, an old house called Grove House, traditionally believed to have been a hunting lodge of Robert Devereux Earl of Essex. This, however, may be doubted. One of the apartments in this old house was called the ball-room, and in this room were twelve fresco paintings, exhibiting as many subjects of rural life. Six of these paintings were tolerably perfect, but the others were in great part obliterated by a coat of white-wash. The only memorials that have been preserved of these very curious representations have been kindly exhibited to us. They are a series of very faithful drawings, by the accomplished lady to whom we are also indebted for the copy of the Boar’s Head in Henry IV. Part I. The following is a fac-simile of one of the most elaborate of these frescoes, which bears the initials D. M. C., and the date 1617.



[Fresco from Grove House.]

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

### 5 SCENE IV.—“*Si fortuna,*” &c.

There is little doubt, when Pistol exclaims, “Have we not here here?” that, however the Hostess may mistake him, he alludes to his sword. King Arthur’s sword was called *Ron*. Douce has been enabled to supply a very curious illustration of this passage, by having met with an old rapier on which these lines are inscribed:—



“ Si fortune me tourmente,  
L'esperance me contente.”

This is precisely the meaning of Pistol’s bad Italian; and Douce therefore very ingeniously conjectures that Pistol, unmindful of the Hostess’s interruption, goes on spouting the inscription upon his sword. Douce has given an engraving of this rapier, which we copy:—

### 6 SCENE IV.—“*A shove-groat shilling.*”

Bardolph was to quit Pistol down stairs as quickly as the smooth shilling—the shove-groat—flies along the board. Ben Jonson, in the same allusion to quickness, says, “made it run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling.*” Shove-groat, in a statute of the 33rd of Henry VIII., is called a *new game*; and it was also called slide-groat,—slide-board,—slide-thrift, and slip-thrift. The game was no doubt originally played with the silver groat. The broad shilling of Edward VI. came afterwards to be used in this game, which in all probability varied little from *shovel-board*. Master Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,

had his pocket picked of “two Edward shovel-boards, that cost him two and two pence a piece.” Slender’s costly shillings were probably lucky ones.

### 7 SCENE IV.—“*Bartholomew boar-pig.*”

A roasted pig in Bartholomew fair was a dainty to which Ben Jonson has several allusions; and thus it is used as a term of endearment to Falstaff. Davenant has some lines on the subject, which are quoted by Gifford:—

“ Now London’s Mayor on saddle new,  
Rides to the fair of Bartlemew;  
He twirls his chain and looketh big,  
As if to fright the head of pig,  
That gaping lies on every stall.”



[Broad Shilling of Edward VI.]



[Falstaff choosing his Recruits.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.*

*K. Hen.* Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them: Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell? <sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *A watch-case, &c.* The metaphor here may be taken thus:—The kingly couch, the place of repose for the king, being deserted by sleep, is as the case or box in which the wakeful centinel is sheltered: it is also as a common 'larum

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,<sup>a</sup>  
That, with the hurly,<sup>b</sup> death itself awakes?

bell which is to rouse a sleeping population upon the approach of danger. But a 'larum, an alarm, an alarm, was also called a watch. In an ancient inventory cited by Strutt, there is the following article: "a laume, or watch of iron, in an iron case, with two leaden plummetts." By this laume, or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument which we now call an alarm—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour. It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare means by the "watch-case" the box of a centinel, and by the "common 'larum bell," the alarm bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the "watch-case" is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarm. It is possible, in either case, that the *or* in the line is a misprint, for which *by* or *for* might be substituted; and then the comparison would not be double; but the kingly couch would be as unfavourable to sleep as the case or box of him who watches by the alarm bell of a garison; or as the covering of a watch, for an alarm bell.

<sup>a</sup> *Clouds.* Some editors have proposed to read *shrouds*. A line in Julius Cæsar makes Shakspeare's meaning clearer;—  
"I have seen

Ti' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds."

<sup>b</sup> *Hurly.* Loud noise. Some say from the French, *hurter*, to yell. *Hurling*, however, means a disturbance, a commotion; and we have it used in this sense in the Paston Letters. *Hurly*, therefore, in the sense of noise, may be a consequential meaning from the *hurting*, which implies noise.

Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lic-  
down!<sup>a</sup>

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War.* 'T is one o'clock, and past.

*K. Hen.* Why then, good morrow to you all,  
my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Then you perceive, the body of our  
kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd,<sup>b</sup>

Which to his former strength may be restor'd,

With good advice and little medicine:

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*K. Hen.* O heaven! that one might read the  
book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beehy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances  
mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress  
through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,

Would shut the book, and sit him down and  
die.<sup>c</sup>]

'T is not ten years gone,

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together, and, in two years after,

Were they at wars - It is but eight years, since

<sup>a</sup> *Then, happy low-lic-down.* Warburton's correction of "happy, lowly clown," which Johnson adopted, was somewhat bold. We have adopted a reading, depending on the punctuation, which is suggested by Coleridge, and we add his remark on this passage: "I know of no argument by which to persuade any one to be of my opinion, or rather of my feeling; but yet I cannot help feeling that 'Happy low-lic-down!' is either a proverbial expression, or the burthen of some old song, and means, 'Happy the man, who lays himself down on his straw bed or chaff pallet on the ground or floor!'"

<sup>b</sup> *Distemper'd,* is used as indicating a state of ill-health, somewhat milder than the rank diseases of which the king speaks.

<sup>c</sup> These four lines, not in the folio, are found in the quarto of 1600.

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
Who like a brother toild in my affairs,  
And laid his love and life under my foot;  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,  
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)

[*To WARWICK.*]

When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—

Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?

'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which

My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'

Though then, heaven knows, I had no such in-  
tent,

But that necessity so bow'd the state,

That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss—

'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,

'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering  
head,

Shall break into corruption:—so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition,

And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,

Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:

The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,

With a near aim, of the main chance of things

As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,

And weak beginnings, lie intresured.

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And, by the necessary form of this,

King Richard might create a perfect guess,

That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;

Which should not find a ground to root upon,

Unless on you.

*K. Hen.* Are these things then necessities?

Then let us meet them like necessities:

And that same word even now cries out on us;

They say, the bishop and Northumberland

Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord;

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd: Please it your grace

To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,

The powers that you already have sent forth,

Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

A certain instance that Glendower is dead.

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;

And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add

Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel:

And, were these inward wars once out of hand,

We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, your god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed; and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head<sup>1</sup> at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John

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of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped<sup>2</sup> the clout at twelve score;<sup>3</sup> and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.<sup>2</sup>

*Shal.* And is old Double dead?

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

*Sil.* Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.<sup>3</sup> Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

<sup>1</sup> *Twelve score.* Yards is here understood, and subsequently at *fourteen* means at fourteen score yards. Douce says that "none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to hit a mark at twelve score." This careful antiquary overlooked the fact, that by statute (33 Hen. VIII. ch. 9) every person above seventeen years of age was subject to fine if he shot at a less distance than twelve score yards.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

*Shal.* No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Eye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, if it please you.

*Shal.* What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, if it please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him. [To SHALLOW.

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him down, sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat!

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble—Who is the next?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O, good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

*Bull.* O, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will leave away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is there all?

*Shal.* There is two more call'd<sup>a</sup> than your

<sup>a</sup> Two more call'd. Capell proposes to omit *two*, as five only have been called, and the number required is four.

number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's field.

*Fal.* No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.<sup>a</sup>

*Fal.* Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the eluimes at midnight, master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watchword was '*Heu, boys!*'—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am

gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.<sup>a</sup>

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fee.* I care not;—a man can die but once: We owe a death;—I will never bear a base mind:—if it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou art a good fellow.

*Fee.* Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service;<sup>b</sup> and, for your part, Bull-calf grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver<sup>c</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

<sup>a</sup> *Forty, sir.* Bull-calf had bribed Bardolph with "four Harry ten shillings." Mouldy says, "you shall have forty, sir"—the same sum—forty shillings. Capell ingeniously proposes to read, *four, too, sir.*

<sup>b</sup> *Till you are past service.* So the old copies. Tyrwhitt changed the text into, *stay at home still; you are past service*—by which change he very happily contrived to spoil the antithesis.

<sup>c</sup> *Caliver.* The caliver was smaller than the musket, and was fired without a rest. Wart, the "little, lean, old, chapped" fellow, was armed with a light piece, which he was able to manage.

<sup>a</sup> *She never, &c.* This is still a common colloquial expression; but it was not obsolete or inelegant in the time of Locke, who, in the "Conduct of the Understanding," says, "with those alone he converses, and can away with no company whose discourse goes beyond what clear or dissoluteness inspires." This expression of dislike was familiar to all the writers of Shakspeare's time. In Ben Jonson, (Bartolomew Fair) he says, "I could never away with that stiff-necked generation."



*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good seab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,)\* there was a little quiver<sup>a</sup> fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would he say; *bounce*, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* I would you would, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of

<sup>a</sup> *Quiver*, riddle.

his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:<sup>a</sup> he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.]—And now is this Vice's dagger<sup>b</sup> become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard;<sup>c</sup> and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him,<sup>d</sup> a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones<sup>e</sup> to me: If the young daec be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Invincible*. Steevens and others read *invisible*. Malone properly held to the old reading, and so did Capell before him. The meaning is—his dimensions were such that a thick sight could not master them.

<sup>b</sup> *Two stones*. The alchemists had two stones,—or, as is expressed by Churchyard, "a stone for gold," and "a stone for health." But Falstaff perhaps means, that Shallow should be worth two philosopher's stones to him. Zachary Jackson would read, "a philosopher's true stone."

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Skogan's head.*”

Who was Skogan? has produced as fierce a controversy, if not so elaborate, as, Who wrote ‘Icon Basilike’? It seems there were two Skogans; the one,

“A fine gentleman, and master of arts,  
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises  
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal  
Daintily well.”

This was Henry Skogan, usually called *moral* Skogan; and Ben Jonson's brief description of him, given above, will, no doubt, be sufficient for our readers. The other was John Skogan, of the time of Edward IV., who is thus described by Holinshed:—“A learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merry devises, in respect whereof he was called into the court, where, giving himself to his natural inclination of mirth and pleasant pastime, he played many sporting parts, although not in such uncivil manner as hath been of him reported.” Shakspeare, say the commentators, committed an anachronism, in describing Skogan the jester as having his head broken by Falstaff. No doubt. All that Shakspeare meant to convey was, the name of a buffoon, whose freedoms were thus punished; and the *jests* of Skogan, the Joe Miller of Shakspeare's time, was a book with which the poet's audience would be familiar.

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.*”

“Shakspeare,” says Dr. Gray, “seems to have been unacquainted with the value of money, and the prices of sheep, and other cattle, at the latter end of the reign of King Henry the Fourth.”

That is true. In 1411, the price of a sheep is stated at 1s. 10d., but in Shakspeare's own time, the price varies from 6s. 8d. to 15s. The local and temporary allusions throughout Shakspeare, of course, refer to matters of his own day.

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“*A soldier-like word.*”

Ben Jonson, in his “Discoveries,” (a valuable collection of his miscellaneous remarks,) says, “You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, *complement*, *spirit*, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others.” Every age has its “perfumed terms,”—words that originate in fashionable society, and descend to the vulgar like cast-off clothes. Shakspeare could not render *accommodate* more ridiculous than to put it into the mouth of Bardolph, and make that worthy maintain it “to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.” Jonson, in ‘Every Man in his Humour,’ gives us an example of the fantastic use of the word:—“Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bed-staff here quickly. *Lend* us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.”

### <sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's inn), I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was,*” &c.

This passage was formerly pointed thus:—“I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was,” &c. It was considered by the editors, and by Warton especially, that Arthur's show was acted at Clement's inn, of which society Shallow was a member. It has, however, been found that a society for the exercise of archery, calling themselves Prince Arthur's Knights, existed



[Arthur's Show.]

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

in Shakspeare's time. This society, according to Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's School (in a tract published in 1581 and 1587), was called, 'The Friendly and Frank Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights in and about the City of London.' That the members of the society personated characters in the romance of Arthur we learn from the same tract; for the author mentions Master Hugh Oflley as Sir Launcelot, and Master Thomas Smith as Prince Arthur himself. Justice Shallow, might, therefore, very properly personate Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool; who, in the *Morte d'Arthur*, "seems to be introduced like a Shrove-tide cock, for the sake of being buffeted and abused by every one." (Gifford.) There is a proof of the ancient flourishing existence of 'The Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights,' to be found in the following passage of an old book, which gives a description of "a great show and shooting" in 1583. "The prince of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, having read in the chronicles of England, and seen in his own time, how armies mix'd with good archers have evermore so gall'd the enemy that it hath been great cause of the victory, he being one day at Mile-end, when Prince Arthur and his knights were there shooting, did greatly commend the game, and allowed thereof, lauding them to their encouragement." It appears also, from an

Arthur (1583), that King Henry VIII. confirmed by charter to the citizens of London the "famous order of Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table, or society; like as in his life time, when he saw a good archer indeed, he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order." Henry VIII., like many other tyrants, was sometimes pleased to be jocular and familiar with his subjects; and in this spirit, he not only patronized the Knights of the Round Table, but created a celebrated archer of the name of Barlo, *Duke of Shore-ditch*. The dukedom, it seems, was hereditary; and in 1583, the successor to the original duke had a *Baron Stirrop* in his court. Prince Arthur and the duke were on the most friendly terms; and a deputation from his highness, upon the day of Prince Arthur's shooting in 1583, presented a buck of that season "to Prince Arthur, who was at his tent, which was at Mile-end green." The preceding representation of Arthur's show at Mile-end, is composed principally from descriptions in the rare tract we have already mentioned:—"Auncient order, societie and unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his knightly armoury of the Round Table, with a threefold assercion friendly in favour and furtherance of English Archery at this day. 1583, 4to.; by Richard Robinson;"—and from 'The Bowman's Glory,' by William Wood.



° SCENE II.—"This Vice's dagger."

In Harsenet's 'Declaration of Popish Impositions,' 1603, (quoted in Malone's History of the

Stage, Boswell, iii. 27), we have the following description of the Vice: "It was a pretty part in the old church-plays, when the nimble Vice would skip

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the devil's neck, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so Vice-haunted." Upon this description Mr. Buss's design of the Vice is founded. The costume is that usually assigned to this personage—the long petticoat guarded with lace, the cap with ass's ears,

and the dagger of lath (see Henry IV. Part I. page 190). The origin of the name Vice is involved in considerable obscurity. The subject is highly interesting, but we may more conveniently examine it under the passage in King Richard III. :-

" Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word."



[Tilt-yard, Westminster.]

### 6 SCENE II.—“ *Tilt-yard.*”

In Aggas's Map of Westminster, drawn 1578, and in another by Norden, 1593, elevations of the tilt-yard are given; and in Smith's Antiquities of Westminster, two old pictures are engraved “ representing the most material part of St. James's Park, and many of the buildings, part of, or belonging to, the Palace of Whitehall as they were in the time of King Charles II.” From these authorities the above representation has been chiefly composed, which exhibits the place as it may be supposed to have appeared from the park, on the occasion of a tilt in the time of Elizabeth. In the

centre, the tilt-yard is seen with its double tier of galleries for spectators; on the right, Holbein's celebrated gate; and on the left, the Old Horse-Guards.

### 7 SCENE II.—“ *The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him.*”

Formerly there were three kinds of hautboy,—the treble, tenor, and bass. We have now but the first of these. The bassoon has superseded the last, and the other is a desideratum. Mersenne describes all three, and gives a wood-cut of each.



[Gualtree Forest.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gualtree forest,<sup>1</sup> an't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers forth,  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality;  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Morb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him  
touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy:  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their  
number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Morb.* The just proportion that we gave them  
out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Arch.* What well appointed leader fronts us  
here?

*Morb.* I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our  
general,

The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in  
peace;

What doth concern your coming?

*West.*

Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded<sup>a</sup> with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath  
touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath  
tutor'd;  
Whose white investments<sup>2</sup> figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such  
grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to graves,<sup>b</sup> your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men:  
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs  
we suffer,

And find our griefs<sup>c</sup> heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth  
run,

And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere<sup>d</sup>  
By the rough torrent of occasion:

<sup>a</sup> Guarded—faec'd—bordered. *Rags*. The original has *rage*: but *rags*, as conjectured by Mr. Walker, is now received as the true reading.

<sup>b</sup> *Graves*. Warburton proposed to read instead of *graves*, *glaires* (swords); Steevens, *greaves* (leg-armour).

<sup>c</sup> *Griefs*. Grievances.

<sup>d</sup> *Sphere*. The folio reads *there*. In the quarto this part of the speech is omitted. Warburton made the change.

And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our  
griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us  
wrong.<sup>e</sup>

The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
(Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?]<sup>b</sup>

*Arch.* My brother, general! the common-  
wealth!

[To brother born an household cruelty,]  
I make my quarrel in particular.<sup>o</sup>

*West.* There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it do not belong to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him, in part; and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before;  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

*West.* O my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,

<sup>o</sup> The twenty-five lines here ending are not found in the quarto.

<sup>b</sup> This line is omitted in the folio.

<sup>c</sup> We have pointed this passage in a manner which, it appears to us, in some degree removes the obscurity. It is ordinarily read as follows:—

“My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,

I make my quarrel in particular.”  
The second line of the three is not found in the folio; and this gives us the key to our reading. The Archbishop is impatient of Westmoreland's further question, and addressing him as general, exclaims, My brother! The Commonwealth! These are sufficient causes for our hostility. He then adds, “I make my quarrel in particular;” and the second line retained from the quarto explains why. In the first part of this play we are told of,

“The Archbishop—who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.”  
The Cambridge Editors are of opinion that several lines have been omitted, and those which remain displaced.

That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,  
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honour, had my father  
lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me ?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him :  
And then, that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers  
down,<sup>3</sup>

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of  
steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have  
staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :  
Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, lord Mowbray, now you  
know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman ;  
Who knows on whom fortune would then have  
smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and  
love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the  
king.<sup>4</sup>

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his  
grace,

That he will give you audience : and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them ; everything set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this  
offer ;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :  
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies :

Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;  
Then reason wills our hearts should be as  
good :—

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no  
parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your  
offence :

A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear, and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

*West.* That is intended in the general's name :  
I muse you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,  
this schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :  
Each several article herein redress'd ;  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;  
And present execution of our wills  
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd :<sup>5</sup>  
We come within our awful<sup>6</sup> banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I shew the general. Please  
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet :  
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame,  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WEST.*]

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom  
tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that : if we can make our  
peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,

<sup>3</sup> *Consign'd.* The folio either reads *consin'd* or *confign'd* the *s* and the *f* being so much alike in the old typography, that it is difficult to distinguish them. There can be no doubt we think that *consign'd* is the true reading, having the sense of ratified, confirmed.

<sup>4</sup> *Awful.* It has been supposed by some that *awful* is here used in the place of *lawful*. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Scene I., we refer to this passage under the impression that by "*awful banks*" was meant, legitimate bounds, orderly limits. It may be reasonably conjectured, however, that, in the passage before us, the word *awful* is used in the sense of *reverential*;—that those who are in arms against the king, having their grievances redressed, will come again within their bounds of awe towards him; the word *awful* is not used actively, as producing awe, but passively, *capable of awe*.

<sup>5</sup> The thirty-seven lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Movb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :  
That were our royal<sup>a</sup> faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king  
is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion :  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides the king hath wasted all his  
rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement :  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'T is very true :—  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Movb.* Be it so.  
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter* WESTMORELAND.

*West.* The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth  
your lordship  
To meet his grace just distance 'twixen our  
armies ?

*Movb.* Your grace of York, in Heaven's name  
then forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace :—my lord,  
we come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side,* MOWERAY, the ARCHBISHOP,  
HASTINGS, and others : *from the other side,*  
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND,  
Officers, and Attendants.

*P. John.* You are well encounter'd here, my  
cousin Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :  
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.  
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord  
bishop,

It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deep you were within the books of God ?  
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;  
To us the imagin'd voice of Heaven itself ;  
The very opener and intelligencer,  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,  
But you misuse the reverence of your place ;  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father ;  
And, both against the peace of heaven and  
him,

Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace :  
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous  
form,

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from  
the court,)

Whercon this Hydra son of war is born :  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd  
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires ;  
And true obedience, of this madness cured,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

<sup>a</sup> *Royal.* Dr. Johnson would read *loyal*. But *royal faith*  
is here put for the faith due to a king. So in Henry VIII. ;  
"The citizens have shewn at full their *royal* minds"



*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
And so, success\* of mischief shall be born;  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much  
too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them  
directly,

How far-farth you do like their articles?

*P. John.* I like them all, and do allow them  
well:

And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

Upon my life, they shall. If this may please  
you,

Discharge your powers unto their several coun-  
ties,

As we will ours: and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these  
redresses.

*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my  
word:

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain, [to an Officer.] and deliver  
to the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and  
part:

I know it will well please them; Hie thee,  
captain. [Exit Officer.]

*Arch.* To you, my noble lord of Westmore-  
land.

*West.* I pledge your grace: and, if you knew  
what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely: but my love to you  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.—  
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy  
season:

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

\* Success, succession.

*Arch.* Against ill chances, men are ever  
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden  
sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-  
morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule  
be true. [Shouts within.]

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd;  
Hark, how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a con-  
quest;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.* Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.—

[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

*P. John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night  
together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you  
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. John.* They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already:  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their  
course

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke  
up,

Each hurries towards his home, and sporting-  
place.

*West.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for  
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow-  
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable?

*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*P. John.*

I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances.

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care. But for you, rebels, look to taste the due Meets for rebellion, and such acts as yours. Most shallowly did you these arms commence, Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray; Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. Some guard these traitors to the block of death; Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

*Fal.* Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

*Cole.* Are not you sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*P. John.* The heat is past, follow no farther now;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet but rebuke and cheek was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founded nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the book-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy than your deservings.

*Fal.* I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it,<sup>4</sup> Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the einders of the clement, which shew like pins' heads to her, I believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*P. John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*P. John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*P. John.* Is thy name Colevile?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*P. John.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*P. John.* Have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*P. John.* Send Colevile, with his confederates, To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick :  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—  
Which, cousin, you shall hear,—to comfort him ;  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave  
to go through Gloucestershire : and, when you  
come to court, stand my good lord,<sup>a</sup> 'pray, in  
your good report.

*P. John.* Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my  
condition,  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Erit.*]

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit : 'twere  
better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this  
same young sober-blooded boy doth not love  
me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ;—but  
that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's  
never any of these demure boys come to any  
proof ; for thin drink doth so over-cool their  
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they  
fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and  
then, when they marry, they get venches : they  
are generally fools and cowards ;—which some  
of us should be too, but for inflammation. A  
good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in  
it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me  
there all the foolish, and dull, and erudy vapours  
which environ it : makes it apprehensive, quick,  
forgetive,<sup>b</sup> full of nimble, fiery, and delectable  
shapes ; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the  
tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent  
wit. The second property of your excellent  
sherris is,—the warming of the blood ; which,  
before cold and settled, left the liver white and  
pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and  
cowardice : but the sherris warms it and makes  
it course from the inwards to the parts extreme.  
It illuminateth the face ; which, as a beacon,  
gives warning to all the rest of this little king-  
dom, man, to arm : and then the vital com-  
moners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all  
to their captain, the heart ; who, great, and  
puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of  
courage ; and this valour comes of sherris : So  
that skill in the weapon is nothing without  
sack ; for that sets it a-work : and learning a  
mere hoard of gold kept by a devil ; till sack  
commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof  
comes it, that prince Harry is valiant : for the  
cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father,  
he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured,

<sup>a</sup> *Stand my good lord.* Bishop Percy says, that "Be my good lord" was the old court phrase, used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank.

<sup>b</sup> *Forgetive*—inventive.

husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour  
of drinking good and good store of fertile  
sherris ; that he is become very hot and valiant.  
If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I  
would teach them should be,—to forswear thin  
potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire ;  
and there will I visit master Robert Shallow,  
esquire ; I have him already tempering between  
my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal  
with him. Come away. [*Exunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE  
HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if heaven doth give  
successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd,<sup>a</sup> our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish :  
Only, we want a little personal strength ;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your  
majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster  
Where is the prince your brother ?

*P. Humph.* I think he's gone to hunt, my  
lord, at Windsor.<sup>b</sup>

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied ?

*P. Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of  
Clarence, with him ?

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord ; he is in pre-  
sence here.

*Clare.* What would my lord and father ?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas  
of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy  
brother ?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,  
Thomas ;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

<sup>a</sup> *Address'd*—prepared.

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
 And noble offices thou may'st effect  
 Of mediation, after I am dead,  
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren:  
 Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;  
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.  
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;  
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
 Open as day for melting charity:  
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
 As humorous<sup>a</sup> as winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws<sup>b</sup> congealed in the spring of day.  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope;  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,  
 Thomas,  
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
 As acornitum, or rash gunpowder.

*Cl.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Cl.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

*Cl.* With Poinis, and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
 Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,  
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon  
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,

<sup>a</sup> *Humorous*, applied literally, is *humid*—as “humorous night,” in *Romeo and Juliet*. In this passage it has the sense of *full of humours*, alluding to the supposed fluids or *humours* of the body, which constituted the individual temperament.

<sup>b</sup> *Flaws*—thin crystallizations upon the ground moist with the morning dew.

O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon and learn'd: which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows comes to no further use,  
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers: and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
 In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health to my sovereign! and new happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver!  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:

Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law;  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
 The manner how this action hath been borne  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read;  
 With every course, in his particular.<sup>a</sup>

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of!  
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bar-dolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrow'n:  
 The manner and true order of the fight,  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

<sup>a</sup> *His particular*—Prince John's letter of detail. A particular is still a term for a detailed statement.





J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., del.

HENRY V. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

[M. Jackson, sculp.]

*From Henry.* "My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits!"

*Henry IV., Part II. Act iv., sc. 5.*

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach,—such are the  
rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not  
I should rejoice now at this happy news;  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—  
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Screens.*]

*P. Humph.* Comfort, your majesty!

*Cl.* O my royal father!

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,  
look up!

*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, these  
fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be  
well.

*Cl.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these  
pangs;

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure,<sup>a</sup> that should confine it  
in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break  
out.<sup>b</sup>

*P. Humph.* The people fear me;<sup>c</sup> for they  
do observe

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:<sup>d</sup>  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd then  
over.

*Cl.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb  
between:

And the old folk, time's dotting chronicles,  
Say it did so, a little time before  
That our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and  
died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king re-  
covers.

*P. Humph.* This apoplexy will, certain, be  
his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear  
me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*They convey the KING into an inner part of  
the room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

<sup>a</sup> Mure—wall.

<sup>b</sup> Fear me—make me afraid.

<sup>c</sup> Births of nature. So the old editions. Why the passage  
has been corrupted into birds of nature we cannot divine.  
Johnson must bear the blame of this.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow  
here.

*Cl.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the duke of Clarence?  
*Cl.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*P. Hen.* How now! run within doors, and  
none abroad!

How doth the king?

*P. Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

*P. Humph.* He alter'd much upon the hearing  
it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet  
prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cl.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along  
with us?

*P. Hen.* No; I will sit and watch here by  
the king. [*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost  
sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That seals with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not:

Did he inspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my  
father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol<sup>a</sup> hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

<sup>a</sup> Rigol. The word is fully found in *Skeat's*. Nash,  
however, writes *ringol*, which he explains to be *ringol*  
*circle*.

Which heaven shall guard : And put the world's  
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me : This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* Warwick ! Gloster ! Clarence !

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the king call ?

*War.* What would your majesty ? How fares  
your grace ?

*K. Hen.* Why did you leave me here alone,  
my lords ?

*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here, my  
liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*K. Hen.* The prince of Wales ? Where is he ?  
let me see him.

He is not here.<sup>a</sup>

*War.* This door is open ; he is gone this way.

*P. Humph.* He came not through the chamber  
where we stay'd.

*K. Hen.* Where is the crown ? who took it  
from my pillow ?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it  
here.

*K. Hen.* The prince hath ta'en it hence ;—go,  
seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death ?

Find him, my lord of Warwick ; chide him  
hither. [*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoints with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things  
you are !

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object !

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their  
brains with care,

Their bones with industry ;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises :

When, like the bee, culling<sup>b</sup> from every flower

The virtuous sweets ;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with  
honey,

We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd<sup>a</sup> me ?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next  
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the  
crown ?

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me,  
Harry,

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exit CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,  
Lords, &c.*]

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak  
again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine  
honours

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm  
thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few  
hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?

Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :

Only compound me with forgotten dust ;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

<sup>a</sup> This hemistich is omitted in the folio.  
<sup>b</sup> *Culling*. This is the reading of the folio ; the quarto  
telling, taking toll.

<sup>a</sup> *Determin'd*, ended. We have still the word in a legal  
sense.



Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form.  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd :—Up, vanity !  
 Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors,  
 hence !

And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness !  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your seam :  
 Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more :  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt :  
 England shall give him office, honour, might :  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my  
 tears, [ *Kneeling.*

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown :  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
 Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending !  
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in  
 And found no course of breath within your  
 majesty,

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;  
 And never live to shew the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purpos'd !  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it :—'The care on thee de-  
 pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father ;  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
 Other, less fine in ear, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in med'cine potable ;<sup>a</sup>  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-  
 nown'd,

<sup>a</sup> *Med'cine potable.* The allusion is here to *aureum potable*, a preparation of gold to which great virtues were formerly ascribed.

Hast eat thy bearer up.'—Thus, my most royal  
 liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it, as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

*K. Hen.* O my son !  
 Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's  
 love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry sit thou by my bed ;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my  
 son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;  
 And I had many living, to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances ;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,  
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered ;  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument ; and now my death  
 Changes the mood : for what in me was purchas'd,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could  
 do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;  
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy  
 friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might hope a fear  
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,  
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ;  
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne  
out,

May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,  
Lords, and others.

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John of  
Lancaster.

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my  
royal father!

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness and  
peace, son John;  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,  
My worldly business makes a period.  
Where is my lord of Warwick?

*P. Hen.* My lord of Warwick!

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to heaven!—even there  
my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—  
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *[Exeunt.]*

## RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 268.—“To a loud trumpet, and a *point of war*.”  
“To a loud trumpet and *report of war*.”—*Collier*.  
Let us look at the entire passage as we have printed it in  
the text:—

“Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war!”

Mr. Collier says—“Here ‘point of war’ can have no mean-  
ing.” The above ought to be printed thus, on the authority  
of the Corrector,—

“Your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and *report of war*.”

In ‘Waverley’ we have the following passage:—“The  
trumpets and kettledrums of the cavalry were next heard  
to perform the beautiful and wild *point of war* appropriated  
as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty.” Of course,  
when Walter Scott wrote this passage he was deceived by  
the “no meaning” of the common Shaksperes. Had the  
word become obsolete when the Corrector changed it to  
*report*? or was the Corrector a caterer for the public taste  
himself, or one who waited upon the caterers to register  
their “emendations,” in all cases where it was desirable to

popularise Shakspeare, to be intelligible to the ears of the  
groundlings? It was intelligible in the days of the ‘*Tatler*,’  
“On a sudden we were alarmed by the noise of a drum,  
and immediately entered my little godson, to give us a *point  
of war*.”

Sc. IV. p. 277.—

“And all *thy* friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
I cut *them* off.”

“And all *my* friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid  
I cut *some* off.”—*Collier*.

The change of *thy* to *my* had been suggested by Tyrwhitt;  
and *some* for *them* by Mr. Mason, who says,—“As the  
passage stands, the King is advising the Prince to make  
those persons his friends whom he has already cut off.”  
The Corrector has both these changes. We adopt *my* instead  
of *thy*, and we reject *some*.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

### 1 SCENE I.—“*Gualtree forest.*”

THIS forest is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was formerly called Galtres forest. It is thus mentioned by Skelton:—

“Thus stode I in the frythy forest of Galtres.”

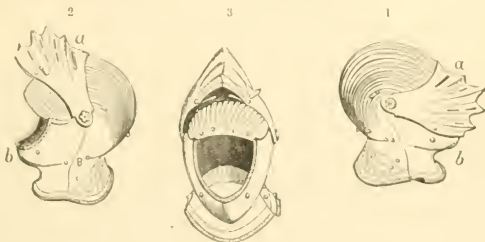
Frythy is woody.

### 2 SCENE I.—“*Whose white investments figure innocence.*”

The ordinary costume of a bishop, not only when he was performing his episcopal functions, but when he appeared in public, and even when he travelled, was a vestment of white linen. From a passage in a letter of Erasmus, it appears that Fisher, bi-hop of Rochester, when he was about to cross the sea, laid aside his linen vest, “which they always use in England.”

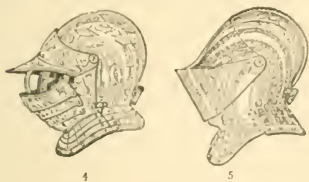
### 3 SCENE I.—“*Their beavers down.*”

In Hamlet, Act I, Scene II., we find this passage, “He wore his beaver up.” In the first Part of Henry IV., page 213, we have seen that the beaver was sometimes used to express a helmet generally. The passage before us, and the passage in Hamlet, have been considered contradictory; and some have supposed that Shakspeare confounded the beaver and visor. Douce shews that both the beaver and visor moved *up*, and when so, the face was exposed; when the beaver was *down*, the face was covered;—and the beaver and visor were both *down* in the battle or the tournament. The following representations, which are taken from Meyrick and Skelton’s Ancient Armour, will be more satisfactory than any verbal description:—



1. 2. 3. Helmet belonging to a suit of cap-a-pee armour, of the date 1495, preserved in the collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick, Goodrich Court. 1. Profile of the helmet, with the opening for the face closed by the visor *a*, and the beaver, *b*. 2. Ditto, half opened by the elevation of the visor, *a*. 3. Front view, ditto.

Some helmets were, however, so constructed, that the beaver, being composed of falling overlapping plates, exposed the face when it was down.



4. “An armet” (from specimens in Goodrich Court) of the time of Philip and Mary, the umbril of which has attached to it three wide bars to guard the face, over which the beaver, formed of three overlapping lames perforated, is made to draw up.

5. “A helmet” (ditto) of the time of Queen Elizabeth. This has a visor and beaver. The latter when up exposes the face, while in the armet, Fig. 4, such a position guards it.

This “armet,” however, appears to have been of an unusual construction. Shakspeare alludes to the common *beaver* both in Hamlet and in the passage before us; and in these no contradiction is involved.

### 4 SCENE III.—“*I will have it in a particular ballad,*” &c.

In Ben Jonson’s ‘Bartholomew Fair’ we have the following passage: “O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home, o’ my own pasting up! there be brave pictures.” Very few ballads of Shakspeare’s time appeared without the decoration of a rude wood-cut; sometimes referring to the subject matter of the ballad, sometimes giving a portrait of the queen. These fugitive productions, Gifford says, “came out every term in incredible numbers, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom, by shoals of itinerant syrens.”

### 5 SCENE IV.—“*I think he’s gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.*”

The forest of Windsor was the favourite hunting

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

ground of the court in the sixteenth century, as it was, probably, at a much earlier period. In Lord Surrey's celebrated poem on Windsor Castle, supposed to be written in 1546, we have the following passage:—

"The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;  
With reins averted, and swift y-breathed horse,  
With cry of hounds, and merry blast between,  
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force."

"SCENE IV.—"*Haath wrought the mure,*" &c.

Shakspeare has here borrowed a thought from Daniel. In the third Book of his 'Civil Wars,' first published in 1595, we have this couplet:—

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind  
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

Hurd, finding the passage in the complete edition of Daniel's Civil Wars, published in 1609, and

not, perhaps, being aware of the earlier edition, considered that Daniel had imitated Shakspeare. This coincidence strengthens the remarks which we made in the Introductory Notice to Richard II. on Shakspeare's supposed imitations of his poetical friend. The same thought descended from Daniel and Shakspeare to Waller, who has thus modified it:—

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made,"

"SCENE IV.—"*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*"

Of the Jerusalem Chamber, which is attached to the S. W. tower of Westminster Abbey, scarcely any of the original features remain—nothing, indeed, of the interior that probably existed in the time of Henry IV. The original chamber was built about 1362, at a time when the buildings immediately attached to the abbey were extensively repaired or re-erected.

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The following extracts from Holinshed describe the progress of the insurrection of Scroop and Northumberland. These passages are evidently the historical authorities which the poet consulted:—

"Raufe Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, that was not far off, together with the lord John of Lancaster, the king's son, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and coming into a plain within the forest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pight down in like sort as the archbishop had pight his, over against them, being far stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least eleven thousand men. When the Earl of Westmoreland perceived the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtly devised how to quill their purpose, and forthwith dispatched messengers unto the archbishop to understand the cause, as it were, of that great assemble, and for what cause, contrary to the king's peace, they came so in armour. The archbishop answered, that he took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth, than otherwise, and where he and his company were in arms, it was for fear of the king, to whom he could have no free access by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he maintained that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himself, as for the realm, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith he showed forth a scroll in which the articles were written, whereof before ye have heard. The messengers returning unto the Earl of Westmoreland showed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishop's holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the arch-

bishop, who, rejoicing hereat, gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the Earl Marshal against his will as it were to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here, when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without any more ado, the Earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had according to the same. The Earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest: Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end; and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the mean time let us drink together, in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true that we be light at a point. They had no sooner shaken hands together but that a knight was sent straightways from the archbishop to bring word to the people that there was a peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside arms, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the mean time, whilst the people of the archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the Earl of Westmoreland, and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, till the Earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the Earl Marshal, with divers other. Their troops being pursued, many were taken, many slain, and many spoiled of that they had about them, and so permitted to go their ways."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Earl of Northumberland and the Lord Bardolf, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henry, were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now (1408) for the space of a whole year; and as their evil fortune would, whilst the king held a

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

council of the nobility at London, the said Earl of Northumberland and Lord Barlof, in a dismal hour, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering divers of the earl's castles and seignories, for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. Hereupon encouraged with hope of good success, they enter into Yorkshire, and there began to destroy the country. The king advertised hereof, caused a great army to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies: but ere the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas (or, as other copies have, Rauf) Rokeby, sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the earl and his power, coming to Grimbaut Brigges, beside Knaresborough,

there to stop them the passage; but they, returning aside, got to Weatherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Branham Moor, near to Haylwood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The sheriff was as ready to give battle as the earl to receive it, and so with a standard of St. George spread, set fiercely upon the earl, who, under a standard of his own arms, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victory fell to the sheriff. The Earl of Northumberland was slain in the field, and the Lord Barlof was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurt.



[Windsor Castle in the 16th century.]



[Hall in Shallow's house.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pyc,<sup>1</sup> sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be east, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend of the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conecited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance Wil-

liam Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but, yet, Heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the sensible coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would honour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions,<sup>2</sup> and he shall laugh without intercallams. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*Within.*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's wak'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had called me with him:

The service that I truly did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not; and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry;

O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

*P. Humph. Ch.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in oddest expectation;

I am the sorer; 'would 't were otherwise.

*Cl.* Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,

Led by the impartial<sup>a</sup> conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.<sup>b</sup>  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter KING HENRY V.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and heaven save your  
majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, ma-  
jesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amrath succeeds,<sup>4</sup>  
But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I;  
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. John, &c.* We hope no other from your  
majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me:—and  
you most; [*To the CHIEF JUSTICE.*  
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd  
rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?  
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your  
father;

The image of his power lay then in me:  
And, in the administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleas'd to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,

<sup>a</sup> *Impartial.* The quarto reads *impartial*. The folio *impartial*. Capell says the *impartial* conduct means the absolute dominion of virtue. But we prefer the accustomed reading of *impartial*.

<sup>b</sup> *Forestall'd remission.* A pardon supplicated, not offered freely.

The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person:  
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case  
yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh  
this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:—  
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son:  
And no less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;  
With this remembrance,—That you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;  
You shall be as a father to my youth:  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well practis'd, wise directions.  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world;  
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,



And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament:  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us:—  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.]

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our state:  
 And (Heaven consigning to my good intents,  
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,  
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own gralling, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

*Fal.* You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; Well said, Davy.<sup>a</sup>

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,<sup>b</sup> [*Singing.*  
 And praise heaven for the merry year,  
 When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
 And lusty lads roam here and there,  
 So merrily,  
 And ever among so merrily.]

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; [*seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface!<sup>c</sup> What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*]

*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

<sup>a</sup> As Davy has not spoken, it was conjectured that he should read—"Well spread, Davy."

<sup>b</sup> *Proface*—much good may it do you. The phrase was common in Shakspere's time. Dr Nares infers that we had the word from the Norman romance language. Mr. G. White says, from the Italian *pro vi faccia*, may it do you good.

*Sil.* [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
 For women are shrews, both short and tall;  
 T is merry in hall, when beards wag all,  
 And welcome merry of rove tale  
 Be merry, be merry, &c.

*Fal.* I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*To BARD.*—A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* [*Singing.*]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine  
 And drink unto the bosom mine;  
 And a merry heart lives long.

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* If we shall be merry now comes in the sweet of the night.<sup>a</sup>

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence.

*Sil.*

Fill the cup, and let it come;  
 I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*to the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there—Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

*Sil.* [*Singing.*]

Do me right,  
 And dub me knight:  
 Samingo.

Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'T is so.

<sup>a</sup> *If we shall, &c.* This is the reading of the folio. The quarto has "And we shall be merry." And was often printed for an. The "If we shall be merry now comes in the sweet of the night" appears to us superior to the reading, "And we shall be merry,—now comes in," &c.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court? let him come in.

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol?

*Pist.* Sir John! save you, sir.

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r lady, I think he be; but Goodman Puff of Barson.

*Pist.* Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof,

*Sil.* [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Hellicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament, therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

*Shal.* Under king Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth; When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—

Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good news?

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! Where is the life that late I led, say they; Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter* Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*I Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Doll.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

*I Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Doll.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

*I Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O, that 'right should thus o'ercome might! well; of sufferance comes ease.

*Doll.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Yes; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

*Doll.* Goodman death! goodman bones!

*Host.* Thou anatomy thou!

*Doll.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Brad.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. [*Exeunt* Grooms.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* Bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 't is no matter; this poor shew doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shews my earnestness in affection.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'T is *superfluous*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'T is all in every part.

*Shal.* 'T is so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base duranee, and contagious prison; Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Aleecto's snake,

For Doll is in: Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

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*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.*

*Fal.* Save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal ump of fame!

*Fal.* Save thee, my sweet boy!

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wife; know you what 't is you speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

*King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace; Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [*Exeunt* King and his Train.]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must scorn this to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot well perceive how; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph;—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,—

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.* [*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.*]

*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's:

He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall all be very well provided for;  
But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,  
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.  
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE V.—“Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow.”

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

### EPILOGUE.

[Spoken by a DANCER.]

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit

me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.



[A Dancer. From H. Car.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*By cock and pye.*”

In a little book of great popularity, originally published in 1601, entitled, ‘The Plaine Man’s Pathway to Heaven,’ by Arthur Dent, we have the following passage :—“ I know a man that will never swear but by cock or pye, or mouse-foot. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread. You shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth.” We here see, that the exclamation “ by cock and pye,” was not of the class of oaths from which Hotspur might choose “ a good mouth-filling oath.” Steevens supposes that the service-book of the Romish church being denominated a Pie, the oath had reference to that, and to the sacred name. Douce has, however, given the following very ingenious explanation of the origin of the word :—“ It will, no doubt, be recollected that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant, being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock, nevertheless, continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a pie, the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock-vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing, not only by the bird itself, but also by the pie; and hence, probably, the oath by cock and pie, for the use of which no very old authority can be found.”

### <sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*I would curry with Master Shallow.*”

The origin of to curry—to *curry favour*—furnishes a remarkable example of the corruption of language. In Chaucer’s time, the phrase was “*curry favel*.” In the Merchant’s Second Tale, we have :—

“ As though he had lerned cury favel of some old frere.”

Favel was the name of a horse,—a name generally given to chestnut horses—as Bayard to a brown horse, and Blanchard to a white. In an old English proverb we have :—

“ He that will in court dwell,  
Must needs currie favel.”

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it is agreeable to a horse to be curried, and that, therefore, to *curry favel*, applied to a courtier or a sycophant, is to bestow such attentions as may bespeak good offices.

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*The wearing out of six fashions (which is four terms or two actions).*”

In the time of Shakspeare the *law terms* regulated what we now denominate the *season*. The country gentlemen and their families then came up

to town to transact their business and to learn the fashions. “ He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions.” (Ben Jonson, ‘Every Man out of his Humour.’) Falstaff computes that six fashions would wear out in four terms, or two actions. This particularly may, perhaps, be taken as another proof of Shakspeare’s technical knowledge, and fondness for legal allusions.

### <sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.*”

Amurath the Third, Emperor of the Turks, died in 1596. He was succeeded by his eldest son Mahomet, who immediately put to death all his brothers. Malone thinks that Shakspeare alludes to this transaction; for the allusion, although not literally correct, might be sufficient to convey a notion of the difference between a regulated monarchy and a despotism :—

“ This is the English, not the Turkish court.”

A gentleman, very well acquainted with Turkish history and literature, has pointed out to us that Amurath, in Greek *Amurath*, is Emeer—the Greek *v* being pronounced *ee*. In old books the sultan is sometimes called “ the Amurath;” and the style of Mohammed II. in the Greek version of his treaty with the Genoese of Galata is “ I, the great Effendi and great Emeer (*Amurath*), and son of Mourad Bey” (*Mourad*). We thus find Amurath in the same sentence as distinct from Murad.

### <sup>5</sup> SCENE III.—“*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.*”

Every lover of Shakspeare must recollect that most exquisite passage in the Twelfth Night, which describes the higher species of minstrelsy that had found an abiding place in the hearts of the people :—

“ Give me some music: . . . but that piece of song.  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much;  
More than light airs, and recollected terms,  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Mark it, Cæsario; it is old, and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.”

The outpouring of snatches of old songs by Master Silence, in this hour when the taciturnity of a feeble intellect was overwhelmed by the stimulant which wine afforded to his memory, is a truly poetical conception. In his prosaic moments the worthy Justice is contented to echo his brother of the quorum :—“ We shall all follow, cousin.” But when his “ merry heart” expands in “ the sweet of the night,” he unravels his fig-ends of popular ditties with a volubility which not even the abuse of Pistol can stop. Beaumont and Fletcher, in ‘The Knight of the Burning Pestle,’ have a character, Old Merry-thought, who “ evermore laughs,

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

and dances, and sings;" and he introduces himself to us with:—

"Nose, nose, Jolly red nose,  
And who gave thee this Jolly red nose,"

The humour of Old Merry-thought is little better than farce; but the extravagance of Silence is the richest comedy, from the contrast with his habitual character. The snatches which Silence sings are not the—

"Light airs, and recollected terms,  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times,"

but fragments of old ballads that had been long heard in the squire's hall, and the yeoman's chimney-corner—"old and plain." For example, the expression,—

"Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,"

may be found, with a slight alteration, in the poems of Adam Davy, who lived in the time of

Edward II. (See Warton's History of English Poetry, section 6.) In the 'Serving Man's Comfort,' 1598, we have this passage, descriptive of the merriment in which the retainers of the great partook, in the time of Elizabeth:—"Grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantry, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to eue with Duke Humphrey, or to kiss the here's feet) to appear at the first call; where a song is to be sung, the under song or lodging whereof is, 'It is merry in hall, where beards wag all.'" The concluding line, before the command to "carry Master Silence to bed," is a portion of the old ballad of "Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield:"—

"All this beherd three wighty yeomen,  
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:  
With that they esp'd the Jolly Pindar  
As he sat under a thirce."



(Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.)

### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

In the Introductory Notice, page 164, we have mentioned the story told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book of 'The Governor,' of the committal of Prince Henry to the Fleet by the Lord Chief Justice. This tradition was believed (perhaps upon the authority of Elyot) by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Hawkins; and was referred to by them in legal arguments. The anecdote, as detailed by Elyot, is very amusing:—

"A good Judge, a good Prince, a good King.

"The most renowned prince, King Henry V.,

late king of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of warlike courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he favoured well was for felony by him committed arraigned at the King's Bench, whereof the prince being adverted, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty. Whereat all men were amazed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered ac-

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

ording to the ancient laws of this realm; or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate.

"With which answer the prince nothing appen- sion, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way; at which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgement, men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage: but the judge, sitting still without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following:—

'Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double obedience: wherefore oft- soones in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from hence- forth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain ye there prisoner unto the pleasure of the king your father be further known.' With which words being amazed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdained, came and showed to the king all the whole affair, whereat he a whiles studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up towards heaven, abraded with a loud voice: 'O merciful God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer seemly and obey justice.'

The circumstances which preceded the death of Henry IV., including the story of the prince removing the crown, are thus detailed by Holin- shel:—

"In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was holden in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the Holy Land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. The morrow after Candlemas-day began a Parlia- ment which he had called at London; but he departed this life before the same Parliament was ended: for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the Holy Land, he was oftsoones taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy (saith Master Hall), as foolish friars imagined, but a very apo-

plexy. During this, his last sickness, he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's-head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been de- parted, covered his face with a linen cloth. The prince his son being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father, being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself: the prince with a good audacity answered, Sir, to mine, and all men's judgements, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well fair son, said the king (with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, quoth the prince, if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to do well; and with that turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the Abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem. We find that he was taken with his last sickness while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed forth on his journey: he was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently; wherefore, to relieve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westmin- ster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him: at length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, laudes be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, accord- ing to the prophesy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

We close our Historical Illustrations with a pas- sage from Holinshel, descriptive of the change of life in Henry V.:—

"This king was the man that, according to the old proverb, declared and shewed in what sor- tions ought to change manners; for immediately after that he was invested king, and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man, turning inso- lency and wildness into gravity and soberness: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime, and riotous misorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unthriftly playseers, he now banished them from his presence (not unrewarded, nor yet unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn, within ten miles of his court or mausion: and in their places he elected and chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy."





## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO KING HENRY IV.

### PARTS I. AND II.

"In the Shaksperian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within—a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."\* It is under the direction of a deep and absolute conviction of the truth of this principle—not only as applied to the master-pieces of Shakspeare, the Lear, the Macbeth, the Othello, but to all his works without exception,—that we can alone presume to understand any single drama of this poet,—much less to attempt to lead the judgment of others. Until by long and patient thought we believe that we have traced the roots, and seen the branches and buddings of that "vitality,"—until by frequent listening to those "harmonies" we hear, or fancy we hear, that "key-note,"—we hold ourselves to be utterly unfitted even to call attention to a solitary poetical beauty, or to develop the peculiarities of a single character. Shakspeare is not to be taken up like an ordinary writer of fiction, whose excellence may be tested by a brilliant dialogue here, or a striking situation there. The proper object of criticism upon Shakspeare is to show the dependance of the parts upon the whole; for by that principle alone can we come to a due appreciation even of the separate parts. Dull critics, and brilliant critics, equally blunder about Shakspeare, when they reject this safe guide to the comprehension of his works. We have a Frenchman before us—M. Paul Duport—who gives us an "Analyse Raisonnée" of our poet, which is perfectly guiltless of any imaginative power to hide or adorn the dry bones of the Analysis.† Mark the confidence with which this gentleman speaks of the two plays before us! Of the first part he says, "This piece has still less of action and interest than those which preceded it—John, and Richard II.). It is only an historical picture, the various circumstances of which have no relation amongst themselves. There is no personage who predominates over the others, so as to fix the attention of the audience. It is the anarchy of the Scene. What, however, renders it worthy an attentive examination is, its division into a tragic and a comic portion. The two species are here very distinct. The tragic portion is cold, disjointed, undecided; but the comic, although absolutely foreign to the shadow of the action which makes the subject of the piece, merits sometimes to be placed by the side of the better passages of the *Reynards*, and even of the *Molières*." This is pretty decided for a blockhead; and, indeed, the decision with which he speaks could only proceed from a blockhead's excellence. Had this Frenchman not been extremely dull and conceited, he would have had some glimmerings of the truth, though he might not have seen the whole truth. Our own Johnson had too strong a sympathy with the marvellous talent which runs through the scenes of the *Henry IV.*, not to speak of these plays with more than common enthusiasm. The great events, he says, are interesting; the slighter occurrences diverting; the characters diversified with the profoundest skill; Falstaff is the unimitated, unimitable. But now comes the qualification—the result of Johnson looking at the

\* Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, vol. i. page 104.

† *Essais Littéraires sur Shakspeare*. 2 tom. Paris 1828.

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parts instead of the whole:—"I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, 'O most lame and impotent conclusion!' As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth." Let us endeavour, in going through the scenes of these plays, with the help of the great guiding principle that Shakspeare "worked in the spirit of nature by evolving the germ from within, by the imaginative power according to an idea;"\*—let us endeavour to prove,—not, indeed, that these plays do not want action and interest, and that the tragic parts are not cold, disjointed, and undecided, —but that all the circumstances have relation amongst themselves, and that the comic parts, so far from being absolutely foreign to the action, entirely depend upon it, and, to a certain extent, direct it. If we succeed in our attempt, we shall shew that, from the preliminary and connecting lines in Richard II.,

"Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?"

to "the most lame and impotent conclusion," which Johnson would suppress, nothing can be spared—nothing can be altered; that Dame Quickly and Justice Silence are as essential to the progress of the action, as Hotspur and the king;—that the prince could not advance without Falstaff, nor Falstaff without the prince;—that the poetry and the wit are co-dependant and inseparable;—and, above all, that the minute shades of character generally, and especially the extraordinary fusion of many contrary qualities in the character of Falstaff, are to be completely explained and reconciled, only by reference to their connexion with the dramatic action,—*"the key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."*

Some seventy lines from the commencement of this play (we shall find it convenient to speak of the two parts as forming one drama), the "key-note" is struck. The king communicates to his friends "the smooth and welcome news" of the battle of Holmedon. His exultation is unbounded:

"And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?"

But when the king is told

"It is a conquest for a prince to boast of,"

the one circumstance—the

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its deep shade alike o'er his joys and his woes,"—

the shame that extinguishes the right to boast, comes across his mind:—

"Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,  
In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so blest a son:  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-ripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts."

The king forces his "young Harry" from his thoughts, and talks of "young Percy's pride." But the real action of the drama has commenced, in this irrepressible disclosure of the king's habitual feelings. It is for the poet to carry on the exhibition of the "riot and dishonour;"—their course,—their ebbs and flowings,—the circumstances which control, and modify, and subdue them. The events which determine the career of the prince finally conquer the habits by which he was originally surrounded; and it is in the entire disclosure of these habits, as not incompatible with their growing modification and ultimate overthrow by those events which constitute what is called the tragic action of the drama—that every incident and every character becomes an integral part of the whole—a branch, or a leaf or a bud, or a flower, of the one "vitality."

\* Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, vol. i. page 104.

## KING HENRY IV.—PARTS I. AND II.

We have seen in what spirit the prince of the old play which preceded Shakspeare was conceived. We have seen, also, the character of the associates by whom he was surrounded. We feel that the whole of such a representation must be untrue. The depraved and unfeeling blackguard of that play could never have become the hero of Agincourt. There was no unity of character between the prince of the beginning and of the end of that play; and therefore there could have been no unity of action. Perhaps no mind but Shakspeare's could have reconciled the apparent contradiction, which appears to lie upon the surface both of the events by which the prince was moulded, and the characters by which he was surrounded. It was for him alone to exhibit a species of profligacy not only capable of being conquered by the higher energy which made the prince chivalrously brave and daring, but absolutely akin to that higher energy. This was to be effected, not only by the peculiar qualities of the prince's own mind, but by the still more peculiar qualities of his associates. As the prince of Shakspeare, while he

"Daff'd the world aside, and let it pass,

never ceased to feel, in the depths of his nobler nature, "thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us;"—so he never could have been surrounded by the 'Ned' and 'Tom' of the old play, who must have extinguished all thoughts of 'the wise,' and have produced irredeemable 'dishonour.' Falstaff, the 'unimitated, unimitable Falstaff,' was the poetical creation that was absolutely necessary to the conduct of the great dramatic action, the natural transformation of "the mad-cap Prince of Wales" into King Henry V. So, indeed, were all the satellites which revolve round Falstaff, sharing and reflecting his light. It is the perfect characterization of this drama which makes the incidents consistent: the characters cannot live apart from the incidents; the incidents cannot move on without the characters. If we attempt to unravel the characters, and the complicated character of Falstaff especially, without reference to the incidents, we are speedily in a labyrinth. The vulgar notion of Falstaff, for example, is the stage notion. Mrs. Inchbald truly remarks, "To many spectators, all Falstaff's humour is comprised in his unwieldy person." But the same lady adopts an equally vulgar stage generalization, and calls him the "cowardly Falstaff." The "wit" of Falstaff, though slightly received into the stage conception of the character, is a very vague notion, compared with the bulk and the cowardice of Falstaff. Mrs. Inchbald (we are quoting from her prefaces to the acted plays) says, "The reader who is *too refined* to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb." The refinement of the players is even more sensitive; for they altogether leave out in the representation the scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately stand for the King and Harry—a scene to which nothing of comic that ever was written, except, perhaps, a passage or two in Cervantes, can at all approach. The players, however, are consistent. Their intolerance of poetry and of wit are equal. Not a line do they keep of the matchless first scene of the third Act, than which Shakspeare never wrote anything more spirited, more individualized, more harmonious. But we are digressing. Falstaff, then, we see in the rude general conception of his character is fat, cowardly, and somewhat witty. The players always double and quadruple the author's notion of his fat and his cowardice; and they kindly allow us a modicum of his wit. To be fat and to be cowardly, and even to have some wit, would go far to make an excellent *butt* for a wild young prince; but they would not make a Falstaff. These qualities would be, to such a prince as Shakspeare has conceived, little better than Bartolop's nose, or the Drawer's "anon, anon, sir." To understand Falstaff, however, we must take him scene by scene, and incident by incident; we must study his character in its development by the incidents. "Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon." Here is the *sensualist* introduced to us. We have here a vista of "the half-penny worth of breal to the intolerable deal of sack." But if we look closely, we shall see that the prince is exaggerating; and that Falstaff humours the exaggeration. It is Falstaff's *cue* to insist on all his own infirmities and frailties. "Men of all sorts," he says, "take a pride to gird at me." But he has himself a pride in the pride which they take:—"The train of this foolish-worshipful day, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I can not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." How immediately Falstaff turns the prince from bantering, to a position in which he has to deal with an antagonist. The thrusts of wit are exchanged like the bouts of a fencing match. The *sensualist*, we see, has a prodigious activity of intellect; and he at once passes out of the slough of vulgar sensuality. But the man of wit is also

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*a man of action.* He is ready for "purse-taking;"—'tis his "vocation." Is not this again meant to be an exaggeration? The "night's exploit on Gadshill" was the single violence, as far as we know, of Falstaff as well as of the prince. His "vocation" was that of a soldier. It is as a soldier that we for the most part see him throughout this drama;—a soldier having charge and authority. But in the days of Henry IV., and long after, the "vocation" of a soldier was that of a plunderer, and "purse-taking" was an object not altogether unfamiliar to Falstaff's professional vision. That Shakspeare ever meant to paint him as an habitual thief, or a companion of thieves, is, in our view, one of those absurdities which has grown up out of stage exaggeration. The prince and Poins are equally obnoxious to the charge. And yet, although Poins, the intimate of the prince, proposes to them, "My lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early at Gadshill," the prince refuses to go till Poins shews him that he hath "a jest to execute." The prince, in the soliloquy which is intended to keep him right with those who look forward to the future king, does not talk of Falstaff and Poins as of utterly base companions:—

"I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness."

He saw, in Falstaff and Poins, the same "idleness" which was in himself—the idleness of preferring the passing pleasure, whether of sensual gratification, or of mental excitement without an adequate end—which led him to their society. His resolution to forsake the "idleness" was a very feeble one. He would for "awhile uphold" it.

The prince is looking forward to the "virtue of the jest" that will follow the adventure on Gadshill. The once proud allies, but now haughty rivals, of his father are, at the same time, bearding that father in his palace. Worcester is dismissed, for his "presence is too bold and peremptory." Hotspur defends the denial of his prisoners, in that most characteristic speech which reveals his rough and passionate spirit. All the strength of his nature,—the elevation without refinement,—the force of will rising into poetry even by its own chafings,—are fully brought out in the rapid movement of this scene. Never was the sublimity of an over-mastering passion more consummately displayed. No disjointed ravings, no callings upon the gods, no clenchings of the fist or tearings of the hair, no threats without a purpose,—none of the common-places which make up the staple of ordinary tragedy;—but the uncontrollable rush of an energetic mind, abandoning itself from a sense of injury to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and which finally sweeps into its own torrent all the feeble barriers of prudence which inferior natures would oppose to it. It runs its course like a mad blood horse; and every attempt to put on the bridle produces a new impatience. Exhaustion at last comes, and then how complete is the exhaustion: "I have done in sooth;"—a word or two of question, a word or two of assent, to the calm proposals of Worcester;—and the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action. We may now understand what Shakspeare meant by approximating the ages of Hotspur and Henry of Monmouth. Let us make Hotspur forty-five years of age, and Henry sixteen, as the literarists would have it, and the whole dramatic structure crumbles into dust. Under the poet's hand we see that Hotspur is the good destiny of the young Henry; that his higher qualities are to fire the prince's ambition; that his rashness is to lead to the prince's triumph. Eastcheap is Hal's holiday scene; but the field of Shrewsbury will be Harry's working-place.

All the minor characters and situations of this drama are wonderfully wrought up. The inn-yard at Rochester is one of those little pictures which live for ever in the memory, because they are thoroughly true to nature. Who that has read this scene, and has looked out upon the darkness of a winter morning, has not thought of "Charles' wain over the new chimney?" Who has not speculated upon the grief of the man with one idea, of Robin ostler, who "never joyed since the price of oats rose?" We see not the "Franklin from the wild of Kent, who hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold;" but we form a notion of that sturdy and portly English yeoman. The "eggs and butter" which the travellers have at breakfast, even interest us. This is the art by which a fiction becomes a reality,—the art of a Defoe, as well as of a Shakspeare. But all this is but a preparation for the exploit of Gadshill. We hardly know what limits there are to the comedy of humour, but it seems impossible to go beyond *this*. *Practical* wit is here carried as far as it can well go. There are other scenes in this play, where the sense of the comic is brought from a deeper

## KING HENRY IV.—PARIS I. AND II.

region of the heart—but there are none more laughter-provoking. The helplessness of Falstaff, without his horse, is in itself a humorous situation; but how doubly rich does the humor become by the contrast of his nimbleness of mind with his heaviness of body. His soliloquies are always rich, but they are especially so in connexion with the odd situations out of which they grow. Here his own sense of the ludicrousness of his position carries off the ill-humor which he feels at those who have placed him in it. "Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?" And then how characteristic is his abuse of his tormentors: "An I have not lechery made upon you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." In the very act of the robbery, Falstaff's habit of laughing at himself is as predominant as when he is making fun for the prince: "Hang ye *gordelined* knaves; are ye undone? No, ye *far* chuffs; I would your stave were here! On *bracuz, on!* What, ye knaves, *young men* must live." The robbery is complete. "The thieves have bound the true men." The prince and Poins rob the thieves:

"Each takes his fellow for an officer."

The question here arises whether Falstaff, thus discomfited, was meant by Shakspeare for a coward. A long essay, and a very able one, has been written to prove that Falstaff was not a coward.\* This essay, which was originally published in 1777, is, considering the time at which it appeared, a remarkable specimen of genial criticism upon Shakspeare. The author then stood almost alone in the endeavour to understand the poet in his admiration of him. It would be beside our purpose to furnish any analysis of this essay; and indeed this one disputed point of Falstaff's character is made to assume a disproportionate importance by being the subject of an elaborate defense. Mackenzie, in the *Lounger*, appears to us to have put the point very neatly: "Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet, if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear."

The interval between the double robbery and the fun which is to result from it carries us back to Hotspur. We are admitted to a glimpse of the dangers which begin to surround him; the falling off of friends,—the confidence that rises over difficulties, even to the point of rashness. But we have a new interest in Hotspur. He has a wife—one of those women that Shakspeare only has painted;—timid, restless, affectionate, playful, submissive,—a lovely woodbine hanging on the mighty oak. The indifference of Hotspur to every thought but the one dominant idea, is beautifully wrought out in this little scene; and the whole carries on the action unobtrusively, but decidedly: it has the combined beauty of repose and movement. To those who cannot see the connexion of the action, in Hotspur and his wife at Warkworth and the prince and Falstaff at Epsom, we would recommend M. Paul Dupont.

Shakspeare has opened to us a secret, in the scene between the prince and the Drawer. "This scene," says Johnson, "helped by the distraction of the Drawer and the grimace of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short." The scene, as we apprehend, was introduced by Shakspeare to show the quality of the prince's wit when unstained by that of Falstaff. The prince goes to this boy's play with the Drawer, "to drive away the time till Falstaff come." With Poins, who is a cool, gentlemanly hanger-on, the prince has no exuberance; he is playful, smart, valuable, but not witty. Falstaff is necessary to him, to call out the higher qualities of his intellect. He fancies that he is laughing at Falstaff; while, in truth, the sagacity, the readiness, the presence of mind, the covert sarcasm, the unrestrained impudence, and the crowning wit of that extraordinary humorist, set some round the prince's mind into a state of activity which, in itself, would be pleasurable, but is doubly fascinating in connexion with the self-complacency which tells him that the man who thus stimulates him has a thousand prominent points to be ridiculed, and that the subject of the ridicule will be the first to enjoy the jest. It would be vain for us to attempt any dissection of the great scene which follows. We would, however, observe that, to our minds, "the incomprehensible list" which Falstaff utters,—the "two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack,"—the "two regens in buckram suits,"—the four, the seven, the nine, the eleven,—the "three misbegotten knaves in Kerdel green,"—are lies that are intended to be received as lies,—an incoherent exaggeration for the purpose of drawing out the real

\* An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff. By Maurice Morgan, Esq.

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facts. The unconquerable good humour and elation of spirit which Falstaff displays throughout the whole scene, shew as if he had a glimpse or a shrewd suspicion of the truth. But in the midst of the revelry, the "villainous news abroad" penetrates even to the Boar's Head. Yet the fun never stops; and Falstaff is desirous to "play out the play," even when the sheriff is at the door. When the sheriff demands the "gross fat man," whom the "hue and cry hath followed," the prince replies :

"The man, I do assure you, is not here."

Falstaff was behind the arras. We do not go along with Steevens, who says, "Every reader must regret that Shakspeare *would not give himself the trouble* to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance." We do not agree with Steevens, because, in our belief, it was Shakspeare's intention to shew that the prince could not come out of these scenes without a moral contamination. The lie was an inevitable consequence of the participation in the robbery. The money might be restored, but the accomplice must be protected.

Is it by accident that we are now to pass from the region of the highest wit, into the region of the highest poetry? Brilliant as the scenes at the Boar's Head are, they leave an unsatisfactory impression upon the moral sense; and they are meant to do so. The character of Falstaff is essentially anti-poetical. It may appear a truism to say this,—and yet he has fancy enough for a large component part of a poet. His wit is for the most part a succession of images; but his imagination sees only the ludicrous aspect of things, and thus the images are all of the earth—they cannot go out of our finite nature. Thus it is, that when in company with Falstaff the prince exhibits no one particle of that enthusiasm which goes to form the chivalrous portion of his after character. Up to this point, then, his nature appears essentially less elevated than the natures of his enemies. Hotspur is a being of lofty passions—Glendower one of wild and mysterious imaginations. How singularly are their characters developed in the scenes at Bangor! The solemn credulity of the reputed magician,—the sarcastic unbelief of the impatient warrior,—are equally indications of men in earnest. Harry of Monmouth up to this time has been playing a part. Excellently as he has played it, he was still only the second actor; for Falstaff beats him out and out, through the rich geniality of his temperament. Falstaff at this time approaches much nearer to the earnestness of Glendower, than Harry does to the exaltation of Hotspur. When Falstaff exclaims "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world," we feel that he is as sincere as when Glendower says,—

"I say, the earth did shake when I was born."

But the poetical elevation of the scenes at Bangor is a fit introduction also to the new situation in which we shall see the prince. It is skilfully interposed between the revels at the Boar's Head, and the penitential interview of Henry with his father. The players, discarding this poetical scene, allow us no resting-place between the debauch and the repentance. In the "private conference" between Henry IV. and his son, the character of Bolingbroke is sustained with what we may truly call historical accuracy. The solemn dignity of the offended father, displaying itself in the very structure of the verse—

"I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me :"—

the calm and calculating prudence with which the king runs over the successful passages of his own history.—the example that he holds up to his son's ambition, of Percy, who

"—doth fill fields with harness in the realm :—"

the striking picture of the dangers with which his throne is surrounded—and the final most bitter reproof—

"Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?"—

all this exhibits the masterly politician, but it does not shew us the deep passion of the father; nor does it hold up to the prince the highest motives for a change of life. The answer of the prince partakes somewhat of his father's policy. He is not moved to any deep and agonizing remorse; he extenuates the offences that are laid to his charge; his ambition, indeed, is roused and he proposes to

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"salvo the long grown wounds" of his "intemperance" by redeeming "all on Percy's head." The king is more than satisfied. The change of character of the prince was in progress, but not in completion. It was for the old chroniclers to talk of his miraculous conversion; it was for Shakspeare to shew the gradations of its course.

The character of Falstaff is developing; but it is not improving. His sensuality puts on a grosser aspect, when he is alone with Bardolph his satellite. We see, too, that if his vocation be not absolutely to "taking purses," his principles do not stand in the way of his success. When the Hostess asks him for money that he owes, he insults her. When the prince tells him he is good friends with his father, "rob me the exchequer, the first thing thou doest," is the inopportune answer. The prince replies not. He is evidently in a more sober vein. Falstaff, however, has "a charge of foot;" and the alacrity which he shews is quite evidence enough that Shakspeare had no intention to make him a constitutional coward. The prince and he are going to the same battle-field. They may exchange a passing jest or two, but the ties of intimate connexion between them seem somewhat loosened. The higher portions of the prince's nature are expanding;—the grosser qualities of Falstaff are coming more and more into view. Shakspeare seldom attempts to add any thing by the descriptions of others, to the power which his characters have of developing themselves; but in this case it was necessary to present a distinct image to the spectator of the altered Harry of the Boar's Head, before he came himself upon another scene. The description of Vernon;—

"I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship;"—

this fine description is the preparation for the gallant bearing of the prince in the fifth Act.

The historical action of the first Part of Henry IV. is the first insurrection of the Percies, which was put down by the battle of Shrewsbury. These events are the inevitable consequence of the circumstances which attended the deposition of Richard II. Bolingbroke mounted the throne by the treachery of Richard's friends; his partisans were too great to remain merely partisans:—

"King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness."

The struggles for power which followed the destruction of the legitimate power, have been here painted by Shakspeare with that marvellous impartiality of which we have already spoken, in the notice upon Richard II. Our sympathies would be almost wholly with Hotspur and his friends had not the poet raised up a new interest in the chivalrous bearing of Henry of Monmouth, to balance the noble character of the young Percy. The prudence and moderation of the king, accompanied, too, with high courage, still further divide the interest;—and the guilt of Worcester, in falsifying the issue of his mission, completes this division, and carries out the great political purpose of the poet, which was to shew how, if a nation's internal peace be once broken, the prosperity and happiness of millions are put at the mercy of the weakness and the wickedness of the higher agents, who call themselves the interpreters of a nation's voice. Personal fear and personal ambition are, in all such cases, substituted for the public principles upon which the leaders on either side profess to act. Shakspeare shews us in these scenes the hollowness of all motives but those which result from high principles or impulses. Rash, proud, ambitious, prodigal of blood, as Hotspur is, we feel that there is not an atom of meanness in his composition,—and that his ambition is even virtue under a system of opinion that makes "the hero" out of those qualities which have inflicted most suffering upon humanity. When he exclaims—

"Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them;  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood!"—

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our spirit is moved "as with a trumpet." He would carry us away with him, were it not for the milder courage of young Harry—the courage of principle and of mercy.—Frank, liberal, prudent, gentle, but yet brave as Hotspur himself, the prince shews us that, even in his wildest excesses, he has drunk deeply of the fountains of truth and wisdom. The wisdom of the king is that of a cold and subtle politician;—Hotspur seems to stand out from his followers as the haughty feudal lord, too proud to have listened to any teacher but his own will;—but the prince, in casting away the dignity of his station to commune freely with his fellow men, has attained that strength which is above all conventional power; his virtues as well as his frailties belong to our common humanity—the virtues capable, therefore, of the highest elevation,—the frailties not pampered into crimes by the artificial incentives of social position. His challenge to Hotspur exhibits all the attributes of the gentleman as well as the hero—mercy, sincerity, modesty, courage:—

"In both our armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—  
This present enterprise set off his head,—  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valliant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:  
Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation;  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight."

Could the prince have reached this height amidst the cold formalities of his father's court? We think that Shakspeare meant distinctly to shew that Henry of Monmouth, when he "sounded the very base-string of humility," gathered out of his dangerous experience that spirit of sympathy with human actions and motives from which a sovereign is almost necessarily excluded; and thus the prince himself believes that "in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly." In the march from Harfleur to Agincourt, the Henry V. of Shakspeare says, "when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." Where did he learn this? Was it in the same school where his brother, John of Lancaster, learnt the cold treachery which the poet and the historian have both exhibited in his conduct to Scroop, and Mowbray, and Hastings? Henry of Monmouth, when he supposes Falstaff dead, drops a tear over him:—

"What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spared a better man.  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
*If I were much in love with vanity!*"

Henry here shews the restraint which he had really put upon himself in his wildest levities;—but he feels as a man the supposed loss of his "old acquaintance." John of Lancaster, on the other hand, has no frailties,—but he has no sympathies. Falstaff hits off his character in a word or two: "a man cannot make him laugh."

Thus far have we shewn the unity of purpose with which Shakspeare, in tracing the course of the civil troubles which followed the usurpation of Henry IV., has exhibited the process by which the character of Henry V. was established. The "mad-wag" of Gadshill is the hero of the field of Shrewsbury:—

"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion."

The Percy lies at his feet. He looks upon his adversary dead, with the same gentle and elivorous spirit as he manifested towards him living:—

"Fare thee well, great heart!"



## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

It is in the same spirit that he deals with "the noble Scot :"—

" Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :  
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,  
Hath shown us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries."

The *second Part* of this drama is bound up with the first, through the most skilful management of the poet. Each part was, of course, acted as a distinct play in Shakspeare's time. In our own day, the second Part is very seldom produced; but when it is, the players destroy the connecting link, by suppressing one of the finest scenes which Shakspeare ever wrote—the scene between Northumberland, Lord Bardolph, and Morton, at Warkworth Castle. Colley Cibber, however, wrenched the scene out of its place; and cutting it up into a dozen bits, stuck it here and there throughout his alteration of Richard III. Many false Cremonas are thus manufactured out of one real one; and the musical dupe is contented with the neck, or the sounding-board, of the true fiddle, while the knave who has broken it up has destroyed the one thing which constituted its highest value—the perfect adaptation of all its parts. Let this outrage upon Shakspeare, however, pass. We live in a time when it cannot be repeated. The connecting scene between the first and second Part brings us back to the Northumberland of Richard II. We have scarcely seen him in the first Part of Henry IV.,—but here we are made to feel that the retribution which awaited his treacherous and selfish actions has arrived. He betrayed Richard to Bolingbroke—he insulted the unhappy king in his hour of misery—he incited his son and his brother to revolt from Henry, and then deserted them in their need. We feel, then, that the misery which produces his "strained passion" is a just visitation :—

" Now let not Nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act ;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead !"

His cold and selfish policy destroyed his son at Shrewsbury, and he endures to be reproached for it by that son's widow :—

" The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain."

He again yields to his own fears, even more than to the entreaties of his wife and daughter, and once more waits for "time and 'vantage." His eventual fall, therefore, moves no pity; and we feel that the poet properly dismisses him and his fate in three lines :—

" The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown."

The conspirators against Henry IV., who are now upon the scene, are far less interesting than those of the former part. We have no character that can at all compare with Hotspur, or Glendower, or Douglas. Hastings has, indeed, the rashness of Hotspur, but without his fire and brilliancy; the Archbishop is dignified and sententious; Lord Bardolph sensible and prudent. Neither the characters nor the incidents afford any scope for the highest poetry. The finest thing in the scenes where the conspirators appear, is the speech of the Archbishop :—

" An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

To the conspirators are opposed John of Lancaster and Westmoreland. In the scene where these leaders (fitting representatives, indeed, of the cruel and treacherous times which we call the days of chivalry) tempt Hastings, and Mowbray, and the Archbishop, to disband their forces, and then arrest them for treason, Shakspeare has contrived to make us hate the act and the actors with an intensity

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which is the natural result of his *dramatic* power. Johnson, however, says, "It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation." Malone agrees in this complaint: "Shakspeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the historians, who related this perfidious act without animadversion. . . . But there is certainly no excuse; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue." Holinshed, in a marginal note, describes this treachery as "The subtil policie of the earle of Westmerland." Now, we quite admit that it was the duty of the historian to call this "subtill policie" by some much harder name; but we utterly deny that it was the duty of the poet to introduce a fine declamation about virtue and honour, such as Johnson himself would have introduced,

"To please the boys, and be a theme at school."

Shakspeare has made it perfectly evident that the treachery by which the Archbishop and his friend were sacrificed, was deliberately arranged by Prince John and Westmoreland. When the young general is becoming violent with Hastings, Westmoreland most artfully reminds him that all this is waste of time,—that they have something in store more effective than reproaches:—

"Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly  
How far-forth you do like their articles?"

The crafty prince answers to his cue without hesitation:—

"I like them all, and do allow them well;"

and he follows up the promise of redress by

—————"here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace."

To this duplicity are opposed the frankness of Hastings, and the wisdom of the Archbishop:—

"A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser."

In full contrast to the confiding honesty of these men stands out the dirty equivocation of Prince John:—

"Arch. Will you thus break your faith?  
Prince John. I pawn'd thee none:  
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances  
Whereof you did complain."

Is there anything more wanting to make us detest "this horrid violation of faith"? One thing, which the poet has given us,—the cruelty which follows the perfidy:—

"Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray."

To our minds, after this *dramatic* picture, we can well dispense with any *didactic* explanations. The simple question of Mowbray, (which is evaded,)

"Is this proceeding just and honourable?"

is quite enough to shew the dullest that the poet did "take the side of virtue."

The scene, in the first Act of the second Part, between Falstaff and the Lord Chief Justice, takes us back to the field of Shrewsbury:—

"Attendant. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.  
Ch. Justice. He that was in question for the robbery?  
Attendant. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster."

We have seen Falstaff, in his progress to that battle-field, an unscrupulous extortioner, degrading his public authority by making it the instrument for his private purposes: "I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds." We have seen his department in the battle: "I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered:—this is not cowardice. We have seen him in the heat of the fight jesting and dallying with his bottle of sack:—this is not cowardice. Himself is his best expositor: "I like not

## KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end." Again: "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life." What is this but the absence of that higher quality of the mind, be it a principle or a feeling, which constitutes the heroic character,—the poetry of action. We find the absence of this quality in Iago as well as in Falstaff. Look at his reply to Cassio's lament: "I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation." "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition." This is perfectly equivalent to Falstaff's "Can honour set to a leg! . . . Honour is a mere scutcheon." Falstaff's assault, too, upon the dead Percy is exactly in the same spirit, and so is the lie and the boast which follows the exploit: "I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword." Shakspeare has drawn a liar, a braggart, and a coward in Parolles.\* He has also in the play before us, and in Henry V., given us Pistol, a braggart and a coward. But how essentially different are both these characters from Falstaff. And yet Johnson, with a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly, says "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, thus truly describes Parolles:—

"I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

Parolles is a braggadocio who puts himself into a difficulty by undertaking an adventure for which he has not the requisite courage, and then in his double cowardice endeavours to lie himself out of the scrape. How entirely different is this from Falstaff. He volunteers no prodigious feat from which he shrinks. He exercises his accustomed sagacity to make the most of his situation by the side of the dead Percy: "Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me;"—and when the lie is told, "We rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock,"—it is precisely of the same character as the "incomprehensible lies" about the men in buckram;—something that the utterer and the hearers cannot exactly distinguish for jest or earnest. The prince thus receives the story:—

"This is the strangest fellow, brother John."

Again, look at Pistol swallowing the leek, in Henry V., and Pistol kicked down stairs by Falstaff, in this play,—and note the difference between "a counterfeit cowardly knave" and Falstaff. The truth is, all these generalities about Falstaff, and false comparisons arising out of the generalities, are popular mistakes too hastily received into criticism. There is infinitely more truth in Mackenzie's parallel between Falstaff and Richard III., than in Johnson's comparison of Falstaff with Parolles. "Both," says Mackenzie, "are men of the world; both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes; both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course they have marked out for themselves. . . . Both use the weaknesses of others, as skilful players at a game to the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the advantage, not only without self-reproach, but with the pride of superiority. . . . Indeed, so much does Richard in the higher walk of villainy resemble Falstaff in the lower region of roguery and dissipation, that it were not difficult to shew, in the dialogue of the two characters, however dissimilar in situation, many passages and expressions in a style of remarkable resemblance."† Mackenzie has given us no example of the remarkable resemblance of passages and expressions; and, indeed, after a careful comparison, we doubt whether such resemblances of "expression" do exist. But what is more to the purpose, and more in confirmation of Mackenzie's theory, Falstaff and Richard, throughout their career, display the same "alacrity of spirit," the same "cheer of mind," the same readiness in meeting difficulties, the same determination to surmount them. One parallel, and that a very remarkable one, will sufficiently illustrate this. The first scene between the Lord Chief Justice and Falstaff,—that scene of matchless impudence and self-reliance,—and the scene where Richard evades Buckingham's claim to the earldom of Hereford, are as similar as the difference of circumstances will allow them to be. We give the parallel passages:—

\* *All's Well that Ends Well*.

† *Lounger*, No. 69.

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FALSTAFF.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy,

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, a sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

RICHARD III.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables, Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth Did prophecy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started; Because a bard of Ireland told me once I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

Falstaff again not unfrequently reminds us of Iago. We have already noticed this resemblance in one particular. The humorous rogue, and the sarcastic villain, are equally unscrupulous in their attacks upon the property of others. Falstaff making the Hostess withdraw the action, and lend him more money, and Iago's advice to Roderigo, "put money in thy purse," supply an obvious example. Falstaff, in his schemes upon Justice Shallow, hugs himself in the very philosophy of roguery: "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature, but I may snap at him." Iago thinks it would be a disgrace to his own intellectual superiority if he did not plunder his dupe:—

"Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit."

Falstaff, however, is not all knave, as Richard and Iago are each all villain. Richard and Iago are creatures of antipathies; Falstaff is a creature of sympathies. There is something genial even in his knavery. With Dame Quickly and Doll, with Bardolph and the Page, his good humour is irresistible: his followers evidently love him. The Hostess speaks their thoughts:—"Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man—Well, fare thee well." He extracts Shallow's money from his purse as much by his sociality as his cunning. Even the grave Lord Chief Justice is half moved to laugh at him and with him. We have already spoken of the fascination which he exercised over the mind of the prince; and even when Harry is in many respects a changed man—when he has shewn us the heroic side of his character—we still learn that he has been "so much engrafted to Falstaff." The dominion which he exercised over all his associates he exercises over every reader of Shakspeare. We are never weary of him; we can never hate him; we doubt if we can despise him; we are half angry with the prince for casting him off; we are quite sure that there was no occasion to send him to the Fleet; when we hear, in Henry V., that the "king has killed his heart," we are certain that with all his selfishness there were many kind and loving feelings about that heart, which neglect and desertion would deeply touch; and when at last we see him, in poor Dame Quickly's description of his death bed, "fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends," we involuntarily exclaim "Poor Jack, farewell."

We must now recal the attention of our readers to the principle with which we set out,—that the great dramatic action of these plays is the change of character in the Prince of Wales. In the first Part we have seen his levities cast away, when his ambition called upon him to answer the reproofs of his father by heroic actions:—

## HENRY IV.—PART II.

" And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

Years pass on after the battle of Shrewsbury; and the prince has not entirely cast aside his habits. The duty of meeting the insurrection under Scroop is not committed to him. We find him in London, playing the fool with the time, but yet "sad," looking forward to higher things; "let the end try the man." His sense of duty is, however, roused into instant action at the news from the north:—

" By heaven, Pains, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south,  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads,  
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night."

The prince and Falstaff never again meet in fellowship. Falstaff goes to the wars; and he throws a spirit into those scenes of treachery and bloodshed, which we look for in vain amidst the policy of Westmoreland, and the solemnity of John of Lancaster. In Falstaff and his recruits we see the under-current of all warfare—the things of common life that are mixed up with great and fearful events—the ludicrous by the side of the tragic. The scene of Falstaff choosing his recruits—the corruption of Bardolph—the defence of that corruption by his most impudent captain—the amazement of the justices,—the different tempers with which the recruits meet their lot,—furnish altogether one of the richest realities of this unequalled drama. We here see how war, and especially civil war, presses upon the comforts even of the lowliest; "my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry." Is he who won the crown by civil tumult, and who wears it uneasily as the consequence of his usurpation—is he happier than the peasant who is dragged from his hut to fight in a cause which he neither cares for nor understands? Beautifully has Shakspeare shewn us what happiness Bolingbroke gained by the deposition of Richard:—

" How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness."

Henry is a politic and wise king; but he is a melancholy man. The conduct of the prince still lies heavy at his heart, and his grief,—

" Stretches itself beyond the hour of death,"

in dread of the "rotten times" that would ensue when the prince's riot hath no curb. The king too is "much ill;"

" The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out."

We are approaching that final scene when the reformation of the prince is to be fully accomplished in the spectacle of his father's death-bed. The king has swooned. The prince enters gaily—

" How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!  
How doth the king?"

But his gaiety is presently subdued,—

" I will sit and watch here by the king."

The French critic (a very unfit representative of the present state of opinion in France as to the merits of Shakspeare) gives us the following most egregious description of the scene which follows:—

"The king wakes. He calls out—misses his crown—commands the prince to come to him—and overwhelms him with reproaches for that impatience to seize upon his inheritance, which will not wait even till his father's body is cold. Henry, with an hypocrisy worse than the action which he would defend, pretends only to have taken away the crown, through indignation that it had shortened the days of his father!" This is to read poetry in a literal spirit. We commend the fourth Scene of the fourth Act (Part II.), to our readers, without another remark that may weaken the force of M. Paul Dupont's objections.

Through that great trial which has for awhile softened and purified the hearts of most men—the death of a father—has Henry passed. But he has also put on the state of a king. He has done so amidst the remembrances and fears of his brothers and advisers:—

" You all look strangely on me."

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The scene with the Lord Chief Justice ensues,—written with all Shakspeare's rhetorical power.—Henry has solemnly taken up his position :—

“The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea.”

It is in this solemn assurance, publicly made upon the first occasion of meeting his subjects, that we must rest the absolute and inevitable necessity of Henry's harshness to Falstaff. The poet has most skilfully contrived to bring out the worst parts of Falstaff's character, when he learns the death of Henry IV.—his presumption—his rapacity—his evil determinations : “Let us take any man's horses ; — the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice.” When he plants himself in the way of the coronation procession to “leer” upon the king—when he exclaims “God save thy grace, king Hal,”—Henry was compelled to assert his consistency by his severity. Warburton has truly observed that in his homily to Falstaff, Henry makes a trip, and is sliding into his old habit of laughing at Falstaff's bulk :—

“know, the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men.”

He saw the rising smile, and the smothered retort, upon Falstaff's lip,—and he checks him with

“Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;  
Presume not that I am the thing I was.”

The very struggle, in this moment of trial, which the king had between his old habits and affections, and his new duties, demands this harshness. We understand from Prince John, that though Falstaff is taken to the Fleet, he is not to be utterly deserted :

“He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall all be very well provided for ;  
But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.”

The dramatic action is complete. Henry of Monmouth has passed through the dangerous trial of learning the great lessons of humanity amidst men with whom his follies made him an equal. The stains of this contact were on the surface. His heart was first elevated by ambition—then purified by sorrow—and so

“Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him.”



[“I saw young Harry—with his beaver on.”—]









[Henry V. and his Court.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING HENRY V.

HENRY V. was first printed in 1600, under the following title,—*The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with auncient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.* London: printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington and John Busby.' This copy, which differs most materially from the text of the folio, was reprinted in 1602, and again in 1608.

We have pointed out, in our foot notes, the more important additions which the folio copy contains, as compared with the quartos. The reprint of the quarto of 1608, in Steevens's collection of twenty plays, runs only to 1800 lines; whilst the lines in the folio edition amount to 3500. Not only is the play thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dove-tailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, preserves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvellous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable. Unless we were to reprint the original copy, page by page, with the present text, it would be impossible to convey a satisfactory notion of the exceeding care with which this play has been recast. The alterations are so manifestly those of the author working upon his first sketch, that we are utterly at a loss to conceive upon what principle some of our editorial predecessors have reconciled the differences upon the easy theory of a surreptitious copy. Malone, for example, says,—“The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.” Again, Malone says: “The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this.” Now, to our minds, the choruses and all the other passages not found in the quarto, prove precisely the contrary. The theory of Steevens as to the cause of the difference of the two copies, is this:—“The elder was, perhaps, taken down, during

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the representation, by the contrivance of some bookseller, who was in haste to publish it; or it might, with equal probability, have been collected from the repetitions of actors invited to a tavern for that purpose. . . . . The second and more ample edition (in the folio, 1623), may be that which regularly belonged to the play-house." Admitting this theory to be correct (and it is certainly neither improbable nor impossible), why, we would ask, could not we have had from the copy of the amanuensis, or the recitation of the actor, something of the choruses, however mutilated and imperfect; but of these the quarto copies present us not a line. Why not, also, the first scene between the two bishops; the scene between Macmorris and Jamy; the speech of Henry before Hardeur; and his solemn address after the interview with the soldiers,—of which the quartos present us not a line? It would have been quite as easy for the bookseller's man to have taken down, or the player at the tavern to have recited, these parts of the play, as well as those which the quartos do present to us. Why, upon such a theory, was the editor not able to publish the whole, and published only what he could?

A passage in the chorus to the fifth Act proves, beyond doubt, that the choruses formed a part of the performance in 1599; but they do not prove that there was not an earlier performance without the choruses. The first quarto was printed in 1600, after the choruses were brought upon the stage; but because they are not found in that first quarto, it is asserted that the copy from which that edition was printed was "not a first draught or hasty sketch." Malone and Steevens appear to us to have fallen into the mistake that a copy could not, at one and the same time, be a piracy and a sketch. According to their theory, if it is procured by fraud it must be an "imperfect transcript." Is it not much more easy to believe that, after a play had been thoroughly remodelled, the original sketch which existed in some playhouse copy might be printed without authority, and continue so to be printed; rather than that an imperfect transcript should be printed, and continue to be printed, in which the most striking and characteristic passages of the play were omitted? But the question of "imperfect transcript" or "hasty sketch" may, to our minds, be at once disposed of by internal evidence. We will take two passages from the very first Scene of the quarto of 1608, and print parallel with them the text of the folio. We make no particular selection of these passages; for, open the book where we may, similar examples will present themselves:—

### QUARTO OF 1608.

*Bishop.* God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

*King.* Sure we thank you; and, good my lord, proceed  
Why the law Salique which they have in France,  
Or should or should not stop us in our claim:  
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,  
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.  
For God doth know how many now in health  
Shall drop their blood, in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,  
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.  
After this conjuration, speak, my lord:  
And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is washed as pure  
As sin in baptism.

*King.* Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin,  
And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,  
France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,  
Or break it all in pieces:

### FOLIO OF 1623.

*Canterbury.* God and his angels guard your sacred  
throne,

And make you long become it!  
*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.  
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;  
And justly and religiously unfold,  
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,  
With opening titles miscreant, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person;  
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;  
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:  
For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the sword:  
That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;  
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.  
Now are we well resolv'd; and,—by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

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Either our chroniclers shall with full mouth speak  
Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes,  
Not worship'd with a paper epitaph.

Or break it all to pieces: Or thro' we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample empery,  
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombleless, with no remembrance over them  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Can any one doubt that this careful elaboration, involving nice changes of epithets, was the work of the author himself? Would the amanuensis or the reciter have given us some passages so correctly, and altogether omitted others, making substitutions which required him to reconstruct particular lines, so that the rhythm might be preserved? In the prose passages, the same process of change and elaboration may be as clearly traced.

Our belief then is, that the original quarto of 1600 was printed after the play had appeared in its amended and corrected form, such as we have received it from the folio of 1623; but that this quarto, and the subsequent quartos, were copies of a much shorter play, which had been previously produced, and, perhaps, hastily written for some temporary occasion. We further believe that the text of these quartos was surreptitiously obtained from the early play-house copy; and continued through three editions to be palmed upon the public,—the author and his co-proprietors in the Globe Theatre not choosing, as we shall subsequently show, that the amended copy should be published.

The single passage in the play which furnishes any evidence as to its date, is found in the chorus to the fifth Act:—

"Were now the general of our gracious empress  
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him!"

The allusion cannot be mistaken. "About the end of March" (1599), says Camden, "the Earl of Essex set forward for Ireland, and was accompanied out of London with a fine appearance of nobility, and gentry, and the most cheerful huzzas of the common people." Essex returned to London on the 28th September of the same year. This play, then, *with the choruses*, must have been performed in the summer of 1599. Without the choruses there is nothing to show that it might not have been performed earlier. Francis Meres, however, does not mention it in his list of 1598. We know from the epilogue to the second Part of Henry IV., that Henry V. followed that play; and we consider, that as it stands in the quartos, it was somewhat hastily written, that the pledge might be redeemed which was given in that epilogue,—“our humble author will continue the story.”

The old play of 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,' which we have fully noticed in the Introduction of Henry IV., presents us with the battle of Agincourt, and some scenes between Henry and Katharine; but, amongst the rude and undramatic dialogues of this play, we can find no passage which offers the slightest resemblance to Shakspeare, excepting the following:—

"Henry V. What castle is this, so near adjoining to our camp?  
Herald. And it please your majestie,  
'Tis call'd the Castle of Agincourt.  
King. Well then my lords of England,  
For the more honour of our Englishmen,  
I will that this be for ever call'd the battle of Agincourt.

In the fifth Act of Shakspeare's play, Katharine says to Henry, "Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?" In 'The Famous Victories,' she says, "How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy?"

In calling attention to the variations between the text of the quarto editions of this play, and of the folio, it may be well for us here to express our opinion as to the question which must arise in this and in other cases, whether the quarto editions published before the folio of 1623 were issued with Shakspeare's authority or sanction, either direct or delegated. In the instance of Romeo and Juliet we shall have again to express our conviction that, although the frequent occurrence of typographical

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errors renders it more than probable that Shakspeare did not see the proofs of his printed works, the copy of that tragedy, both of the first and second edition, was derived from the author. We have taken some pains to investigate this subject with reference to all the other plays (fifteen in number), published before the folio of 1623; and we have come to the conclusion that, with five exceptions, all these plays were published upon some distinct arrangement either with the author, or with the proprietors of the theatres to whom the copies were delivered by the author; and that, with those exceptions, the common belief that they were furnished clandestinely to the publishers by persons connected with the theatres, or published from a short-hand copy, has no foundation. The question involves some very interesting circumstances, and we therefore make no apology for discussing it at some length.\*

As a foundation for our inquiry we will present our readers with a tabular arrangement of all the plays published before the folio of 1623, according to the date of their publication,—with the dates of their entries at Stationers' Hall, and the names of the first publishers. In this statement we propose to omit all consideration of the doubtful plays of Pericles and Titus Andronicus, and of the three parts of Henry VI.

Name of Play published in Quarto.	Date of First Edition.	Date of entry at Stationers' Hall.	Publishers' Names.
1. Richard II. ....	1597	1597	Andrew Wise.
2. Richard III. ....	1597	15:7	William Wise.
3. Romeo and Juliet .....	1597	...	(No publisher's name.)
Ditto, "corrected and augmented" .....	1599	...	Cuthbert Burby.
4. Love's Labour's Lost .....	1598	...	Cuthbert Burby.
5. Henry IV. Part I. ....	1598	1597	Andrew Wise.
6. Henry IV. Part 2. ....	1600	1600	Andrew Wise and Wm. Apsley
7. Merchant of Venice .....	1600	1598	Thomas Heyes.
8. Midsummer Night's Dream .....	1600	1600	Thomas Fisher.
9. Much Ado about Nothing .....	1600	1600	A. Wise and W. Apsley.
10. Henry V. ....	1600	1600	Thos. Millington & John Eusby
11. Merry Wives of Windsor .....	1602	1601	Arthur Johnson.
12. Hamlet. ....	1603	1602	N. I. and John Trundell.
Ditto, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was" .....	1604	...	N. Landure.
13. Lear .....	1608	1607	Nat. Butter.
14. Troilus and Cressida .....	1609	1608	R. Bonian and H. Walley.
15. Othello. ....	1622	1621	Thomas Walkley.

The editors of the first folio, in their preface, use these words: "Before, you were abused with *divers* stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them." It is necessary that we should examine to which of the fifteen plays published before the folio this strong charge applies. It has been thought to involve a sweeping condemnation of *all* the previous editions;—but this is not so: it applies only to "*divers* stolen and surreptitious copies." We believe that it does not apply to the first *nine* of the plays included in the list which we have just given. Upon the quarto editions of those plays, the text of the folio, with slight alterations, is unquestionably founded.† Verbal corrections, and in one or two cases additions and omissions, are found in the folio;—but they are only such as an author, having his printed works before him during at least sixteen years, would naturally make. The most considerable additions are to the Second Part of Henry IV.—These nine plays do not furnish the slightest internal evidence of appearing to be printed from an imperfect copy. Further, in seven out of the nine cases, the proprietary interest of the original publishers of these plays never lapses. Andrew and William Wise, in connexion with William Apsley, are the original publishers of Richard II., Richard III., the two Parts of Henry IV., and Much Ado about Nothing; they, and their assign or partner, Matthew Law, print many editions of the historical plays, from 1597 to 1622; and then Apsley becomes a proprietor of the folio, to which his name is affixed as one of the publishers. Cuthbert Burby is the original publisher of the "augmented" Romeo and Juliet, and of Love's Labour's Lost; in 1607 he assigns his interest to John Smethwicke: they publish several editions of Romeo

\* We are indebted for several valuable suggestions connected with this inquiry, to the late Mr. Thomas Rodd, who united to the most accurate professional knowledge as a bookseller, an intimate acquaintance with our early literature, and with that of the times of Shakspeare, especially.

† We of course speak of the "corrected and augmented" edition of Romeo and Juliet.

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and Juliet, from 1599 to 1609; and Smethwick finally becomes a proprietor also of the folio of 1623. With regard to the Merchant of Venice, and Midsummer Night's Dream, we cannot trace the proprietary interest of their original publishers down to the publication of the folio, by any entries in the books of the Stationers' Company.\* Of each of these plays there were also editions in 1600, but none after;—one of each bearing the name of a publisher, and the other of a printer, J. Roberts.

The tenth and eleventh plays on our list,—Henry V., and the Merry Wives of Windsor—we have no doubt were piracies;—they distinctly belong to the class of "stolen and surreptitious copies." We have already pointed out the vast additions which we find in the folio copy of *Henry V.*—all the choruses, the whole of the first Scene of Act I., and some of the most spirited speeches. The entire play is indeed recast; and yet, although it is perfectly evident from the passage in the chorus to the fifth Act, referring to

———— " the general of our gracious emperour  
As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,"

that the choruses were introduced in 1599, they appear not in the first edition of 1600, nor in the second of 1602, nor in the third of 1608. There can be no question, we think, that the original play of Henry V., as exhibited in these quartos, was a hasty sketch, afterwards worked up into the perfect form in which we now find it; that the piratical publishers had obtained a copy of that sketch,—but that they were effectually prevented obtaining a copy with the additions and amendments. This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Thomas Pavier, in 1600; was published in its imperfect state by Thomas Millington and John Busby, in that year; and subsequently twice republished by Thomas Pavier. This Thomas Pavier published no other of Shakspeare's plays; but it is remarkable that he published as *Shakspeare's*, Sir John Oldcastle, and the Yorkshire tragedy;—and he also published, in 1619, 'The whole Contention between the two famous Houses, Lancaster and York'—as 'written by William Shakspeare,'—but which edition does not contain our poet's supposed improvements in the second and third Parts of Henry VI., which first appeared in the folio. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* stands precisely on the same ground. The first edition of Arthur Johnson in 1602, and a subsequent edition of 1619, present only the sketch of the play as we now have it from the folio. The improvements and additions in this case are as numerous and important as in the Henry V. But they were never suffered to be published till they appeared in the folio. Busby, who appears as one of the publishers of the first Henry V., is the person who first enters the Merry Wives of Windsor at Stationers' Hall. He was probably the jackall who pointed out what was worth preying upon. We find him entering *Lear* in 1607,—of which presently.

*Hamlet* differs from the two preceding instances, from a genuine copy having been brought out immediately after the appearance of what was most probably a piratical one. The unique first edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire (reprinted in 1825) is, like Henry V. and the Merry Wives of Windsor, a sketch as compared with the finished play. It was published by N. L. (Nicholas Ling) and John Trundell, in 1608; but in 1604 an edition was published by N. Landuro, "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." This is the play, with very slight variations, as we now possess it; and this edition was reprinted four times in Shakspeare's life, having become the property of John Smethwick, who, as we have mentioned, became one of the publishers of the folio.

*Lear* was published by Nathaniel Butter in 1608, and in that year he produced three editions. It was in all likelihood piratical; and was probably suppressed,—for no future edition appears till that of the folio, while *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, are constantly reprinted. Butter was undoubtedly not a publisher authorized by Shakspeare; for he printed, in 1605, 'The London Prodigal,'—one of the plays fraudulently ascribed to our poet. Butter's edition of *Lear* is however a correct one. He must have had a genuine copy.

*Troilus and Cressida*, published by R. Bonian and H. Walley, in 1609, though a genuine copy is an acknowledged piracy. The preface of the editor is highly laudatory to the poet. We shall more particularly notice the acknowledgment of the piracy, in a subsequent paragraph.

\* The books of the Stationers' Company were examined by Steevens, and he transferred and published all the entries which could bear upon the works of Shakspeare; but he made no deductions from the facts.

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*Othello*, published in 1622, is a genuine copy. It was probably authorized by the possessors of the copy after Shakspeare's death.

On the publication of the folio of 1623, the publishers of that collected edition entered in the books of the Stationers' Company their claim to "Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men," viz.:—

COMEDIES.	{	The Tempest. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Measure for Measure. Comedy of Errors. As You Like It. All's Well that Ends Well. Twelfth Night. The Winter's Tale.
HISTORIES.	{	Third Part of Henry VI. Henry VIII. Coriolanus.
TRAGEDIES.	{	Timon of Athens. Julius Cæsar. Macbeth. Antony and Cleopatra. Cymbeline.

In the above list of plays then unpublished, which should also have included *Taming of the Shrew* and *King John*, we have only three mentioned which were unquestionably written before 1603, the date of the publication of *Hamlet*, viz.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Henry VI. Part III.* We would ask, then, is it not in the highest degree remarkable that of the plays which were written by Shakspeare *after* 1603, only two (*Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*) were published during his lifetime; while of all the undoubted plays written *before* 1603, only three (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, *King John*) were *not* published? Could this be accident? Malone assigns as a reason for this remarkable circumstance that "if we suppose him to have written for the stage during a period of twenty years, those pieces which were produced in the latter part of that period were less likely to pass through the press in his lifetime, as the curiosity of the public had not been so long engaged by them as by his early compositions." This reasoning is singularly erroneous. We see by the tabular list that not a single play was printed before 1597, although in 1598, according to Meres's list, Shakspeare had produced at least eleven plays;—that three were printed in 1597, two in 1598, five in 1600, only one in 1602, and only one in 1603. What does this circumstance show but that his reputation had become so great in 1600, that all the plays he had then written were published, except three;—and that the public demand was so considerable that five distinct plays were published in one year. Further, nearly all these plays then first published were reprinted, again and again, before the poet's death. Of *Richard II.* there are four quarto editions; of *Richard III.*, four; of *Romeo and Juliet*, four; of *Henry IV. Part I.*, five; of *Henry IV. Part II.*, two; of *Henry V.*, three; of the *Merchant of Venice*, two; of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, two; of the *Merry Wives*, two; of *Hamlet*, five. Here was abundant encouragement to publish the more important plays which were written after 1603—the master-pieces of the great author. Why, then, were they not published? The preface to the "stolen" *Troilus and Cressida* gives the explanation. The copy of that play is acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice. He says, in his preface, "thank fortune for the escape it hath made amongst you; since, by the *grand possessors'* wills, I believe you should have pray'd for them rather than been pray'd." It is difficult to understand this clearly; but we learn that the copy had an escape from some powerful possessors. It appears to us that these *possessors* were powerful enough to prevent a single copy of any one of the plays which Shakspeare produced in his "noon of fame," with the exception of *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Lear*, being printed till after his death; and that between his death in 1616, and the publication of the folio of 1623, they continued the exercise of their power, so as to allow only one edition of one play, which had not been printed in his lifetime, (*Othello*), to appear. The clear deduction from this statement of facts is,

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that the original publication of the fourteen plays published in Shakspeare's lifetime was, with the exceptions we have pointed out, authorized by some power having the right to prevent the publication;—that after 1603 till the publication of the folio, that right was not infringed or conceded, except in three instances. Is it not clear that all this was the effect of arrangement;—that up to 1603, the consent to publish was given;—and that after 1603, till 1623, it was withheld effectually, except in three solitary instances, one of which is an undoubted piracy? What are we to infer? Our belief is that the poet derived a profit from the publication of his works, from 1597 till 1603;—but that he then made an arrangement with the "great possessors," the proprietors of the Globe Theatre (of which he himself was one of the chief proprietors), by which he relinquished this profit to give them an absolute monopoly in his later and most important productions.

### COSTUME.

THE civil costume of the reign of Henry V. seems to have differed in no very material degree from that of the reigns of Henry IV. and Richard II.

The illuminated MSS. and other authorities of this period, present us with the same long and short gowns, each with extravagantly large sleeves, almost trailing on the ground and ~~und~~folded at the edges. They are generally at this period, however, painted of a different colour to the body of the garment, and were, probably, separate articles of dress (as we find them in the next century), to be changed at pleasure. Chaperons with long tippets, tights—hose, and pointed shoes or half-boots.

For the dress of the sovereign himself, we have but slender authority. His mutilated effigy in Westminster Abbey represents him in the dalmatic, cope, and mantle, of royalty; differing only from those of preceding sovereigns in their lack of all ornaments or embroidery. An illuminated MS., in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has a representation of Henry seated on his throne (which is powdered with the letter S.), not in his robes, although crowned, but in a dress of the time, with a curious girdle and collar. There are two or three portraits of Henry, on wood, in the royal and other collections, each bearing a suspicious likeness to the other, and neither authenticated; although from one of them Mr. Vertue copied the head engraved for the History of England, and which has been received as the likeness of Henry from that period.

From an anecdote in 'Monstrelet's Chronicles,' it would seem, that one peculiarity of Henry's ordinary attire was, his attachment to the half-boots we have mentioned as in fashion at this time.

In the old English poem on the Siege of Rouen, A.D. 1418, Henry is described as dressed in black damask, with a peytrelle (poitral) of gold hanging about his neck, a rich collar, probably such as he is represented with in the illumination above mentioned, and which might very properly be called a "poitral," from its similarity to the ornamental piece of horse-furniture so named at this period.

A "pendaunte" is said also to have hung behind him down to the earth, "it was so long;" but whether the author meant by that, any ornament of his dress, or a "pennon," or streamer, carried behind him, is not clear. In favour of the former supposition, however, we find that, a few years later (A.D. 1432), the Lord Mayor of London is described as wearing "a baldrick of gold about his neck, *trailing down behind*."

The great characteristic of this reign is the close-cropping of the hair round above the ears, in contra-distinction to the fashion of the last century; and the equally close-shaving of the chin. Beards being worn only by aged personages, and mustachoes but rarely, even by military men: the king is always represented without them.

Of the Dukes of Gloster and Bedford, and the Earl of Warwick, the representations that exist are of a later date; they will be given with the Parts of Henry VI.

Of the Duke of Exeter (Thomas Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt), and the Duke of York (the Aumerle of Richard II.), we know no representation.

The Earl of Westmoreland has been already engraved in the first Part of King Henry IV.

In the armour of this period there are many and striking novelties. It was completely of plate. Even the camail, or chain neck-piece, was superseded or covered by the gorget, or hausse col of steel. A fine specimen of the armour of this time exists on the effigy of Michael de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (who was killed at the siege of Harfleur), in Wingfield Church, Suffolk.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The jupon, with its military girdle, and the loose surcoat of arms, were both occasionally worn; and, in many instances, were furnished with long hanging sleeves, indented at the edges like those of the robes (*vide* our engraving of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, from his seal in 'Olivarius Frodius's History of the Counts of Flanders,' and of Henry V., from the carvings of an oaken chest in York Cathedral). Sometimes the sleeves only are seen with the armour; and it is then difficult to ascertain whether, in that case, the breast and back plates cover the rest of the garment, or whether they (the sleeves) are separate articles fastened to the shoulders. Cloaks, with escalloped edges, were also worn with armour at this period (*vide* the figure of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury). Two circular or shield-shaped plates, called pallettes, were sometimes fastened in front by aiguillettes, so as to protect the arm-pits (*vide* same figure, and the engraving from an illumination, representing Henry V. being armed by his esquires). St. Remy, a writer who was present at the battle of Agincourt, describes Henry, at break of day, hearing mass in all his armour, excepting that for his head and his cote d'armes (*i. e.* emblazoned surcoat or jupon). After mass had been said, they brought him the armour for his head, which was a very handsome bascinet a barriere (query *baviere*), upon which he had a very rich crown of gold (a description and valuation of "la couronne d'Or pur le Bascinet," garnished with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, to the amount of £679 5s., is to be seen in the Rolls of Parliament, vol. iv. p. 215), circled like an imperial crown (query *arched*. Henry IV. is said, by Froissart, to have been crowned with a diadem "*archée en croix*;" the earliest mention of an arched crown in England that we have met with).

Elmhurst, another contemporary historian, says, "Now the king was clad in secure and very bright armour: he wore, also, on his head, a helmet, with a large splendid crest, and a crown of gold and jewels; and, on his body, a surcoat with the arms of England and France, from which a celestial splendour issued; on the one side, from three golden flowers, planted in an azure-field (Henry V. altered the arms of France, in the English shield, from *semi* of fleurs-de-lys to three fleurs-de-lys, Charles VI. of France having done so previously), on the other, from three golden leopards sporting in a ruby field." By a large splendid crest may be meant, either the royal heraldic crest of England, the lion passant guardant (as the Duke of Burgundy is represented with his heraldic crest, a fleur-de-lys on his bascinet), or a magnificent plume of feathers,—that elegant and chivalric decoration, for the first time after the conquest, appearing in this reign. It was called the panache; and knights are said to have worn three or more feathers, esquires only one: but we have no positive authority for the latter assertion; and the number would seem to have been a matter of fancy. Robert Chamberlayne, the king's esquire, is represented with two feathers issuing from the apex of the bascinet. He wears an embroidered jupon and the military belt. With respect to the crown round Henry's bascinet,—it was twice struck and injured by the blows of his enemies. The Duke of Alençon struck off part of it with his battle-axe; and one of the points or flowers was cut off by a French esquire, who, with seventeen others, swore to perform some such feat, or perish.

The helmet of Henry V., suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is a *tilting* helmet—not the bascinet a baviere (vizored or beavered bascinet), which was the war-helmet of the time (see those of Louis, Duke of Bourbon, whose *tilting* helmet is carried by an esquire behind him; and of John, Duke of Burgundy). The shield and saddle which hang near it, *may*, according to the tradition, have been really used by him at Agincourt.

The English archers at the battle of Agincourt were, for the most part (according to Monstrelet), without armour, and in jackets, with their hose loose, and hatchets, or swords, hanging to their girdles. Some, indeed, were barefooted, and without hats or caps; and, St. Remy says, they were dressed in *pourpoints* (stitched or quilted jackets); and adds, that some wore caps of boiled leather (the famous cuir bouilli), or of wicker-work, crossed over with iron. In the army of Henry V. at Rouen, there were several bodies of Irish, of whom, says Monstrelet, the greatest part had *one leg and foot quite naked*. They were armed with targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knife (the skein).

The French men-at-arms, engaged at Agincourt, are described as being armed in long coats of steel reaching to their knees (the *taces* introduced at this period, *vide* figures of the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk), below which was armour for their legs, and above, white harness (*i. e.* armour of polished plate, so called in contra-distinction to mail), and bascinets with camails (chain neck-pieces).



## KING HENRY V.

The banners borne in the English army, besides those of the king and the principal leaders, were, as usual, those of St. George, St. Edward, and the Trinity.

The French, in addition to the royal and knightly banners, displayed the oriflamme, which was of bright scarlet, embroidered with gold, and terminating in several swallow tails. It is so represented in the hands of Henri Seigneur de Metz, Marechal de France, in the church of Notre Dame de Chartres.

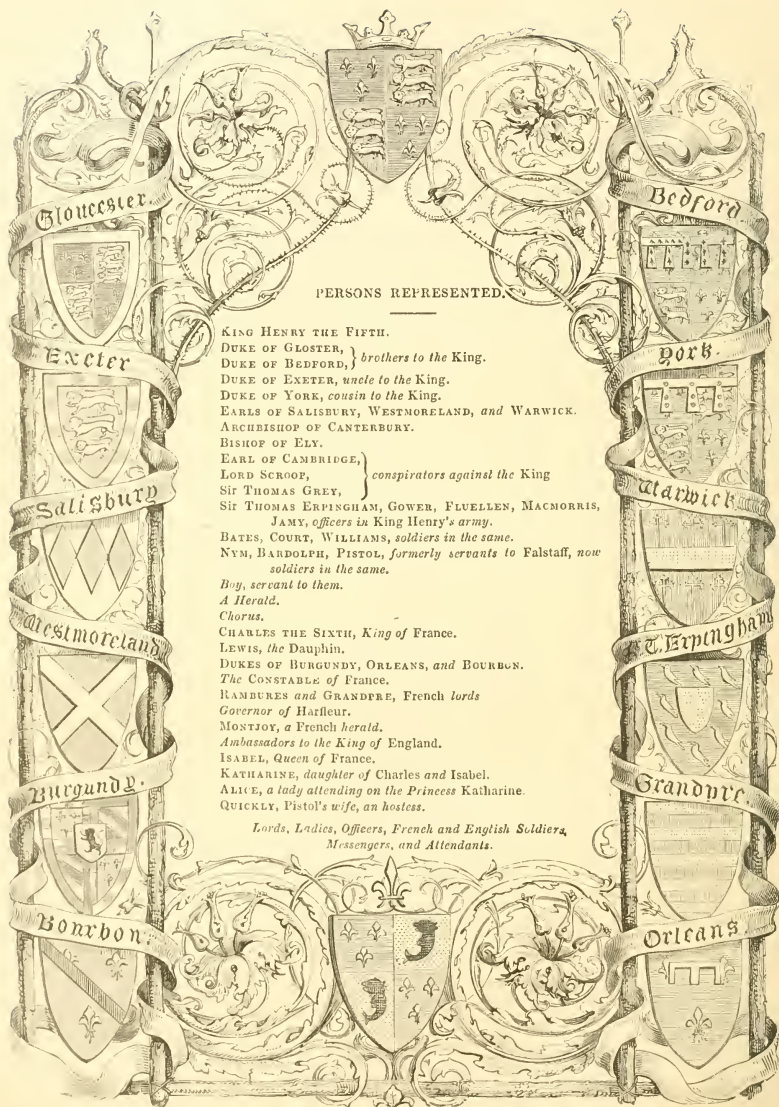
The female costume of this period was disfigured by a most extravagantly high and projecting horned head-dress, curious examples of which are to be seen in the royal MS. marked 15 D. 3, and in the effigy of Beatrice, Countess of Arundel, engraved in Stothard's Monumental Effigies. The rest of the habit was rather graceful than otherwise; consisting, in general, of a long and full robe confined by a rich girdle, high in the neck, the waist moderately short, and the sleeves like those of the men, reaching almost to the ground, and scalloped at the edges.

A representation of Katharine, Queen of England, exists in the carving of an oak chest in the Treasury of York Cathedral.

Isabelle of Bavaria, her mother, is engraved in Moutfaucon, from a MS. in the French Royal Library, wearing the high, *heart-shaped* head-dress, introduced into England in the reign of Henry VI., but, probably, worn earlier in France. There are several other portraits of her in the *steep* head-dress, a still later fashion, contemporary in England with the reign of Edward IV.



Manuel de la Roche



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.  
 DUKE OF GLOSTER, } *brothers to the King.*  
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, }  
 DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*  
 DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*  
 EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.  
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.  
 BISHOP OF ELY.  
 EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } *conspirators against the King*  
 LORD SCROOP, }  
 SIR THOMAS GREY, }  
 SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,  
 JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*  
 BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*  
 NYM, BARBOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly servants to Falstaff, now*  
*soldiers in the same.*  
 Boy, *servant to them.*  
 A Herald.  
 Chorus.  
 CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*  
 LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*  
 DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.  
 THE CONSTABLE of France.  
 RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, *French lords*  
*Governor of Harfleur.*  
 MONTJOY, *a French herald.*  
*Ambassadors to the King of England.*  
 ISABEL, *Queen of France.*  
 KATHARINE, *daughter of Charles and Isabel.*  
 ALICE, *a lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*  
 QUICKLY, *Pistol's wife, an hostess.*  
 Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,  
 Messengers, and Attendants.



[Globe Theatre.]

CHORUS.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
 The brightest heaven of invention!  
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,  
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,  
 and fire,  
 Crouch for employment.<sup>1</sup> But pardon, gentles all,  
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared,  
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold  
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
 Within this wooden O the very casques  
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?<sup>2</sup>  
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
 Attest, in little place, a million;  
 And let us, ciphers to this great account,  
 On your imaginary forces work:

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
 And make imaginary puissance:  
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:  
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our  
 kings,  
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;  
 Turning the accomplishment of many years  
 Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,  
 Admit me chorus to this history;  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.\*

\* This chorus does not appear in the quarto editions.



[Room of State in the Palace.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scambling<sup>a</sup> and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possession:  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;

<sup>a</sup> *Scambling.* Percy thinks that to *scamble*, and to *scramble*, are synonymous. The "scambling time" is the disorderly time in which authority is unrespected.

Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;  
And to the coffers of the king beside  
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'T would drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace and fair regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady currance,<sup>a</sup> scouring faults;

<sup>a</sup> *Currance.* So the original folio. It was changed to *currant* in the second and third folios; and to *current* in

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cont.* Hear him but reason in divinity,<sup>a</sup>

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say it hath been all-in-all his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;  
So that the art and practick part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theorick:<sup>b</sup>

Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain:  
His companies<sup>c</sup> unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:  
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

*Cont.* It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;  
And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill  
Urg'd to the commons? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

*Cont.* He seems indifferent;  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—

the fourth folio. If it be necessary to modernize Shakspeare's phraseology, the correction was right; but *currance* is the French *courance*, from which we have compounded *concurrance* and *occurrence*.

<sup>a</sup> *Theorick*. Malone says, "In our author's time this word was always used where we now use *theory*." Shakspeare, indeed, never uses *theory*, although he has *theorick* in two other passages. In *All's Well*, we have "the theorick of war;" in *Othello*, "the bookish theorick." The word was occasionally used as late as in the time of the Tatler: but in Bishop Hall, a contemporary of Shakspeare, we find *theory*, and in Fuller's *Worthies* both *theory* and *theorick*.

<sup>b</sup> *Companies* is here used for *companions*. Stow uses it in the same sense: "The prince himself was fain to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood."

Upon our spiritual convocation:  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

*Cont.* With good acceptance of his majesty;  
Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,)  
The severals,<sup>a</sup> and unhidden passages,  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedom;  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this off?

*Cont.* The French ambassador, upon that instant,  
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come  
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cont.* Then we go in, to know his embassy;  
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.<sup>b</sup>

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin; we would he resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter* the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and BISHOP OF ELY.

*Cont.* God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.

<sup>a</sup> *Severals*. Menck Mason would read *several*. The plural noun of the text has the force of our modern *details*.

<sup>b</sup> The play in the quartos begins at the next line.

<sup>c</sup> The differences in the text of the folio and the quarto editions are so numerous, and so minute, that it would be

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed:  
And justly and religiously unfold,  
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim,  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your  
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate,<sup>a</sup> whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:  
Therefore take heed how you impawn<sup>b</sup> our per-  
son,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:  
We charge you in the name of God, take  
heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the  
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:  
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is in your conscience washed  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign; and  
you peers

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,<sup>c</sup>

impossible for us to attempt to follow them, beyond indicating the principal omissions. We shall, however, occasionally give a passage to show the exceeding care with which the later copy was worked up. This speech of the king, already given in the Introductory Notice, is the first example that presents itself:—

"*King.* Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed. Why the law Salique which they have in France, Or should or should not stop in us our claim: And God forbid my wise and learned lord, That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same. For God doth know how many now in health Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your reverence shall incite us to. Therefore take heed how you impawn our person, How you awake the sleeping sword of war: We charge you in the name of God take heed. After this conjuration, speak, my lord: And we will judge, note, and believe in heart, That what you speak is washed as pure As sin in baptism."

<sup>a</sup> *Miscreate*—spurious.

<sup>b</sup> *Impawn.* A pawn and a gage are the same. In Richard II. we have "take up mine honour's pawn." To "impawn our person" is equivalent, therefore, to engage our person.

<sup>c</sup> In the quartos the line stands thus:—

"Which owe your lives, your faith, and services."

We, of course, copy the folio; but we ask upon what principle the earlier modern editors arbitrarily made up a text out of the first imperfect copy grafted upon the second complete one? In this single scene we have a dozen such substitutions—some trifling indeed, such as *and* instead of *for*,—*he* instead of *our*,—*that* instead of *who*,—but still unauthorized. We shall, in most cases, silently restore the true reading.

To this imperial throne:—There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France,  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,'  
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze<sup>a</sup>  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:  
Where Charles the great, having subdued the  
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women,  
For some dishonest<sup>b</sup> manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheretrix in Salique land;  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France;  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunetion of king Pharamond,  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunetion of king Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the  
great

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
To find<sup>c</sup> his title, with some shews of truth,  
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and  
naught.)

Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,

<sup>a</sup> *Gloze.* The verb to *gloze*, to *gloss* (whence *glossary*), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glossen*, to explain. We have this expression in Hall's Chronicle: "This land Salique the deceitful glossers named to be the realm of France." Holinshed, who abridges Hall, simply says, "The French glossers expound to be the realm of France."

<sup>b</sup> *Dishonest.* So the folio and quartos. Capell has introduced the word *unhonest* into his text, because that word occurs in the original edition of Holinshed, 1577. In the edition of 1586 the word is changed to *dishonest*. Shakspeare used the language nearest his time.

<sup>c</sup> *To find his title.* The quarto reads to *fine* his title; which has been adopted by most modern editors. Warburton says, to *fine* is to *refine*. Johnson would read to *line*. The reading of the folio, *find*, requires little defence. We have an analogous expression, to *find* a bill. Hugh Capet, to *deduce* a title, conveyed himself, &c.

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the great: Also king Lewis the  
tenth.<sup>a</sup>

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not get quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lo-  
raine:

By the which marriage, the line of Charles the  
great

Was re-united to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female;  
So do the kings of France unto this day:  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
To bar your highness claiming from the female;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Than amply to imbar<sup>b</sup> their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I, with right and conscience,  
make this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—  
When the man<sup>c</sup> dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's  
tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike  
spirit,  
And your great uncle's, Edward the black  
prince;  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,

<sup>a</sup> This Lewis was the ninth, as Hall correctly states. Shakspeare found the mistake in Holinshed.

<sup>b</sup> *Imbar*. The folio gives this word *imbarre*, which modern editors, upon the authority of Theobald, have changed into *imbare*. Rowe, somewhat more boldly, reads *make bare*. There can be no doubt, we think, that *imbar* is the right word. It might be taken as placed in opposition to *bar*. To *bar* is to obstruct; to *imbar* is to bar in, to secure. They would hold up the Salique law, "to bar your highness," hiding "their crooked titles" in a net, rather than amply defending them. But it has been suggested to us that *imbar* is here used for "to set at the bar"—to place their crooked titles before a proper tribunal. This is ingenious and plausible.

<sup>c</sup> *Man*. So the folio. So the quarto, *son*. This reading is perhaps the better. The passage in the Book of Numbers, as quoted by Hall and Holinshed, is—"When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter." Scripture was quoted on the other side of the controversy:—"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin,"—was held to apply to the *arms of France*, the lilies. Voltaire, with a sly solemnity, proves, with reference to this, that the arms of France never had any affinity with lilies, but were spear-heads.

Making defeat on the full power of France;  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France;  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action!<sup>a</sup>

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant  
dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

*Ere.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the  
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know your grace hath cause, and  
means, and might:

So hath your highness;<sup>b</sup> never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-  
land,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in of any of your ancestors.<sup>c</sup>

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the  
French,

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches,<sup>d</sup> gracious so-  
vereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

<sup>a</sup> *Cold for action*. Malone says "cold for want of action." This, we think, is to interpret too literally. The unemployed forces, seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action—*unmoored to action*. It is the converse of "hot for action."

<sup>b</sup> *They know, &c.* Coleridge's emphatic reading of this passage is certainly the true one; and it involves no change in the original, even of punctuation.

<sup>c</sup> "They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might: So hath your highness—never king of England Had nobles richer."

What the "monarchs of the earth" know, Westmoreland confirms. This is much better than Monek Mason's interpretation of *so for also*, making his grace have cause, and his highness means and might.

<sup>d</sup> The twenty-one lines here ending have no parallel lines in the quartos.

<sup>e</sup> *Marches*—the boundaries of England and Scotland—the borders.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing  
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us ;  
For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,<sup>4</sup>  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays ;  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns :  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill-neighbour-  
hood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than  
harm'd, my liege :

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,  
But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
The king of Scots; whom she did send to  
France,

To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;  
And make your chronicles<sup>a</sup> as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wrack and sunless treasuries.

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

If that you will France win  
Then with Scotland first begin;

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;  
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,  
To taint<sup>b</sup> and havock more than she can cat.

*Exc.* It follows, then, the cat must stay at home :  
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;<sup>c</sup>  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home :  
For government, through high, and low, and lower,<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Your chronicles.* The folio reads *their chronicles*—the quarto *your chronicle*. The folio was, without doubt, printed from a written copy, without reference to the previous quarto;—and in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were contracted alike—*gr.*

<sup>b</sup> *Taint.* The folio *taint*—the quarto *spoil*. To taint is, to subdue—to subject by fear. But the mouse does not taint, neither does she *spoil*, in the sense in which that word was formerly used. Theobald suggested that *taint* was a misprint for *taint*. Rowe printed *tear*.

<sup>c</sup> *Crush'd necessity.* So the folio. The quarto, *crush'd necessity*, which some editors follow. Warburton would read *'crush'd* (excus'd). Coleridge thinks it may be *crash* for *'crass*, from *crassus*, clumsy; or *crisi*. A friend suggests to us *crush'd* necessity. After all, is the word *crush'd* so full of difficulty? The necessity alleged by Westmoreland is *overpower'd*, *crush'd*, by the argument that we have "locks" and "pretty traps;" so that it does not follow that "the cat must stay at home."

Put into parts, doth keep in one concert ;  
Congreering in a full and natural close,  
Like music.<sup>a</sup>

*Cant.* Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience : for so work the honey bees ;<sup>b</sup>  
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts :  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
home ;

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring  
home

To the tent-royal of their emperor :  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate ;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one concert, may work contrariously ;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one  
town ;<sup>b</sup>

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;<sup>c</sup>  
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;  
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,  
Divide your happy England into four ;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

<sup>a</sup> This passage has been supposed to be founded upon a fragment of Cicero's *De Republica*. It has been imperfectly quoted by Theobald. We give it in full:—

" Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem inmutatum, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, inque concentus ex dissimillarum vocum moderatione concertus tamen efficitur & congruus: sic ex summis, & infimis, & mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillarum componitur, & quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, actissimum atque optimum quæ in republica vineulorum incoluntur: quæ sine iustitia nullo pacto esse potest." (See Illustration 5 of Act I.)

<sup>b</sup> So the folio. The ordinary reading "several ways" is that of the quarto.

<sup>c</sup> So the folio. A former made-up text gave us—

"As many fresh streams *run* in one self sea."



Let us be worried; and our nation lose  
The name of hardness, and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The KING ascends  
his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces: Or, there we'll sit,  
Ruling, in large and ample empery,  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless  
mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.\*

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May't please your majesty, to give us  
leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian  
king;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plain-  
ness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus then, in few.

\* *Waxen epitaph.* In the quartos this speech of the King consists only of six lines:

"Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin;  
And by your aid, the noble news of our land,  
France being ours we'll bring it to our awe,  
Or break it all in pieces.

Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak  
Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes—  
Not worshipp'd with a paper epitaph."

The *paper epitaph* here is clearly the record of the chronicles. We have nothing here about the "urn" and the "grave." And yet the commentators give us two pages of notes disputing whether *paper* or *waxen* be the better word in the present text, without reference to the extension of the passage: and Malone finally adopts *paper*. We can have no doubt about restoring *waxen*,—which may be taken to mean a perishable epitaph of wax:—not worshipp'd *even* with a waxen epitaph. The opposition of *wax* and *marble* was a familiar image in the old poets. Gifford's interpretation that a waxen epitaph is a copy of verses affixed upon a tomb with wax, appears to us somewhat forced; and yet there is no doubt that such a practice prevailed:

"Let others, then, sad epitaphs invent.

And paste them up about thy monument"

(See Note on Ben Jonson, vol. ix. p. 59.)

Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says, that you savour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard<sup>a</sup> won:  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?

*Ecc.* Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleas-  
sant with us;

This present, and your pains, we thank you for:  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a  
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chases. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.

We never valued this poor seat of England;<sup>b</sup>  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common,  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;  
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

For that I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working-days;  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul  
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-  
gance

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand  
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-  
bands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles  
down:

And some are yet ungoten and unborn,

<sup>a</sup> *Galliard.* An ancient dance,—“a swift and wandering dance,” as Sir John Davis has it.

<sup>b</sup> *We never valued, &c.* The poor seat, we take it, is the throne. The king, it appears to us, is speaking tauntingly and ironically,—“he comes over us with our wilder days.”—“we (as he thinks) never valued this poor seat of England, and therefore,” &c. “But, tell the Dauphin,” &c.

That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal; and in whose name, Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause. So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,

His jest will savour but of shallow wit, When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

*Exc.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour, That may give furtherance to our expedition: For we have now no thought in us but France; Save those to God, that run before our business. Therefore, let our proportions for these wars Be soon collected; and all things thought upon, That may, with reasonable swiftness, add More feathers to our wings; for, God before, We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. Therefore, let every man now task his thought, That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Portrait of Henry V.]



[Ancient Gateway of Queen's College, Oxford.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> CHORUS.—“*Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,*” &c.

FAMINE, sword, and fire are “the dogs of war,” in Julius Cæsar. In Shakspeare's favourite Chronicle, Holinshed, they are “handmaidens.” Henry V. addressing himself to the people of Rouen, “declared that the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessity attending upou her, as blood, fire, and famine.”

<sup>2</sup> CHORUS.—“*But pardon, gentles all,*”

In Sir Philip Sidney's “Defence of Poesie,” the attempts to introduce battles upon the stage are thus ridiculed: “Two armies flying, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?” Shakspeare, in this chorus, does not defend this absurdity, although the remarks of the accomplished author of the *Arcadia* might have led him here to apologize for it. It is well remarked, however, by Schlegel, that our poet has not entertained such a scruple “in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi.” The reason, we think, is obvious. In this play Shakspeare put forth all the strength of his nationality. The battle of Agincourt was the greatest event of all his chronicle-histories;—Henry V. was, unquestionably, his favourite hero. But the events depicted in this play were, to a certain extent, undramatic;—they belonged to the epic region of poetry. Hence the introduction of the chorus, which imparts a lyric character to the whole performance; and hence the apology for the “unworthy scaffold,”—the “cock-pit,”—the “wooden O,”—by which terms the poet designated his comparatively small and rude theatre. He meets the difficulty in the only way in which it could be

met. He demands from the audience a higher exercise of the imagination than they were wont to exercise:

“Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.”

Again, in the chorus to the third Act:

“Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.”

Those, in our own day, who have been accustomed to see such a play as *Henry V.* got up with battalions of combatants, may laugh at the necessity for apologizing for

—“four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous.”—

But, after all, the battles and processions of the modern theatre are still “mockeries;” and the spectator must be called upon to “make imaginary puissance.” Those who attempt to dispense with the imagination of the audience, instead of merely assisting it, forget the higher objects of the poet.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Hear him but reason in divinity.*”

The commentators give us some long notes upon Warburton's theory, that this passage was a compliment to the theological acquirements of James I. It does not appear to us that such conjectures offer any proper illustration of Shakspeare. This scene, we apprehend, was written at the same time with the choruses,—that is, four years before the accession of James. Johnson very justly observes, that “the poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king.” The praises of Henry, which Shakspeare

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had no latent reference. They are strictly in accordance with the historical opinion of that prince; and they are even subdued when compared with the extravagant eulogies of the Chroniclers. Hall, for example, says, "this prince was almost the Arabical Phoenix, and amongst his predecessors a very Paragon. . . . . This Henry was a king whose life was immaculate, and his living without spot. This king was a prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained. This prince was a captain against whom fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned. This captain was a shepherd whom his flock loved, and lovingly obeyed. This shepherd was such a justiciary that no offence was unpunished, nor friendship unrewarded. This justiciary was so feared, that all rebellion was banished, and sedition suppressed." The education of Henry was, literally, in the "practick part of life." At eleven years of age he was a student at Oxford, under the care of his uncle Beaufort. In a small room over the ancient gateway of Queen's College was Henry lodged; and here, under the rude portraits in stained glass of his uncle and himself, was the following inscription, which Wood gives in his "Athene Oxonienses: "

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.  
IMPERATOR BRITANNIE,  
TRIVMFIATOR GALLIE,  
HOSTIVM VICTOR ET SVI.  
HENRICVS V.  
PARVI HVIJVS CVCICVLLI.  
OLIM MAGNVS INGVLA.

The "hostium victor et sui" is one of the many evidences of the universality, if not of the truth, of the tradition that,

— "his addiction was to courses vain."

His early removal from the discipline of the schools to the license of the camp, could not have been advantageous to the morals of the high-spirited boy. That he was a favourite of Richard II. we know by the fact of his knighting him during his Irish expedition.

His subsequent command of the Welsh army, when little more than fourteen, was a circumstance still less favourable to his self-control. That the "insolency and wildness" of the boy should be the result of such uncurbed and irresponsible power, is quite as credible as that the man should have put on such "gravity and soberness,"—"the flower of kings past, and a glass to them that should succeed."



[Richard II. knighting Henry of Monmouth.]

4 SCENE II.——"My great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France," &c.

In Andrew of Wyntoun's 'Cronykil of Scotland,' we have a curious picture of the supposed defenceless state of England when the king was absent upon foreign conquests:—

"Thai said, that thai mycht rycht welle fare  
Til Lwndyn, for in Ingland than  
Of gret mycht wes left na man,  
For, thai said, all war in Frawns,  
Bot sowteris,\* skynneris, or marchauns."

\* Shoemakers.

5 SCENE II.—"For government," &c.

In a foot-note upon this passage, we have given a quotation of Cicero, for the purpose of suggesting a correction of the text. But this passage, which, taken altogether, is a very remarkable one, opens up the *questio vexata* of the learning of Shakspeare, to an extent which it would be very difficult completely to follow. The considerations involved in this passage are briefly these: the words of Cicero, to which the lines of Shakspeare have so close a resemblance, form part of a fragment of that portion of his lost treatise, 'De Republica,' which is presented to us only in the

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writings of St. Augustin. The first question, therefore, is, had Shakspeare read the fragment in St. Augustin? But Cicero's "De Republica" was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's 'Republic'; the sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakspeare are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the passage of Cicero. These lines,

" For government, through high, and low, and inner,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreing in a full and natural close,  
Like music : "—

and the subsequent lines,

" True therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,"

develop, unquestionably, the great Platonic doctrine of the tri-unity of the three principles in man, and the identity of the idea of man with the idea of a state. The particular passage of Plato's 'Republic,' to which we refer, is in the fourth book, and may be thus rendered: "It is not alone wisdom and strength which make a state simply wise and strong, but it (Order), like that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throughout the whole state, making both the weakest, and the strongest, and the middling people consent the same melody." Again, "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical consent which connects three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth." Platonism was studied in England at the time that Shakspeare began to write. Coleridge tells us, "The accomplished author of *Aradia*,—the star of serene brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sidney—held high converse with Spenser on the idea of super-sensual beauty." We find in Theobald's edition a notice of the resemblance between the passages in Shakspeare and Cicero. We are indebted to a friend for the suggestion of the greater resemblance in the passages of Plato, from which source he thinks Shakspeare derived the idea. This is one of the many evidences of our poet's acquaintance, directly or indirectly, with the classical writers, which Dr. Farmer passes over in his one-sided 'Essay on the learning of Shakspeare.' There was no trans-

lation of Plato in Shakspeare's time, except a single dialogue by Spenser. From Spenser's "high converse" he, perhaps, received the thought, as beautiful as profound, which he has thus embodied;—but however he obtained it, he used it as one who was not meddling with learning in an ignorant spirit. We find the same thought, though not so clearly expressed as by Shakspeare, in the poems of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." The 'Treatise on Monarchie,' in which it occurs, was not published till 1670. Lord Brooke belonged to the same school of philosophy as his friend Sidney.—

" For as the harmony which sense admires,  
Of discords (yet according) is compounded,  
And as each creature really aspires  
Unto that unity, which all things founded  
So must the throne and people both affect  
Discordant tones united with respect.  
By which consent of disagreeing movers,  
There will spring up aspects of reverence,  
Equals and betters quarrelling like lovers,  
Yet all confessing one omnipotence,  
And therein each estate to be no more,  
Than instruments out of their makers' store."

<sup>6</sup> SCENE II.—"So work the honey bees."

Malone gives us a passage from Lyly's 'Euphues and his England,' 1580, which, he has no doubt, suggested this fine description. This is probable; but, nevertheless, the lines before us are a remarkable instance of the power of Shakspeare in the improvement of everything he borrowed. It is not only in the poetical elevation of the description that the improvement consists, but in the rejection of whatever is false or redundant. Lyly says, "They call a Parliament, wherein they consult for laws, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their king." This is the reasoning faculty and not the instinctive; and Shakspeare shows the greater truth in his philosophy in referring "the act of order" in the bees to "a rule in nature." The description before us is found in the quarto edition, with no material difference, except the omission of the two following lines:—

" The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate."

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The opening scene of this play furnishes an apt example of the dramatic power of Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson made speeches for Chatham and Grenville, upon knowing the subject of a parliamentary discussion; but his speakers do not talk with anything like the reality of Canterbury and Ely in the dialogue before us. The bill for the appropriation of "the temporal lands devoutly given, and disorderly spent by religious and other spiritual persons" (as Hall has it) introduced in the second year of Henry V. was no doubt a cause of great alarm to the clergy. Hall, who

was as bitter a hater of priests as Hume, says, "this before-remembered bill was much noted and fear'd amongst the religious sorts whom in effect it much touched, inasmuch that the fat abbots sweat, the proud friars frown'd, the poor friars curs'd, the sely nuns wept." Shakspeare has none of this somewhat gross hatred of the church; but he has followed the Chroniclers in attributing the war with France to the instigation of the bishops. Hall gives the speech of Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, thereto newly preferred, which before time had been a

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

monk of the Carthusians," at great length, and in the first person. Holinshed paraphrases it. We have no doubt, from the coincidence of particular expressions, that Shakspeare had both Chroniclers before him; although he follows Holinshed in a blunder which we have noticed. It would be tedious to give these passages from the Chroniclers;—and the only use would be to show how Shakspeare's art made the dullest things spirited, and the most prosaic poetical.

The incident of the tennis balls is found in Holinshed. There has been a good deal of reasonable doubt thrown upon this statement,—and, indeed, it seems altogether opposed to the general temper of the French, who in their negotiations with Henry appear to have been moderate and conciliatory. The best evidence for its truth is the following passage from an unedited MS. in the British Museum, apparently written at the period, and first published by Sir Harris Nicolas in his admirable 'History of the Battle of Agincourt':—

"The Dolphine of Fraunce answered to our ambassatoure, and said in this manner, that the Kyng was over yong, and to tender of age, to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo

good werrioure to doo and make suche a conquest there upon hym; and somewhat in cornet and dispite he sente to hym a tonne full of tenys ballis, because he wolde have somewhat for to play withall for hym and for hys lordis, and that became hym better than to mayntain any were; and than anon our lordes that was ambassadours taken hir leve and comen into England ayenne, and told the Kyng and his counceill of the ungoody aunswe that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the which he hal sent unto the Kyng: and whan the Kyng had hard her wordis, and the aunswe of the Dolpynne he was wondre sore agreved, and right evell apayd towarde the Frensshmen, and toward the King and the Dolphynne, and thought to avenge hym upon hem as sone as God wold send hym grace and myght, and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolphynne, in all the hast that they myght be made; and they were great gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wyth all."

There is some doubt whether the balls were "tennis balls." This extract uses that word, although it might not apply to the game of Shakspeare's time. Holinshed calls them "Paris balls."



[Archbishop Chicheley.]



[Southampton.]

CHORUS.<sup>a</sup>

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now sits Expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,<sup>1</sup>  
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural!  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted  
 men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,  
 Henry lord Serpoot of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—

<sup>a</sup> This chorus first appears in the folio of 1623.

Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises.)  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
 The abuse of distance; force a play.<sup>a</sup>  
 The sun is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The ordinary reading is,

"Linger your patience on; and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, *while we force a play.*"

Pope changed the "*see*" of the folio to *well*, and added *while we*. This passage is evidently corrupt; and we believe that the two lines *were intended to be erased* from the author's copy, for "the abuse of distance" is inapplicable as the lines stand.

<sup>b</sup> The Chorus plainly says,—after having described the transport which is to take place "in Southampton,"—not till the king come forth do we shift our scene to that place. The previous scene in Eastcheap occurs before the king does come forth.—This intimation of the Chorus was to prevent the scene in Eastcheap coming abruptly upon the audience. The first "till," however, should be "when," to make the sense clear.



[Room in the French King's Palace.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

*Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.<sup>a</sup>

*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

<sup>a</sup> Bardolph, according to some commentators, ought to be "corporal" and not "lieutenant." They have overlooked the tone of authority which he uses both to Pistol and Nym. It appears from an old MS. in the British Museum, that amongst the canoniers serving in Normandy in 1435, were Wm. Pistol and R. Bardolf.

*Nym.* 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: <sup>a</sup> that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,<sup>b</sup> yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.<sup>c</sup>*

*Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his

<sup>a</sup> A Mason would read "*die* as I may." It is not necessary, we think, to make Nym's common-places antithetical.

<sup>b</sup> The folio, by a typographical error, has *name* instead of *mare*. We find the true word in the quartos. This shows the proper use of those incomplete editions—the correction of printers' mistakes, but not the abolition of the author's improvements.

<sup>c</sup> The quartos have "Enter Pistol and Hostess Quickly his wife."



wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

*Pist.* Base tike,<sup>a</sup> call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand I swear, I seorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.<sup>b</sup> Good lieutenant Bardolph—

*Bard.* Good corporal, offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Fish!

*Pist.* Fish for thee, Iceland dog! thou priek-eared cur of Iceland.<sup>c</sup>

*Quick.* Good corporal Nym, shew thy valour, and put up thy sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*. [*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile! The *solus* in thy most marvellous face; The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat, And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels; For I can take,<sup>d</sup> and Pistol's cock is up, And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me.<sup>e</sup> I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will seour you with my rapier, as I may say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the honour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale. [*PISTOL AND NYM draw.*]

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that

<sup>a</sup> *Tike.* We have still the word, which signifies a common dog—a mongrel. The bull-terrier in Landseer's admirable picture of "Low-life" is a tike. In Lear we have "bob-tail tike." The ploughman's "collie" of Burns is "a gash an' faithful tike."

<sup>b</sup> The folio reads thus: "O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *Aeneas* now, we shall see," &c. The first quarto has "O Lord, *here's* corporal Nym, now shall we have wilful adultery," &c. Hammer suggested *drawn now*. We adopt *drawn*, but give *Now* to the beginning of the next sentence.

<sup>c</sup> *I can take.* Malone considers that *take* is a corruption, and that we should follow the quarto, *tak*. Is there any more difficulty in "I can take," than in the familiar expression, "Do you take?" Mason says Pistol means, "I can take fire." He, in his obscure language, only means, "I understand you."—"I know what you are about."

<sup>d</sup> *A Barbason* is the name of an evil spirit in the *Dæmonology*.

strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

*Pist.* An oath of mischief might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the honour of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go, And from the powdering tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse: I have and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly For the only she: and—*Paucæ*, there's enough. Go to.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound: push home. [*They draw.*]

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have the eight shillings I won from you at betting.

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—  
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live.\*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exc.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith and constaut loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By intercepction which they dream not of.

*Exc.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,<sup>a</sup>  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—<sup>b</sup>

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,

<sup>a</sup> The whole of this scene, in the folio, exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto.

<sup>b</sup> We print this line as in the folio. In the quartos we find the text which Steevens adopted.

"Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours." But if the quarto is to be followed the editors should have left out the three lines which Westmoreland speaks—"How smooth," &c.

And you, my gentle knight give me your thoughts:

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France;

Doing the execution, and the act,  
For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair concert with ours;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Thau is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person: we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on;  
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security:  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man, Though, Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person, Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;

Who are the late commissioners?

*Cam.* I, one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham: and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey. Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The merey, that was quick in us but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of merey;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.<sup>a</sup>

See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—

You know how apt our love was, to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd, And sworn unto the practices of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which, This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O! What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou, that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold, Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil, That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That, though the truth of it stands off as gross As black from white,<sup>a</sup> my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose, Working so grossly in a natural cause, That admiration did not whoop at them: But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder: And whatsoever cunning fiend it was That wrought upon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voice in hell for excellence: And other devils, that suggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle up damnation With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety; But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up, Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return to rasty Tartar back, And tell the legions, I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman's. O, how hast thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful? Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet; Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger; Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood; Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement; Not working with the eye without the ear, And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man and best indued, With some suspicion.<sup>b</sup> I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

<sup>a</sup> *Black from white.* So the quarto. The folio "black and white."

<sup>b</sup> In the folio, where only these lines appear, we find *make.* Theobald substituted *mark.* Pope read the passage thus:—

"To make the full-fraught man, and best, indued With some suspicion."

Another fall of man.<sup>a</sup>—Their faults are open,  
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;  
And God acquit them of their practices !

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the  
name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath dis-  
cover'd ;

And I repent my fault more than my death ;  
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me,—the gold of France did not  
seduce ;

Although I did admit it as a motive,  
The sooner to effect what I intended :  
But God be thanked for prevention ;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

*Gray.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
Prevented from a damned enterprise :  
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy ! Hear  
your sentence,

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his  
coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to  
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences !—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded.*]

Now, Lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war ;  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginnings ;—we doubt not now  
But every rub is smoothen'd on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen ; let us deliver  
Our puissance into the hand of God,  
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :  
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Mrs. Quickly's House*  
*in Eastcheap.*

*Enter* PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, *NYM*, *BARDOLPH*,  
*and Boy.*

*Quick.* Prithce, honey-sweet husband, let me  
bring thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.  
Bardolph, be blithe ;—Nym, rouse my vaulting  
veins ;

Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is  
dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresome'er  
he is, either in heaven, or in hell !

*Quick.* Nay, sure he's not in hell ; he's in  
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's  
bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away,  
an it had been any christom child ;<sup>a</sup> 'a parted  
even just between twelve and one, e'en at the  
turning o' the tide ;<sup>b</sup> for after I saw him fumble  
with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile  
upon his fingers' ends,<sup>c</sup> I knew there was but  
one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen,  
and 'a babbled of green fields.<sup>d</sup> How now, sir  
John ? quoth I : what, man ! be of good cheer.

<sup>a</sup> *Christom child.* The *chrism* was a white cloth placed upon the head of an infant at baptism, when the *chrism*, or sacred oil of the Romish church, was used in that sacrament. The white cloth which was worn by the child at baptism was subsequently called a *chrism*, and if the child died within a month of his birth that cloth was used as a shroud. Children dying under the age of a month were called *chrismos* in the old Bills of Mortality. *Mrs. Quickly's* "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

<sup>b</sup> *Derham*, in his *Astro-Theology*, alludes to the opinion as old as *Pliny* that animals, and particularly man, "expire at the time of ebb."

<sup>c</sup> These symptoms of approaching death were observed by the ancient physicians, and are pointed out by modern authorities. *Van Swieten* has a passage in his *Commentaries* in which he describes these last movements of the worn-out machine, upon the authority of *Galien*.

<sup>d</sup> This passage is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators. There is nothing similar in the quarto; in the folio it reads thus: "for his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and a table of greene fields." *Theobald* made the correction of "table" to "a babbled"—(he babbled); which was to turn what was unintelligible into sense and poetry. *Pope's* conjecture that "a table of green fields" was a stage-direction to bring in a table, and that *Greenfields* was the name of the property-man, could only have been meant as a hoax upon the reader;—but it imposed upon *Johnson*. Some of the conjectures of subsequent editors appear equally absurd. See *Recent New Reading*, at the end of this Act.

<sup>a</sup> The thirty-eight lines here ending are not found in the quartos. We are greatly mistaken if these lines, as well as the choruses and other passages which we shall point out, do not exhibit the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch.

So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

*Quick.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:  
Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay*;  
Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;  
Therefore, *caerulo* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.<sup>a</sup>—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy.* And that is but unwholesome food, they say,

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

*Quick.* Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Clear thy crystals. Dry thine eyes.

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter the French King attended; the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,  
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,  
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,

To line and new repair our towns of war,  
With men of courage, and with means defend-  
ant;

For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident  
As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in  
question,)

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;

And let us do it with no shew of fear;  
No, with no more, than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:<sup>1</sup>  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:  
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—

With what great state he heard their embassy,  
How well supplied with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring and be most delicate.  
*Dau.* Well, 't is not so, my lord high con-  
stable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter :  
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems :  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,<sup>a</sup>  
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we king Harry strong ;  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet  
him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,  
That haunted us in our familiar paths :  
Witness our too much memorable shame,  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward black prince of  
Wales ;

Whiles that his mountain<sup>b</sup> sire,—on mountain  
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—  
Saw his heroidal seed, and smiled to see him  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
The patterns that by God and by French fa-  
thers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry King of Eng-  
land

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience.  
Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*  
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit : for coward  
dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they seem  
to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

<sup>a</sup> *Projection* appears here to be used for *forecast*, prepara-  
tion. The proportions of defence which are fill'd by esti-  
mating the enemy as more mighty than he seems, of  
(through) a weak and niggardly projection, spoil the coat,  
&c. The false concord between *proportions* and *doth* does not  
interfere with this explanation, and may be justified by  
abundant examples in our old writers. If we could venture  
upon a correction of the text, we might read,

"Of which a weak and niggardly projection," &c.

The transposition at once gives us sense and grammatical  
concord.

<sup>b</sup> *Mountain.* Theobald would read *mounting*.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother of England ?  
*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your  
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
And all wide stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may  
know

'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd  
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line,<sup>a</sup>

[*Gives a paper.*

In every branch truly demonstrative ;  
Willing you, overlook this pedigree :  
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the  
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for  
it :

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy  
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head  
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining<sup>b</sup> maidens'  
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my mes-  
sage ;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this fur-  
ther :

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.*

For the Dauphin,

<sup>a</sup> *Line*—genealogy.

<sup>b</sup> *Pining* So the quartos. The folio *privity*.

I stand here for him: What to him from England?

*Ere.* Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,  
And anything that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That eaves and wombly vauantages of France  
Shall chide\* your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will: for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England; to that end.  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

\* *Chide*—used in its double sense of rebuke and resound.

*Ere.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake  
for it,<sup>3</sup>

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe;  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these his masters now; now he weighs  
time,

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our  
mind at full.

*Ere.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our  
king

Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd, with  
fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 336.—“For his nose was as sharp as a pen,  
and a' babbled of green fields.”

“For his nose was as sharp as a pen, on a table of green  
frieze.”—*Collier.*

The emendation of Theobald is now to be rejected on the  
authority of Mr. Collier's old Corrector. “Writing-tables,”  
says Mr. Collier, “were, no doubt, at that period often  
covered with green cloth: and it is to the sharpness of a  
pen, as seen in strong relief on a table so covered, that  
Mrs. Quickly likens the nose of the dying wit and phi-  
losopher—for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of  
green frieze.” We have had such guesses as that of the  
old Corrector before now. One of the commentators, Smith,  
has a similar prosaic suggestion in defence of the original  
table and would read, “for his nose was as sharp as a pen

on a table of green felt,” for, says he, “on table books  
silver or steel pens, very sharp pointed, were formerly, and  
still are, fixed to the backs or covers.” Mr. Collier calls  
Theobald's emendation “fanciful;” formerly he called it  
“judicious.” In our minds it is judicious, because it is  
fanciful; and being fanciful is consistent with the excited  
imagination that often attends the solemn parting hour.  
What does Dame Quickly say in this sentence? “After I  
saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers,  
and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one  
way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of  
green frieze.” And so the pen must lie upon a “table of  
green frieze” before the comparison of the sharp nose can  
be felt; and we must lose one of the most beautiful ex-  
amples of the conjunction of poetry and truth, because some  
authority chooses to read frieze for fields.



[The Louvre, from a print by Lucia Beck.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> CHORUS.—“*And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.*”

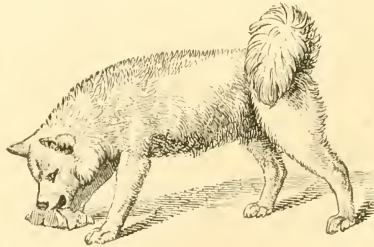
THE engraving which we subjoin is copied from a wood-cut in the first edition of Holinshed's Chronicle—that edition, most probably, which Shakspeare was in the habit of consulting. The idea conveyed in these lines was evidently suggested by some such representation. In ancient trophies in tapestry or painting, a sword is often thus hidden, from hilt unto the point, with naval or mural crowns. There is a portrait of Edward III. in the Chapter House at Windsor, with a sword in his hand thus ornamented, if we remember rightly, with three crowns.



<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!*”

DR. CAIUS, a physician of Queen Elizabeth's time, wrote a treatise on British dogs, which he divides into dogs of the chase, farm dogs, and mongrels, describing the several species under each head. We find herein no mention of the Iceland dog.

He, however, mentions the *wappe*; and Harrison in his description of England, speaking of our English dogs, says—“The last sort of dogs consisteth of the currish kind, meet for many toys, of which the whappet, or *prick-ear'd cur*, is one.” He adds:—“Besides these also we have sholts, or curs, daily brought out of Iseland, and much made of among us because of their sauciness and quarrelling. Moreover, they bite very sore, and love candles exceedingly, as do the men and women of their country.” The “*cur of Iceland*” of Shakspeare is unquestionably “the *cur* daily brought out of Iseland” of Harrison; and it is to be observed that the *prick-ears* are invariable indications of the half-reclaimed animal. The Esquimaux dog, the dog of the Mackenzie River, and the Australasian dog, or dingo, of each of which the Zoological Society have had specimens, furnish striking examples of this characteristic. Pistol, in his abuse of Nym, uses an expression which was meant to convey the intimation that he was as quarrelsome and as savage as a half-civilized Iceland dog. Johnson upon this passage has a most curious theory, which Steevens adopts: “He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads.” Before we leave this subject we may mention an illustration of the correctness of Harrison's account of the northern dogs. He says, “they love candles exceedingly.” In a little book written in 1829 by the editor of this work,—‘The Menageries,’ vol. i.—there is the following passage:—“The attachment of these dogs to the taste and smell of fat is as remarkable as the passion of the Cossacks for oil. At Chelsea, there are two domesticated Esquimaux dogs that will stand, hour after hour, in front of a candlemaker's workshop, snuffing the savoury effluvia of his melting tallow.” We subjoin a portrait of the Esquimaux dog, which strikingly exhibits the prick ear:—



[Esquimaux Dog.]



## KING HENRY V.

3 SCENE II.—“*Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow.*”

Holinshed states this literally: “The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow.” Malone says, “This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century (the seventeenth), if not later.” Customs are unseemly, for the most part, when they are opposed to the general usages of society, and to the state of public opinion. The necessity for two persons occupying one bed belonged to an age when rooms were large and furniture scanty. It is scarcely just to consider the custom unseemly when connected with manners very different from our own. When Roger Ascham speaks of a favourite pupil who was his bedfellow, we see only the affectionate remembrance of the good old schoolmaster; and, in Shakspeare, we find the custom connected with the highest poetry:—

“O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity.” (*Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. IV.)

4 SCENE IV.—“*Were busied with a Whitsun Morris dance.*”

Mr. Douce's ‘*Dissertation on the Ancient English*

*Morris Dance*,’ is a performance of considerable research and ingenuity. His opinion, which is opposed to that of Strutt, is, that the Morris dance was derived from the *Morisco* or Moorish dance. The Morris dance has been supposed to have been first brought into England in the time of Edward III.; but it scarcely can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII. The Whitsun Morris dance, here spoken of by Shakspeare, was, perhaps, the original Morris dance, unconnected with the May games in which the Robin Hood characters were introduced. After archery, however, went into disuse (for the encouragement of which the May games were principally established), the Morris dance was probably again transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide. In Warner's ‘*Albion's England*’ (1612), we have this line:—

“At *Paske* began our *Morris*, and ere *Penticost* our *May*.”

In the following engraving, illustrating the Whitsun Morris, the dragon is introduced, upon the authority of the ‘*Yow-breaker*’ (1636), a tragedy by William Sampson; in which one of the speakers, after describing the hobby-horse, ribbons, bells, haulkerchiefs, &c. necessary for a Morris, adds, “provide thou the dragon.” The action of the figures in this illustration—the slapping of hands—is still continued by the Morris dancers of the present day, who occasionally come across us to call up the ancient recollections of ‘merry England.’



(Whitsun Morris Dance.)

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

5 SCENE IV.—“*He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.*”

According to some writers, the ancient Palace of the Louvre was as old as the seventh century. The obscurity as to the origin of the name is, perhaps, a proof of its antiquity. Some say that it was called after a seigneur of *Louvres*; others, that the word signifies *l'œuvre*—the work *par excellence*. It was originally, no doubt, at once a

palace and a fortress. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the buildings were in a very ruinous state; and Francis I., in 1528, resolved to build a new palace on the site of the old; but this design was only partially carried into effect till the subsequent reign of Henry II., when what is now called the old Louvre was completed by Pierre Lescot, in 1548. (See Dictionnaire Historique D'Architecture. Par M. Quatremère De Quincy; article Lescot.)

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, against Henry V., is minutely detailed in Holinshed. Shakspeare has followed the statement of the Chronicler, that the prisoners confessed that they had received a great sum of money of the French king, to deliver Henry into the hands of his enemies, or to murder him. It appears, however, by the verdict of the jury (for the conspirators were not summarily executed, as described in the play and the Chronicle), that it was their intention to proclaim Edward Earl of March rightful heir to the crown in case Richard II. was actually dead. The following passage in Holinshed is the foundation of Henry's address to the prisoners in the second Scene: “If you have conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm and governor of the people, without doubt I must of necessity think, that you likewise have compassed the confusion of all that here be with me, and also

the final destruction of your native country. . . . Wherefore, seeing that you have enterprised so great a mischief, to the intent that your fantours, being in the army, may abhor so detestable an offence by the punishment of you, haste you to receive the pain that for your demerits you have deserved, and that punishment that by the law for your offences is provided.”

In the fourth Scene of this Act, the Constable only, amongst the French nobles, takes part in the dialogue; but the Duke of Burgundy is mentioned as being present. Shakspeare did not find this in the Chronicles; and it is probable that the Duke of Burgundy was absent from France; as the States of Flanders proclaimed that the duke would render no assistance in the defence of France, unless the Dauphin redressed the injuries which he had heaped upon his wife, the daughter of the duke.



[Charles VI. of France]



[The English Fleet.]

CHORUS.

*Cho.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene  
flies,  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have  
seen

The well appointed king at Hampton pier<sup>a</sup>  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-  
ning.

Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,  
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd  
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage,<sup>b</sup> and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harleür. Follow, follow!  
Grapple your minds to sternage<sup>c</sup> of this navy;

<sup>a</sup> The original text of the folio has *Dover*; clearly a mistake. (See Historical Illustration.)

<sup>b</sup> *Rivage*—the shore. This is the only instance in which our poet uses this very expressive word. Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and Hall and Holinshed, have it frequently.

<sup>c</sup> *Sternage*. Malone thinks Shakspeare wrote *steerage*. The meaning of the words is the same, but *sternage* is the more antique form. Holinshed uses *stern* as a verb in the sense of *steer*; and Chapman in his *Æneid* has "the *sternman*." The "sternage of this navy" is—the course of this navy.

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puis-  
sance:

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to  
France?

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a  
siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harleür.  
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes  
back;

Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner  
With linstock<sup>a</sup> now the devilish cannon<sup>b</sup> touches,

[*Alarum*; and *chambres* (small cannons) go off  
And down goes all before them. Still he kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit*]

<sup>a</sup> *Linstock* is the match—the (ant) (stick) in a rock (stick).

<sup>b</sup> *Devilish cannon*. Shakspeare found the epithet thus applied in Spenser.

<sup>c</sup> As when that devilish iron engine, wrought  
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,  
With windy mistress and quick sulphur flames set,  
And ramm'd with leaden rounds, ordain'd to kill,  
Linstock, linstock, &c. &c.

[*Fairy Queen*. Book i. canto vii. 13.]



[Heights between Havre and Harfleur.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Harfleur.*<sup>a</sup>

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon<sup>b</sup> up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage<sup>c</sup> of the head,  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock

O'erhang<sup>a</sup> and jutty<sup>b</sup> his confounded<sup>c</sup> base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height!—On, on, you nobless English,<sup>d</sup>  
Whose blood is fet<sup>e</sup> from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.

<sup>a</sup> *O'erhang.* In Reed's edition, and in Malone's, this is printed *o'erhang'd*, but without authority.

<sup>b</sup> *Jutty.* The *jutting* land is a common epithet. *Jet* and *jetty* are derived from the same root.

<sup>c</sup> *Confounded.* To *destroy* was one of the senses in which to *confound* was formerly used.

<sup>d</sup> *Nobless English.* The original of 1623 prints *Noblish English*. In the second folio *Noblish* becomes *noblest*, which Stevens follows. Malone adopts *noble*. The *nobless English* is the English nobility—the barons "whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof." Henry first addresses the nobless—then the yeomen. There is an analogous position of the adjective in this play. In Act V. Henry says,  
"And princes French, and peers, health to you all."

And the French king responds with "princes English."

<sup>e</sup> *Fet.* Pope changed this into *fetch'd*, but Stevens properly restored it. The word is not only found in Chaucer and Spenser, but in our present translation of the Bible; although in many cases, some of which Dr. Grey has enumerated, it has been thrust out in some editions to make way for *fetch'd*. Our Anglo-Saxon language has thus been deteriorated. *Fette* is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *set-tan*, to *fetch*.

<sup>a</sup> This scene, as well as the previous chorus, first appears in the folio edition of 1623.

<sup>b</sup> *Summon up.* The folio reads *commune up*. The correction was made by Rowe.

<sup>c</sup> *Portage*—the eyes are compared to cannon prying through *port-holes*.

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget  
you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!—And you, good  
yemen,

Whose limbs were made in England, shew us  
here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I  
doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the ships,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint  
George!

[*Exeunt. Alarums, and drummers go off.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH,  
PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to  
the breach!

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal,<sup>a</sup> stay; the knocks  
are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not  
a ease of lives;<sup>b</sup> the humour of it is too hot,  
that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pistol.* The plain-song is most just; for humours  
do abound;  
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and  
die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* 'Would I were in an alchouse in Lon-  
don! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale  
and safety.<sup>c</sup>

*Pistol.* And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I lie.

<sup>a</sup> *Corporal.* Ma'one says that the variations in Bardolph's title proceeded merely from Shakspere's inattention. Is it not rather that Nym, in his fright, forgets his own rank and Bardolph's also?

<sup>b</sup> *A case of lives*—several lives—as 'a case of pistols'—'a case of poniards'—expressions in use in Elizabeth's time.

<sup>c</sup> In the quarto the passage is thus: "*Boy.* Would I were in London, I'd give all my honour for a pot of ale." Nym has just said, "'Tis honour, and there's the humour of it." The whole scene is greatly changed and enlarged in the folio. The boy's speech, as it now stands, would seem more appropriate to Nym or Bardolph.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter FLUELLEN.<sup>b</sup>*

*Flu.* Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you  
collions.<sup>c</sup> [*Driving them forward.*]

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of  
mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!<sup>d</sup>

Good hawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet  
chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour  
wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,  
followed by FLUELLEN.*]

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed  
these three swashers. I am boy to them all  
three; but all they three, though they would  
serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed,  
three such antics do not amount to a man. For  
Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced;  
by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights  
not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and  
a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks  
words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—  
he hath heard that men of few words are the  
best men; and therefore he scorns to say his  
prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but  
his few bad words are match'd with as few good  
deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but  
his own, and that was against a post, when he  
was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call  
it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore  
it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-  
pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers  
in filching;<sup>e</sup> and in Calais they stole a fire-  
shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the  
men would carry coals.<sup>f</sup> They would have me  
as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves  
or their handkerchers: which makes much

<sup>a</sup> Pistol's snatch of an old song is printed as prose in the folio. The passage does not occur in the quartos. Douce suggested that the words of the Boy were the close of the ditty, and we have followed his recommendation to print them as verse. If *bough* is read *high* we have rhymes. The Saxon verb *bigan*, to bend, would give us *high*, as *bigan* gives us *bough*—and we have still *bight* to express a bend, such as that of the elbow.

<sup>b</sup> *Fluellen* is *Llewellyn*.

<sup>c</sup> The scene is completely remodelled in the folio, and yet the modern editors here give us two lines of the quarto, entirely different.

<sup>d</sup> *Great duke.* In Pistol's fastidious use of the word *duke* it is not necessary to show that the word was properly applied to a commander—*dux*.

<sup>e</sup> Grey suggests that Shakspere derived the name of Nym from *nim*, an old English word signifying to *steal*. Thus in Hudibras,

"Black schemes, to discover *nimmers*."

<sup>f</sup> The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*. Act I

against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.]

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' adversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digged himself four yards under the countermines;<sup>a</sup> by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valliant gentleman, i'faith.

*Flu.* It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.<sup>b</sup>*

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

*Gow.* How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work

ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.]

*Jamy.* It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you<sup>a</sup> with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slunaber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.<sup>b</sup>

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with

<sup>a</sup> *Quit you*—requite you—answer you.

<sup>b</sup> Upon the suggestion of a friend we have made a transposition here. The ordinary reading, as it appears in the folio is, line by line,

"Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation."

This is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing. The second and third lines changed places, and the "Ish a" of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst "What" of the second line should have gone at the end of the first.

<sup>a</sup> Johnson says, "Fluellen means that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the mines." But why not take Fluellen literally? why not countermines under countermines? and then the enemy "will plow up all."

<sup>b</sup> Macmorris and Jamy do not appear at all in the quartos.

that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gov.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*]

*Gov.* The town sounds a parley.

*Fla.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harlleur.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parole we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves; Or like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harlleur Till in her ashes she lie buried. The gates of mercy shall be all shut up; And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart, In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war, Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends, Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause. If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil, As send precepts to the Leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harlleur, Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of headly\* murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters; Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes; Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.<sup>b</sup> What say you? will you yield, and this avoid? Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King, We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy: Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harlleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French: Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—The winter coming on, and sickness growing Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais. To-night in Harlleur will we be your guest; To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish. The KING, &c. enter the town.*]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.<sup>c</sup>*

*Kath.* <sup>1</sup>*Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

*Alice.* *Un peu, madame.*

*Kath.* *Je te prie, si convieñez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous<sup>e</sup> la main, en Anglais?*

*Alice.* *La main? elle est appellé, de hand.*

\* *Headly.* So the first folio. Capel conjectured *damned*. Headly has the force of headstrong, — *fast*, — *passionate*, — and applies to "spoil" as well as murder. It is the "bloody soldier" who commits these "headly" acts. The three later folios read *healy*.

<sup>b</sup> This most striking description of the horrors of the sack of a besieged city, beginning at "And the flesh'd soldier," and ending with this line, first appears in the folio.

<sup>c</sup> The French of the folio is printed with tolerable correctness. That of the quartos is most amusingly corrupt. *Comment appelez vous* is given in that of 1608 in three several ways. — *Coman sic palla cou; — coman sa pella toz; and coman se pella cou.*

*Kath.* De hand. *Et les doigts?*

*Alice.* *Les doigts? ma foi, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; ouy, de fingres.*

*Kath.* *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

*Alice.* *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

*Kath.* *De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

*Alice.* *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

*Kath.* *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

*Alice.* *De arm, madame.*

*Kath.* *Et le coude.*

*Alice.* *De elbow.*

*Kath.* *De elbow. Je m'en faultz la répétition de tous les mots que vous n'avez appris à present.*

*Alice.* *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

*Kath.* *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

*Alice.* *De elbow, madame.*

*Kath.* *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous les col?*

*Alice.* *De nick, madame.*

*Kath.* *De nick: Et le menton?*

*Alice.* *De chin.*

*Kath.* *De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton de sin.*

*Alice.* *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur: en verité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

*Kath.* *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

*Alice.* *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?*

*Kath.* *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de nails,—*

*Alice.* *De nails, madame.*

*Kath.* *De hand, de arm, de ilbow.*

*Alice.* *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

*Kath.* *Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin: Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?*

*Alice.* *De foot, madame; et de coun.*

*Kath.* *De foot, et de coun? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, neant-moïs. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon censemble: De hand, de*

*fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

*Alice.* *Excellent, madame!*

*Kath.* *C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dîner.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the river Somme.*

*Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—

The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten<sup>a</sup> isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd<sup>b</sup> jades, their barley broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;  
Poor, we may call them in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,

<sup>a</sup> *Nook-shotten.* Warburton says, "*nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain!" What, we would ask, has the *form* of the isle to do with the contemptuous expressions of Bourbon? Steevens supports Warburton's explanation by informing us, from Randle Holme, that a "*querke* is a nook-shotten pane of glass." This, we take it, is not a pane of glass shooting out into angles—"*capes, promontories, and necks*"—but an irregular piece of glass, adapted to the nooks of the old Gothic casements. The "*nook-shotten isle of Albion*" is the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world—the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*" of Virgil.

<sup>b</sup> *Sur-rein'd*—*over-rein'd*—*over-worked*.



Our madams mock at us ; and plainly say  
Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,

And teach volutas\* high, and swift corantos ;  
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy, the herald ?  
speed him hence ;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.  
Up, princes ; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;  
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;  
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
Foix, Lastrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and  
knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great  
shames,

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our  
land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harleur :  
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
Upon the vallies ; whose low vassal seat  
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :  
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
And in a captive chariot into Rouen  
Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ;  
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
And, for achievement,\* offer us his ransom.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on  
Montjoy ;

And let him say to England, that we send  
To know what willing ransom he will give.  
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in  
Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain  
with us.

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all ;  
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *For achievement.* The king in Act IV Scene III., says " Bid them *achieve* me." Here the Constable says that at sight of the French army Henry will offer ransom *instead of achievement.* This word *achievement* had probably some more precise meaning in the old chivalry than we now attach to it.

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, captain Fluellen ? come you from the bridge ?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe ?

*Flu.* The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon ; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power : he is not (God be praised and blessed !) any hurt in the 'orld ; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony ; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld ; but I did see him do as gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him ?

*Flu.* He is called ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :  
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got ; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

Of buxom\* valour, hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muller before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind : And she is painted also with a wheel ; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls ;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it : fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;

\* *Buxom,* obedient, disciplined. Verstegan (institution of decayed Intelligence) in his chapters on the antiquity and propriety of the ancient English tongue, has this explanation : " Buxomeness or buxismeness—[i]sabliness or bowsomeness, to wit, humbly stooping or bowing down to sign of obedienc. Chaucer writes it *buxsomeness.*"

<sup>b</sup> The ordinary reading here, and in other parts of this scene, was, as Malone says without apology, " made out of two couples, the quarto and the first folio."

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.  
A damned death!  
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For pax<sup>3</sup> of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee re-  
quite.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand  
your meaning.

*Pist.* Why, then rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to  
rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother,  
I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure,  
and put him to executions; for disciplines ought  
to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy  
friendship.

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain! [*Exit PISTOL.*]

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal;  
I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords  
at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's  
day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to  
me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is  
serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that  
now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself,  
at his return into London, under the form of a  
soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great  
commanders' names: and they will learn you by  
rote where services were done;—at such and  
such a sconce,<sup>a</sup> at such a breach, at such a con-  
voy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who  
disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and  
this they con perfectly in the phrase of war,  
which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And  
what a beard of the general's cut,<sup>4</sup> and a horrid  
suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles  
and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought  
on! But you must learn to know such slanders  
of the age, or else you may be marvellously  
mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do

perceive he is not the man that he would gladly  
make shew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in  
his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*]  
Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak  
with him from the pridge.

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou  
from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke  
of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the  
pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and  
there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry,  
th'athversary was have possession of the pridge;  
but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of  
Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your  
majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been  
very great, reasonable great: marry, for my  
part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but  
one that is like to be executed for robbing a  
church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the  
man: his face is all bubukles, and wheelks, and  
knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at  
his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes  
plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is ex-  
cuted, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so  
cut off;—and we give express charge, that, in  
our marches through the country, there be no-  
thing compelled from the villages, nothing taken  
but paid for, none of the French upbraided or  
abused in disdainful language; For when lenity  
and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler  
gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well then, I know thee; What shall  
I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to  
Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we  
did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than  
rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him  
at Harfleur: but that we thought not good to  
bruse an injury till it were full ripe:—now we  
speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial:  
England shall repent his folly, see his weakness,  
and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore,  
consider of his ransom: which must proportion  
the losses we have borne, the subjects we have

<sup>3</sup> *Sconce.* Blount in his *Glossographia* (1656) interprets this as "a block-house or fortification in war; also taken for the head, because a sconce or block-house, is made for the most part round, in fashion of a head." The converse of Blount's derivation is we take it, to be received. *Schanze* is the German for a fort, redoubt, or bulwark. *Sconce* is used in the sense of a fortification by Milton and Clarendon.

lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French, Who when they were in health, I tell thee,

herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before,<sup>a</sup> tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbour,

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.<sup>b</sup>

Go bid thy master well advise himself: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this: We would not seek a battle as we are: Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it; So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit MONTJOY.*]

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

<sup>a</sup> *God before*—God being my guide. The same expression, when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The "prevent us, O Lord" of the Liturgy, is *go before us*.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night,— Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves; And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the CONSTABLE of FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, and others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—'Would it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour.

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.<sup>a</sup>

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

<sup>a</sup> The precise meaning of the word *jade* has led to much discussion upon this passage. Warburton boldly says: "It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of reproach." But *jade* was not always a term of reproach; *whinnis beast*, as applied to a horse or a dog, still is so. It is possible that *jade* originally meant a *tired horse*; a horse that has yode (*gone*). There is a passage in Ford that shows that after Shakspeare's time *jade* was not used to express a sorry horse.

<sup>b</sup> Like high-fed jades upon a tilling day

In antique trappings."

In Henry IV. Part II. the following passage appears decisive as to Shakspeare's interpretation of the word:—

"—— he gave his able horse the head,

And, bending forward, struck his armed heels

Against the panting sides of the poor jade."

We are well content with the passage as it stands.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:—'Wonder of nature,'—

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* Nay, for methought, yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trossers.<sup>6</sup>

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubrier:* thou makest use of anything.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself.

[*Exit.*

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman in France.

*Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.<sup>a</sup>

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

<sup>a</sup> When falcons are unhooded they *bate*—flap the wing ready to fly at the game. The Constable here quibbles upon the word *bate*: When the Dauphin's hooded valour appears there will be less of it—it will *abate*.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.— Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he lings not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming-out, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,— by ten,  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.\*

*[Exeunt.]*

\* This Scene is greatly extended in the *folio*, as compared with the *quartos*. With all respect to Pope's opinion that it is "shorter and better" in the *quartos*, we think that it is greatly improved by the extension. For example, from the speech of Orleans, "What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England," &c., to the conclusion of the Act, is wanting in the *quartos*. Never were national prejudices more cleverly and good-naturedly exposed than in this short dialogue. "If the English had any apprehension they would run away," is a reproach that we have had to endure on many subsequent occasions, when the "mastiffs" did not know when they were beaten.



[Street in Hartheur.]



[Rouen.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

### <sup>1</sup> SCENE IV.—ROUEN.—“*Alice, tu as esté,*” &c.

WHEN in the Epilogue to Henry IV. Part II., the author promised the audience “to make you merry with fair Katharine of France,” he certainly was a fitting judge of the sources from which his audience would derive their merriment. Warburton, however, calls this a ridiculous Scene. Hanner rejects it as an interpolation of the players. Not only this Scene, but the scraps of French which are put in the mouths of other characters, have a dramatic purpose. The great object of this play is to excite and elevate the nationality of the English; and this could not be done without a marked and obvious distinction between the people of the two nations. The occasional French accomplishes this much more readily than any other device. It is to be remembered that Shakspeare’s plays were written to be acted. Of distinguishing dresses the wardrobe of Shakspeare’s stage had few to boast. The introduction of Katharine in this particular Scene, learning the very rudiments of English, is a fit introduction for that of the fifth Act, where she attempts to converse with her future husband in his native tongue.

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### <sup>2</sup> SCENE V.—“*They bid us —to the English dancing-schools, And teach lavoltas high.*”

The lavolta, a dance of Italian origin, as its name imports, passed through Provence into the rest of France, and thence into England. It appears from the descriptions of it to have been a very exaggerated waltz; and its introduction into France was gravely ascribed to the power of witches. Sir John Davies, in his poem called “Orchestra,” has given us a very spirited description of the lavolta, which shows that its grace might have recommended it without the aid of sorcery. He has described the musical time of this dance very poetically:—

“And still their feet an *anapest* do sound;  
An *anapest* is all their musick’s song,  
Whose first two feet is short, and third is long.”

### <sup>3</sup> SCENE VI.—“*Pax of little price.*”

The ordinary reading of *pax* was *pix*; yet all the old editions read *pax*. The alteration was made by Theobald. Johnson says *pix* and *pax* signify the same thing. The discussions upon this somewhat unimportant matter occupy two pages of the

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variorum editions. The question was treated by the commentators as one to be settled by the use of similar expressions by old authors, without inquiring into the essential differences of the things themselves. Nares, in his Glossary, has put this matter right. A *pie*—the casket which contains a sacred wafer—is not such an article as *hardolph* could readily have stolen. The “*pax of little price*” is a small plate of wood or metal, with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the mass. It was a substitute for the kiss of peace of the primitive church. The custom of kissing the *pax* is now disused; but such a relic of the Romish church was exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries in 1821.

### 4 SCENE VI.—“*A beard of the general's cut.*”

Beards of a particular cut had their appropriate names, and were sometimes characteristic of professions. The *steelto* beard and the *spade* beard appear to have belonged to the military profession; though the cut of particular generals—setters of the fashion—might vary. Southampton is always represented with the *steelto* beard,—Essex with the *spade* beard.

### 5 SCENE VI.—“*There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*”

It was necessary in the days of chivalry not only

to preserve the inviolable character of heralds, who often did the duties of ambassadors, but to reward them liberally, however unpleasant might be their messages. In his notes to Marston, Scott says, “So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-Arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitations.”

### \* SCENE VII.—“*A kerne of Ireland.*”

The character and the costume of the *Kerne* (an abbreviation, probably, of the Gaelic *Ketheryn*, *Cateran*.) are described in Derrick's ‘*Image of Ireland*,’ printed in Lord Somers's *Tracts*.—Scott's description in ‘*Robey*’ of the faithful adherent of an Irish chieftain is founded upon the ruder verses of Derrick:—

“His plaited hair in elf locks spread  
Around his bare and matted head,  
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,  
His vesture shew'd the slenky limb,  
In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
Was frequent folded round his breast;  
A mantle long and loose he wore,  
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.”

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

———“Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.”

It was not in Holinshed that Shakspeare found a hint of the splendour of Henry's fleet. That Chronicler simply says, “When the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weigh up anchors, and hoys up sails.” Speed, whose history of Great Britain was not published till 1611, speaking of Henry's second expedition into France in 1417, describes the king as embarking in a ship whose sails were of purple silk most richly embroidered with gold. Neither Holinshed nor Hall, in their accounts of the second expedition, mention this circumstance. But our poet might have found the narrative of a somewhat similar pageantry in Froissart, where the French ships, destined for the invasion of England in 1387, are described as painted with the arms of the commanders and gilt, with banners, pennons, and standards of silk. The invading fleet of Henry V. consisted of between twelve and fourteen hundred vessels, of various sizes, from twenty to three hundred tons. On the 19th of August, 1415, the king embarked on board his ship, the “*Trinity*,” between Portsmouth and Southampton, and the whole fleet was under weigh on the 11th. By a curious error in the folio of 1623, the king “at *Dover* pier” embarks his royalty. Of course this was an error of the printer or transcriber, for the passage is inconsistent with the chorus of the second Act. Warton

tells us that amongst the records of the town of Southampton there is a minute and authentic account of the encampment before the embarkation, and that the low plain where the army lay ready to go on board is now entirely covered with sea, and called West Port.

The first Scene of this Act brings us at once before Harfleur. The negotiations alluded to in the chorus had occurred at Winchester, in the July preceding the invasion. No opposition was made to the landing of Henry's army on the 14th, when the disembarkation took place at ‘*Clef de Caux*’ (about three miles from Harfleur), before which place the fleet had arrived on the 13th. Sir H. Nicolas, in his *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, has translated a very curious Latin manuscript in the Cotton collection, being the narrative of a priest who accompanied the expedition. In this narrative the landing is thus described: “The king, with the greater part of his army, landed in small vessels, boats, and skiffs, and immediately took up a position on the hill nearest Harfleur, having on the one side, on the declivity of the valley, a coppice wood towards the river Seine, and on the other enclosed farms and orchards.” In the vignette at the head of Act III. we have given a view of the high ground between Havre and Harfleur, as they now appear, clothed with their “coppice wood towards the river Seine.” With this illustration we also present a distant view of Harfleur. Both these interesting representations are from original sketches with which we have been favoured.



{ Distant View of Harfleur. }

The siege of Harfleur is somewhat briefly described by Holinshed. The conduct of that enterprise was agreeable to the rules of war laid down by "Master Giles," the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; and in a few days the English forces were visited by a frightful dysentery. Many of the most eminent leaders fell before its ravages. This was, probably, to be attributed to the position of the invading army; for, according to Holinshed, those who "valiantly defended the siege, damming up the river that hath his course through the town, the water rose so high betwixt the king's camp, and the Duke of Clarence's camp, divided by the same river, that the Englishmen were constrained to withdraw their artillery from one side." The mines and the countermines of Fluellen are to be found in Holinshed: "Daily was the town assaulted: for the Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approaching to the walls with his engines and ordnance, would not suffer them within to take any rest. For although they with their counter-mining somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no further forward with that work; yet they were so enclosed on each side, as well by water as land, that succour they saw could none come to them." Harfleur surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. The previous negotiations between Henry and the governor of the town were conducted by commissioners.

Shakspere, of course, dramatically brought his principal personage upon the scene, in the convention by which the town was surrendered. Holinshed, who in general has an eye for the picturesque, has no description of the gorgeous ceremony which accompanied the surrender; but such a description is found in the older narratives, which represent the king upon "his royal throne, placed under a pavilion at the top of the hill before the town, where his nobles and other principal persons, an illustrious body of men, were assembled in numbers, in their best equipments; his crowned triumphal helmet being held on his right hand upon a halbert-staff by Sir Gilbert Umfreville." (Cotton MS.) The account of the loss which the English army sustained during the thirty-six days subsequent to its landing would be almost incredible, if its accuracy were not supported by every conflicting testimony. It appears, that if Henry landed with thirty thousand men, more than two-thirds must, during the short period of the siege, have been slain, have died of disease, or have been sent back to England as incapable of proceeding. The English army, when it quitted Harfleur, did not amount to much more than eight thousand fighting men. The priest who accompanied the expedition says, "There remained fit for drawing the sword or for battle not above nine hundred lancers, and five thousand archers." Monstrelet, and other French writers, rate the English forces at a much greater number.

"King Henry," says Holinshed, "after the winning of Harfleur, determined to have proceeded



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further in the winning of other towns and fortresses: but because the dead time of the winter approached, it was determined by advice of his council that he should in all convenient speed set forward, and march through the country towards Calais by land, lest his return as then homewards should of slanderous tongues be named a running away." From the contemporary writers it appears that this resolution was taken by Henry *against* the advice of his council. There was a chivalrous hardihood in the resolve, which almost entirely covers its rashness. His trust, said the king, was in God; he was resolved to see the territories which were his own; he would not subject himself to the reproach of cowardice. "Our mind," said he, "is prepared to endure every peril, rather than they shall be able to breathe the slightest reproach against your king. We will go, if it pleases God, without harm or danger, and, if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph." The army commenced its perilous march about the 5th of October. The king, upon landing in France, had issued a proclamation forbidding, under pain of death, all plunder and other excesses. This proclamation was now renewed. The army was five days before it reached Abbeville. The bridges of the Somme were everywhere broken down; and the dispirited forces were, in consequence, compelled to march up the south bank of the river till they reached Nesle. There, over a temporary bridge, Henry at length crossed the Somme. The opposition to his march had now become most formidable. The daring character of his movement from Harfleur had roused the French from their supineness. The fifth Scene of this Act is a most spirited representation of the mingled contempt and anger with which the French nobility regarded Henry's progress through the heart of the country. Holin-

shed describes the resolution to send the herald Montjoy to Henry. Three heralds, according to the contemporary accounts, appeared before the English king on the 29th. His answer is thus given in Holinshed:—"Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God: I will not seek your master at this time; but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journey now towards Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood." Henry continued to press on his troop with great regularity, though they suffered the most serious privations. They were "shrewdly out of beef," as Orleans says;—they were "with sh-knees much enfeebled," as Henry declares. Holinshed describes their situation with great quaintness:—"The enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infect them; daily it rained, and nightly it froze: of fuel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty: money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on had they none." And yet, under these circumstances, the proclamation against plunder was enforced with undeviating justice. The fact of a man being hanged for stealing a sacred vessel is found in Holinshed.

The oriflamme had been hoisted, the last time that the sacred banner was displayed in France. Sixty thousand princes, and knights, and esquires, and men at arms, were gathered round the national standard. When Henry crossed the river Terroise, on the 21st of October, this mighty army stood before him, "filling," says the priest who accompanied the march, "a very large field as with an innumerable host of locusts."



Duke of Bedford



[“ Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent.”]

CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.<sup>1</sup>  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd<sup>2</sup> face :  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,<sup>3</sup>  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.<sup>a</sup>  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean checks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;  
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile :  
And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-  
men.

Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrouned him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night :  
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all<sup>a</sup>  
Behold (as may unworthiness define)  
A little touch of Harry in the night :  
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;  
Where, (O for pity ! ) we shall much disgrace—  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,—  
The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;  
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

<sup>a</sup> The ordinary reading is—  
—“ Then mean, and gentle all,  
Behold,” &c.

Our text is from the folio. ‘Mean and gentle all’ we think applies to the army.

<sup>a</sup> Name. The folio nam'd.



[Henry V. being armed by his Esquires.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.  
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing  
That we should dress us<sup>a</sup> fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,

<sup>a</sup> *Dress us.* Malone prints this '*dress us*—an abbreviation of address. To dress is to set in order—to prepare—in its primary meaning—the sense of the passage before us.

The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With easted slough and fresh legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;  
Go with my brothers to my Lords of England:  
I and my bosom must debate a while,  
And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully<sup>a</sup>

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Pist.* *Qui va là?*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trai'lst thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so: What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

<sup>a</sup> All this fine scene, as well as the chorus, is wanting in the quarto, which begins with Pistol's *qui va là*.

*K. Hen.* Then you are better than the king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of  
Cornish crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Knowest thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his  
pate,

Upon Saint Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your  
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* No, his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *figo* for thee, then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you: God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol called. *[Exit.*

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak  
fewer.<sup>a</sup> It is the greatest admiration in the  
universal world, when the true and ancient pre-  
rogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if  
you would take the pains but to examine the  
wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I  
warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor  
pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant  
you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars,  
and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the  
sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be  
otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him  
all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a  
prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we  
should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and  
a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience  
now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you  
will. *[Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of  
fashion,

There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER  
COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the  
morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be: but we have no great  
cause to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day,  
but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—  
Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most kind  
gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our  
estate?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wracked upon a sand,  
that look to be washed off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the  
king?

*K. Hen.* No; nor is it not meet he should.  
For, though I speak it to you, I think the king  
is but a man, as I am; and the violet smells to him  
as it doth to me; the clement shews to him as  
it doth to me; all his senses have but human  
conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his naked-  
ness he appears but a man; and though his  
affections are higher mounted than ours, yet,  
when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;<sup>b</sup>  
therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do,  
his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as  
ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess  
him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by  
shewing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may shew what outward courage  
he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he  
could wish himself in Thames up to the neck;  
and so I would he were, and I by him, at all  
adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my con-  
science of the king; I think he would not wish  
himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so  
should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many  
poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill to  
wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this  
to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could  
not die any where so contented as in the king's

<sup>a</sup> Mounted and stoop are terms of falconry. Thus in an  
old song quoted by Percy,

"She flieth at one  
Her mark jump upon,  
And mounteth the welkin clear;  
Then right she stoops  
When the falconer he whoops,  
Triumphing in her chanticleer."

<sup>b</sup> Fewer. So the folio. The first quarto has *lower*, which  
afterwards became *lower*. But to "speak few" is a provincial  
phrase, meaning to speak low;—and therefore proper in the  
mouth of Fluellen. Gower with equal propriety answers,  
"I will speak lower."

company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away; and where they would be safe they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of

those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; and every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in ~~his~~ that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'T is certain, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be

friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, tomorrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king:  
We must bear all.  
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense  
No more can feel but his own wringing!<sup>a</sup>  
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy?  
And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul of adoration?<sup>b</sup>  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and  
form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-  
ness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's  
knee,

<sup>a</sup> We print these six lines as in the folio. The speech is altogether wanting in the quarto. In the variorum edition it is altered as follows:—

“ Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
Our sins, lay on the king: we must bear all.  
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.”

Steevens says, “for the sake of the metre I have not scrupled to read *subjected*.”

<sup>b</sup> We print this as in the original: “What is *thy soul*,” &c. This, according to the commentators, is “incorrect”—“a mistake.” Johnson would read—“What is thy soul, O adoration;”—Malone reads, “What is the soul of adoration.” These appear to us weak “amendments.” “*Ceremony*” is apostrophised throughout this magnificent address. To read “O adoration,” or “the soul of adoration,” is to introduce a new impersonation, breaking the continuity which runs through fifty lines. Thy soul of adoration, O ceremony, is,—thy inmost spirit of adoration. Is thy worth, thy very soul of homage, anything but “place, degree, and form.”

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee; and I know,  
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,<sup>a</sup>  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgious ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, errand'd with distressful  
bread:

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
And follows so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with  
sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the  
peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.<sup>b</sup>

[*Enter ERPINGHAM.*]

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your  
absence,  
Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
Collect them all together at my tent:  
I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*]  
*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers'  
hearts!

Possess them not with fear! Take from them  
now  
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!

<sup>a</sup> *The farced title*, &c. Johnson explains this as “the tawdry puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced.” We doubt this. The farced title forms one item in a long enumeration of *visible* appendages of royalty—the balm, the sceptre, the ball, the sword, the mace, the crown, the robe, the throne. Without any great violence we think “the farced title running 'fore the king,” may be taken for the gorgious herald going before the king to proclaim his title.

<sup>b</sup> *Advantages.* The verb “to advantage” is found several times in Shakspeare. Thus, in Julius Cæsar,

“It shall advantage more than do us wrong.”

Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O  
Lord,

O not to-day! Think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown!<sup>a</sup>  
I Richard's body have interred new;  
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have  
built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn  
priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;  
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon.<sup>b</sup>

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloucester's voice?—Ay;  
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—  
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*<sup>c</sup>

*Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and  
others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my  
lords.

*Dau.* *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *vault!*  
*l'acquay!* ha!

<sup>a</sup> The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,  
O not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown."

Tyrwhitt changed the *of* in the folio to *if*, and removed a  
colon after *numbers*. Theobald had previously changed *of*  
into *lest*. The reading of the quarto is the following:—

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.  
Take from them now the sense of reckoning.  
That the opposed multitudes which stand before them  
May not appal their courage.  
O not to-day, not to-day, O God,  
Think on the fault my father made  
In compassing the crown."

In reading

"Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,  
O not to-day. Think not," &c.,

we have deviated from the punctuation of the folio, as well  
as from the connexion in the quarto between "to-day" and  
"the fault." The Cambridge Editors have a very ingenious  
suggestion. "Perhaps a line has been lost, which, by help  
of the quartos, we may supply thus:

Take from them now

The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers  
Lest that the multitudes that stand before them  
Pluck their hearts from them."

<sup>b</sup> Works of piety and charity, without a contrite soul—  
the penitence which comes after all—are nothing worth.

<sup>c</sup> The whole of this scene is wanting in the quarto.

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre!*—

*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*—

*Dau.* *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

*Enter CONSTABLE.*

Now, my lord Constable!

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service  
neigh.

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their  
hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And doubt<sup>a</sup> them with superfluous courage! Ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our  
horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French  
peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight  
to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarcely blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on  
them,

The vapour of your valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—  
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe:  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation:  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sommauce and the note to mount:<sup>b</sup>  
For our approach shall so much dare the field  
That England shall couch down in fear, and  
yield.

<sup>a</sup> *Doubt them.* The folio reads *doubt*. In Rowe's edition  
we find the word changed into *dread*—*to put out*. *To doubt*  
is constantly used by the old writers as an equivalent for  
*to awe*.

<sup>b</sup> *The tucket-sommauce, &c.* The flourish of the trumpet  
expressed by "tucket-sommauce,"—the "note to mount,"—  
the "dare the field," a term of falconry—are gay expres-  
sions more fitting for a hunting-party than for an onslaught  
of war. They are in character with "A very little little let  
us do." Shakespeare shows his excellent judgment in this.  
In Holmshead he found quite an opposite description:—  
"They [the Frenchmen] rested themselves, waiting for the  
bloody blast of the terrible trumpet."

*Enter GRANDPRÉ.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggar'd  
host,

And faintly through a rustic beaver peeps.  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks<sup>4</sup>  
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor  
jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and  
hips;

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead  
eyes;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit  
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motion-  
less;

And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words,  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they  
stay for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and  
fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon.<sup>a</sup> To the  
field:

I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

a *Guidon.* The ordinary reading was

"I stay but for my guard. On, to the field."

It was communicated to us in 1842, by Dr. Hawtrey, then head-master of Eton, that the Provost of King's, Dr. Thackeray, had proposed a new reading. That emendation we adopted, without hesitation, in our Library Edition. One cannot see how the banner taken from a trumpet would be a substitute for the Constable's guard. The *guidon* was a leader's standard. In Drayton's 'Polyolbion' we have—

"The king of England's self, and his renowned son,  
Under his *guidon* marched."

In the engraved roll of the funeral procession of Sir Philip Sidney, from the drawings of Thomas Lant, we have a representation of a standard half rolled round the end of a spear, with the words underneath, '*guidon* trailed.' The Cambridge Editors say—"The conjectural reading *guidon* for *guard*: on, which we have adopted, and which is attributed by recent editors to Dr. Thackeray, late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached. Dr. Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently. We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of Nares's Glossary, under the word 'Guard.'"

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their  
battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full three-  
score thousand.

*Ere.* There's five to one; besides, they all are  
fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful  
odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
'Then, joyfully;—my noble lord of Bedford,  
My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,  
And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck  
go with thee!

*Ere.* Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.<sup>a</sup>

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*West.* O that we now had here

*Enter KING HENRY.*

But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are marked to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man  
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

<sup>a</sup> In the folio the lines stand thus:

"*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with  
thee;

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

*Ere.* Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day."

It is evident that this last line has been transposed; and  
here the quarto helps us:—

"Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;

And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparks of honour."



God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is called the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall see this day, and live old age,<sup>a</sup>  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,<sup>b</sup>  
And say, to-morrow is saint Crispian:  
Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars:<sup>c</sup>

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth<sup>d</sup> as household words,—  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered:  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;

<sup>a</sup> So the folio. In modern editions we have "He that shall live this day and see this age."

In the quarto we have,

"He that outlives this day, and sees old age."

What authority does that give for the modern reading of "live this day?"

<sup>b</sup> Neighbours in the folio. The quarto friends.

<sup>c</sup> In the modern editions we have a line immediately following this, which is not in the folio:

"And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day."

This line is found in the quarto *entirely in a different place*, after "shall gentle his condition."

<sup>d</sup> His mouth. When Shakspeare altered "friends" to "neighbours," he altered "their mouths" of the quarto to "his mouth." How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of the one old man remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms, by this slight change. His mouth names "Harry the king" as a household word, though in their cups (the cup of the neighbours) the name shall be freshly remembered.

And hold their manhoods cheap, <sup>which any speaks</sup>  
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sar. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,

And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!<sup>a</sup>

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better than to wash us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf

Thou needs must be englotted. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee—thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where wretches, their poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;

Didst thou achieve me, and then sell my honours.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dang-hills,

<sup>a</sup> So the folio. The quarto has "could fight this battle out."

They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then abounding valour<sup>a</sup> in our English;  
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,  
We are but warriors for the working day:<sup>b</sup>  
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host,

(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,  
And time hath worn us into slovenry:  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'  
heads,

And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the vaward.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,  
march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier,  
PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

<sup>a</sup> *Abounding*, so the folio—the quarto *abundant*. Theobald and Stevens read a *bounding*. If any change is to be made we had better say *rebounding*.

<sup>b</sup> *Warriors for the working day*—we are soldiers ready for work—not dressed-up for a holiday.

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

*Pist.* Quality! Calen o Custure me.<sup>a</sup> Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O seigneur Dieu!*

*Pist.* O signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—

Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—

O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,<sup>b</sup>  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;

For I will fetch thy rim<sup>c</sup> out at thy throat,  
In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

*Pist.* Brass,<sup>d</sup> cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

*Fr. Sol.* *O pardonnez moy.*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Calen o Custure me*. In the folio we find "calmie custure me," which has been turned, in some modern editions, into "call you me?"—Construe me.<sup>2</sup> Malone found out the enigma. In "A Handfull of pleasant Delites," (1584,) we have "Sundry new Sonets, in divers kinds of meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes that are now in use to be sung;" and amongst others, "A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his Lady; To 'Calen o custure me': sung at everie line's end." When the French soldier says *qualité*, Pistol by the somewhat similar sound is reminded of the song of *Calen o*;—or as it is given in Playford's Musical Companion, *Callino*.

<sup>b</sup> *Fox*—a cant word for a sword. It was used by Congreve: "I have an old fox by my thigh."

<sup>c</sup> *Rim*. Warburton would read *ransom*; Mason, *ryno*; Stevens proves that *rim* is part of the intestines. The word in the folio is *rymme*. We must hazard a conjecture. The Frenchman is using somewhat guttural sounds to Pistol—*prenez misericorde*; and the English bully designates the accentuation by a word (*rymme*) which seems to him to mark the sounds so discordant and unintelligible. In the same way we still speak of the Northumbrian *bur*. Further the Anglo-Saxon noun *reoma* means *rheum* and *rime*; and Pistol may think that the *rime* in the throat, which he will fetch out in drops of crimson blood, is the cause of the offensive sounds.

<sup>d</sup> *Brass*. The critics have decided that because Pistol mistakes *bras* for *brass*, and subsequently thinks *moi* (then spelt *moy*) is pronounced *moy*, Shakspeare "had very little knowledge in the French language." We have two pages of notes in the variorum editions to prove this. But the critics have not proved what was the pronunciation of the French language in Shakspeare's time, especially with regard to the now silent *s*; and if they had proved that *bras* was always pronounced *bra*, (or *braw* as Malone has it,) and *moy* as we now pronounce *moy*, they have missed the fact that Pistol knew a little French (see Act II. Sc. I.), and though the Frenchman might have said *bra* and *moy*, the sound might have suggested to Pistol the words which he had seen written *bras* and *moy*;—and thus his "offer'st me brass," and his "forty moys."

<sup>e</sup> *Ton of moys*—*par-tenez moy*—perhaps the then received mode of pronunciation—suggests the "ton of moys." But what is a *moy*? Johnson says "moi" is a piece of money, whence *moi-dore*. Douce is hard upon the derivation of

Come hither, boy: Ask me this slave in French, What is his name.

*Boy.* Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé?

*Fr. Sol.* Monsieur le Fer.

*Boy.* He says, his name is master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* Que dit-il, monsieur?

*Boy.* Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

*Pist.* Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant. Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.

*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

*Boy.* Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neanmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

*Fr. Sol.* Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.—

Follow me. [Exit PISTOL.]

*Boy.* Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

[Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the

empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bar-dolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play,\* that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

*Alarums.* Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and others.

*Con.* O diable!

*Orl.* O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

*Dau.* Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O meschante fortune!—

Do not run away. [A short alarum.]

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour:<sup>b</sup> Once more back again;

\* See Illustrations to Henry IV. Part II.—Act III.

<sup>b</sup> Let's die in honour. The ordinary reading was, 'Let us die instant.' Malone would read, 'Let us die in fight.' The folio reads, 'Let us die in' which Malone says is the true reading. To justify and explain our reading we must exhibit the greatly altered scene of the quarto which is also a curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended,—and that certainly by the poet:—

"Geben. O diables!

*Con.* Mort de ma vie!

*Orl.* O what a day is this!

*Bour.* O jour de honte! all is gone; all is lost!

*Con.* We are enow yet living in the field!

To smother up the English,

If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* A plague of order: once more to the field.

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go, &c.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, fight us now!

Come we in heaps, we'll offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,

Let's die with honour; our shame doth last too long."

It is wonderful how the earlier commentators missed this text, without endeavouring by it to illustrate the difficulty in the text of the folio. A word is omitted of some sort—the quarto gives them the very passage—"Let's die with honour." But that they refuse to see, and although the whole scene has been so amplified and improved, they

moreover, and says that moy meant a measure of corn. Without defending Pistol's or Dr. Johnson's etymology we believe Douce is mistaken. Pistol clearly takes moy for money of some sort.

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,  
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,  
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,  
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us  
now!

Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enow, yet living in the field,  
To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now! I'll to the  
thrung;

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums.* Enter KING HENRY and Forces;  
EXETER, and others, with prisoners.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-vaillant  
countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

*Exc.* The duke of York commends him to  
your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within  
this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Exc.* In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he  
lie,

Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,  
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds),

The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—“Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!”

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, rought me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, says,—“Dear my lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign.”

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

“restore a line from the quarto” which is not found in the folio,

“Unto these English, or else die with fame.”

Shakspeare had previously given the sentiment in “Let's die in honour;” the word “honour” being unquestionably omitted in the printing of what he wrote.

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.  
The pretty and sweet manner of it fore'd  
Those waters from me, which I would have  
stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.*

I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*]

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—

The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd  
men:—<sup>a</sup>

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums.* Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is ex-  
pressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant  
a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be  
offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive;  
and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle  
have done this slaughter: besides, they have  
burned and carried away all that was in the  
king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily,  
hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's  
throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

*Flu.* Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain  
Gower: What call you the town's name where  
Alexander the pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The  
pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or  
the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save  
the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think Alexander the great was born  
in Macedon; his father was called Philip of  
Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon, where Alex-  
ander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look  
in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall  
find, in the comparisons between Macedon and  
Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both  
alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there

<sup>a</sup> Capell thought that this line should be spoken by a messenger, in answer to the King's “what new alarum is this same?” The conduct of Henry in giving the fatal order,

“Then every soldier kill his prisoner,”

is much more natural and justifiable, than if he issued the command upon suspicion only.

is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.\*

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he: I'll tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum.* Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, bid them come down,

Or void the field; they do offend our sight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skirr away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;

And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

\* We print this speech as in the folio, with the exception of *good* for *good*. The ordinary text was stuffed full of false English, supposed to represent the Welsh mode of expression. Capel very justly says:—"the poet thought it sufficient to mark his (Fluellen's) diction a little, and in some places only; and the man of taste will be of the same opinion."

Enter MONTJOY.

*Eve.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Gl.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald? knowest thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.* No, great king,

I come to thee for charitable licence, That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To book our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes (woe the while!) Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood; (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs in blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage, Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours, or no; For yet a many of your horsemen peer, And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battie here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where looks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I

can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*]

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who serv'st thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an

enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou, Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear; It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,) Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,  
And, touch'd with cholera, hot as gunpowder,  
And quickly will return an injury:  
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—  
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pescech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir? you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your consciene now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it,  
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.\*

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,  
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of praws, and pabbles, and quarrels, and discessions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald; are the dead number'd?\*

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a paper.*]

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

*Exe.* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Benequait;  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

Than in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,  
'squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
The names of these their nobles that lie dead,—  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;  
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;  
The master of the cross-bows, lord Raubruin;  
Great master of France, the brave sir Guisard  
Dauphin; .

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,  
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;  
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

\* *Number'd.* So the folio. Stevens would read the line thus:

\* These lines were ordinarily printed as prose.

" Now, herald, are the dead as both sides number'd!"

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,  
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!  
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper.

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:  
 None else of name; and of all other men,  
 But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss,  
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
 For it is none but thine!<sup>a</sup>

*Exe.* 'T is wonderful!

<sup>a</sup> *None but thine.* So the folio. The quartos *only thine.*

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the  
 village:  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,  
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God  
 Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty,  
 to tell how many is killed?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain; but with this acknow-  
 ledgment,  
 That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great  
 goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites;  
 Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum*;  
 The dead with charity enelos'd in clay:  
 And then to Calais; and to England then;  
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy  
 men. [Exeunt.]

#### RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. VII. p. 369.—"To *book* our dead."  
 "To *look* our dead."—*Collier*.  
 Mr. Collier, upon the authority of the Manuscript Corrections,  
 says we must read "to *look* our dead." He adds, "it was  
 an English herald who made out a statement of the killed,  
 wounded, and prisoners, on both sides, and afterwards pre-

sented it to the king." Not so—the king says,  
 "Our heralds go with him;  
 Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
 On both our parts."  
 When the herald returns, he presents two papers—our  
 French "book"—the other the English.





## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> CHORUS.—“*Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*”

We are gravely informed by Warburton that “we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once.” Ben Jonson has these lines.—

“O for a clap of thunder now, as loud  
As to be heard throughout the universe!”

We are not to think Jonson so ignorant as not to know that a clap of thunder could not possibly be heard throughout the mundane system.

<sup>2</sup> CHORUS.—“*Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.*”

“The author's profession,” says Malone, “probably furnished him with this epithet.” But players *redden* their cheeks as well as *brown* them, and we therefore must in the same way suppose that when the Friar says to Juliet

“The roses in thy *lips* and *cheeks* shall fade,”

Shakspeare was thinking of *rouge*.

<sup>3</sup> CHORUS.—“*With busy hammer's clanging rivets up.*”

The plate armour was not only rivetted in parts, before it was put on; but the armourers were employed in closing up parts which fitted on to each other by rivets, when the knight was being equipped for the battle or tournament.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch staves in their hands.*”

What a picture of the want of animation,—the silent despair—which the French imputed to the poor “beggar'd host” of the English—is suggested by this image, when we rightly understand it. Mr. Douce had such an ancient “fixed candlestick” in his possession;—and the copy of this is worth pages of verbal explanation.



[Fixed Candlestick.]

### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The magnificent chorus of this Act presents such a vivid picture of the circumstances that marked the eve of the battle of Agincourt, that even if they were not, for the most part, supported by authentic history, it would be impossible to dispossess ourselves of the belief that they were true. “The French,” according to Holinshed, “were very merry, pleasant, and full of game”—“the English made peace with God in confessing their sins.” Holinshed also mentions the French playing at dice for the English prisoners. But

the narratives of Monstrelet and of St. Rémy are much more minute than Holinshed; and in one or two small particulars they differ from that of the poet. The account of Monstrelet is exceedingly interesting.—

“The French, with all the royal officers, that is to say, the Constable, the Marshal Boucicault, the Lord of Dampierre and Sir Clignet de Brabant, each styling himself admiral of France; the Lord of Rambures, master of the cross-bows; with many other princes, barons, and knights—planted

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.



[Sir Thomas Erpingham.]

their banners with loud acclamations of joy around the royal banner of the Constable, on the spot they had fixed upon, situated in the county of St. Pol, or territory of Azincourt, by which the next morning the English must pass on their march to Calais. Great fires were this night lighted near to the banner under which each person was to fight; but, although the French were full one hundred and fifty thousand 'chevaucheurs,' with a great number of waggons and carts, cannon, ribaudequins, and all other military stores, they had but little music to cheer their spirits; and it was remarked with surprise that scarcely any of their horses neighed during the night, which was considered by many as a bad omen. The English during the whole night played on their trumpets and various other instruments, insomuch that the whole neighbourhood resounded with their music; and notwithstanding they were much fatigued and oppressed by cold, hunger, and other annoyances, they made their peace with God, by confessing their sins with tears, and numbers of them taking the sacrament; for, as it was related by some prisoners, they looked for certain death on the morrow."

The foundation of the great scene when Westmoreland wishes—

"But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day!"

is in Holinshed. "It is said, that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: 'I would to God there were with us now so many good soldiers as are at this hour within England!' The king answered: 'I would not wish a man more here than I have; we are indeed in comparison to the enemies but a few; but if God of his clemency do favour us and our just cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well enough.'" This circumstance, however, really occurred, not

as Holinshed has described it on the day of the battle, but when the French host was first seen by the English; and he who uttered the wish for some more men was Sir Walter Hungerford.

The French forces, on the morning of the 25th of October, were drawn up in three lines on the plain of Agincourt, through which the route to Calais lay. The Editor of the Pictorial Shakspeare visited this battle-field in 1856, and he thus described it in his 'Popular History of England':—

"On the 24th,—the fourth day after they had crossed the Somme,—the English army arrived at Blangy, in perfect discipline. A branch of the Canche, the Ternoise, was here crossed without difficulty. The French army was on the rising ground about a league distant. From Blangy there is a gentle ascent towards the village of Maisoncelles. 'When we reached the top of the hill,' says a priest who accompanied the army, 'we saw three columns of the French emerge from the upper part of the valley, about a mile from us; who at length being formed into battalions, companies, and troops, in multitudes compared with us, halted a little more than half a mile opposite to us, filling a very wide field, as if with an innumerable host of locusts,—a moderate-sized valley being betwixt us and them.' Nothing can be more accurate than this description of the locality. We have stood upon this ascent, having left the little river and the bridge of Blangy about a mile distant. Looking back, there is a range of gentle hills to the east, in the direction of St. Pol, from which the French army marched. Emerging 'from the upper part of the valley,' the French army would fill 'a very wide field'—the plain of Agincourt. . . . The village of Agincourt now consists of a number of straggling mud-built cottages, and a farm or two, with a church of the beginning of the last century. It is covered by a

## KING HENRY

wood towards the plain. Opposite Agincourt is another village, called Tramecourt, also covered by a wood. The plain of Agincourt is a considerable table-land, now fully cultivated, and expanding into an open country after we have passed between the two woods. The village of Maisoncelles is about a mile from the field."

It is unnecessary for us to follow the Chroniclers, or the more minute contemporary historians, through their details of the fearful carnage and victory of Agincourt. We may, however, put the facts shortly before our readers, as they may be collected from Sir H. Nicolas's elaborate and careful history of the battle:—

"The fighting men of France wore 'long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for their legs; and' above, white harness, and bascinets, with camails.' They were drawn up between two woods, in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The king, habited in his 'cote d'armes,' mounted a small gray horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, 'Advance banners.' Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the

archers, threw his triangle into the air, exclaiming, 'Now strike!' The English immediately prostrated themselves to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French array. The archers of Henry seen put the French cavalry in disorder; and the whole army rushing on with the national hurra, the archers threw aside their bows, and slew all before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became a slaughter; and the harness knights, almost incapable of moving, were haled to pieces by the English archers, 'who were habited in jackets, and had their bascinets, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats.' The battle lasted about three hours. The English 'stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height;' the French, indeed, fell almost passive in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand men in the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

The English king conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 25th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contracting with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanour, on Saturday the 24th of November.



[Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.]



[Entry of Henry V. into London.]

CHORUS.<sup>a</sup>

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
 That I may prompt them : and of such as have,  
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,  
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,  
 Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach  
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and  
 boys,  
 Whose shouts and elaps out-voice the deep-  
 mouth'd sea,  
 Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>1</sup> 'fore the king,  
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;  
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath :  
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
 Before him, through the city : he forbids it,  
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;  
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens !  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :  
 As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress  
 (As in good time he may,) from Ireland com-  
 ing,  
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit  
 To welcome him ! much more, (and much more  
 cause,)  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place  
 him ;  
 (As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the king of England's stay at home  
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them ;)<sup>2</sup> and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France :  
 There must we bring him ; and myself have  
 play'd,  
 The interim, by remembering you, 't is past.  
 Then brook abridgement ; and your eyes advance  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

<sup>a</sup> The chorus, like all the other choruses, first appears in the folio.



[Troyes.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to day? Saint Davy's day is past.<sup>3</sup>

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvey, lowsy knave. Got pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvey, lowsy

knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall too; if you can mask a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonished him.\*

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your grees wound, and your bloody oxenamb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambigalities.

\* *Astonished him—stunned him with the blow, says Johnson; Mason explains it confused him. Johnson was clearly right; astonished is still a pedantic term, in the precise sense in which Gower uses it.*

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat—and eat—I swear.<sup>a</sup>

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you : Will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see, I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away ; the skin is goot for your proken excomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them ; that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot :—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat !

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be w<sup>2</sup> you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gon.* Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the huswife with me now ?

News have I that my Nell is dead i<sup>r</sup> the spital Of malady of France ;  
And there my rendezvous is quite out off.  
Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,  
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :  
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd<sup>b</sup> scars,  
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Some modern editions, *I eat, and eke I swear.* The folio, 'I eat and eat I swear.' In printing 'I eat—and eat—I swear'—we do not deviate from the words of the original. Fluellen stands over Pistol with his cudgel, who says 'I eat.'—Fluellen makes a motion as if again to strike him, when he repeats 'I eat.' He then mutters, 'I swear'—to which Fluellen adds, 'Eat, I pray you—there is not enough leek to swear by.'

<sup>b</sup> *Cudgell'd*, in the folio. The word is not in the quarto : but the whole scene has been re-modelled.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords ; at another the French KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day :—joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;  
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd),  
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy ;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—  
So are you, princes English, every one.<sup>a</sup>

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality ; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England ! That I  
have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd  
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congregated ; let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,

<sup>a</sup> Fifty-six lines, following this, are not found at all in the quarto. The reader will see that the speech of Burgundy is one of the finest in the play ; and is philosophically meant to show the price at which glory is purchased.

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in his own fertility.  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,  
 Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow bare,  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon; while that the spalter rusts  
 That should deracinate such savagery:  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
 Conveys by idleness; and nothing tears  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksles, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility:  
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;  
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country:  
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
 And every thing that seems unnatural.  
 Which to reduce into our former favour<sup>a</sup>  
 You are assembled; and my speech entreats  
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
 Should not expel these inconveniences,  
 And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the  
 peace,  
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
 With full accord to all our just demands;  
 Whose tenuous and particular effects  
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which,  
 as yet,  
 There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then, the peace,  
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursory eye  
 O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
 To appoint some of your council presently  
 To sit with us once more, with better heed  
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,  
 Pass our accept and participatory answer.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Favour*—appearance.

<sup>b</sup> This passage has been considered obscure; and some would read "pass or accept." The ambiguity has arisen from a misconception of the meaning of *accept* and *answer*. Our *accept* is our consent to certain terms; our *participatory answer* is our unqualified judgment of agreement to certain articles. In the quarto we have nothing of *accept*, but

"We shall return our participatory answer."

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall — Go, uncle  
 Exeter,—

And brother Clarence, — and you, brother  
 Gloucester,—

Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king.  
 And take with you free power, to rally,  
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
 Shall see advantageous for our army,  
 Any thing in, or out of, our demands;  
 And we'll assign thereto.—Will you, for safety,  
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Hen.* Our gracious brother, I will go with  
 them;

Happily a woman's voice may do some good,  
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stand out.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here  
 with us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd  
 Within the first rank of our articles.

*Q. Hen.* She hath good cause.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,  
 and her Gentlewoman.*]

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me, I cannot  
 speak your English.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me  
 soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to  
 hear you confess it brokenly with your English  
 tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Parlez-moi, s'il vous plait, et je vous  
 dirai ce que j'en pense.*

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you  
 are like an angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit-il? que je suis comparable à les  
 anges?*

*Alice.* *Ouy, trayment, (sans vous en vanter) vous  
 dit-il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I  
 must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes  
 sont pleines de tromperie.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the  
 tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Ouy; dat de tounges de de hommes se  
 sont pleines de deceits: dat is de verite.*

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better English  
 woman. I faith, Kate, my meaning is to be thy  
 understanding: I am glad thou canst speak so  
 better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst  
 find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst  
 think I had sold my farm to buy thy crown. I  
 know no way to mine it in law, but directly

to say—I love you : then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer : 't' faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : How say you, lady ?

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off : but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true : but—for thy love, by the lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : And take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king : And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

*K. Hen.* No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate,

when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy*, (let me see, what then ? Saint Denis be my speed !)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle*.

*K. Hen.* No, 't'faith, is't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English ? Canst thou love me ?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me : and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart : but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scambing, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder : Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard ? shall we not ? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No ; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy ; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse* ?

*Kath.* Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceiv de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

*K. Hen.* Now, fye upon my false French ! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me



that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; and vouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Will thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is, as it shall please de *roy non pere*.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; I shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames et demoiselles pour estre baissées decant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Ouy, erayment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined

within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of nobles. Here comes your father.

*Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Westmoreland, and other French and English Lords.*

*Bar.* God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bar.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition<sup>a</sup> is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bar.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consent to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

*Bar.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bar.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bar.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so; and you may, some of you,

<sup>a</sup> *Condition.* Condition is temper, says Steevens. Surely not in this case.

thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them respectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall shew me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

*Ecc.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et heres Franciæ*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:  
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look  
pale

With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair  
France.

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage;—on  
which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt*]

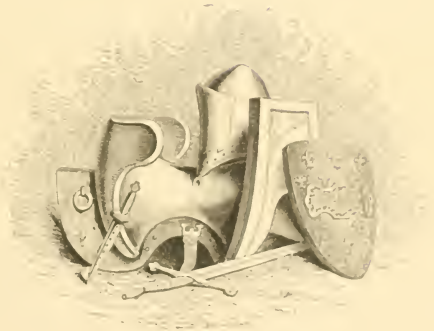


[*Katherine.*]

CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursued the story;  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their  
glory.  
Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd  
This star of England: fortune made his sword;  
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant lands crown'd king  
Of France and England, did this king  
succeed;  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France, and made his England  
bleed:  
Which oft our stage hath shewn, and, for their  
sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.



(Helmet, Shield, and Saddle of Henry V.)

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> CHORUS.—“*Like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king.*”

A *whiffler* may be taken generally to mean an officer who leads the way in processions. A whiffler was originally a *fifer* or *piper*, who anciently went first on occasions of pageant and ceremony. Minshew defines him to be a club or staff bearer. Grose, in his ‘Provincial Glossary,’ mentions whifflers as “men who make way for the corporation of Norwich, by flourishing their swords.” The sword-flourishers of Norwich are standard-bearers in London, under the same name.

<sup>2</sup> CHORUS.—“*As yet the lamentation of the French,*” &c.

It is extremely difficult to explain this passage as it stands. Why should the *lamentation* of the French *invite* the King of England to stay at home? If we were half as venturesome as our editorial predecessors, we would transpose a line as printed (such a typographical change of a manuscript being too common in printing) and read thus:—

“Now in London place him;  
As yet the lamentation of the French.  
The emperor's coming in behalf of France  
Invites the king of England's stay at home,  
To order peace between them: and omit  
All the occurrences,” &c.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Why wear you your leek to-day?  
St. Davy's day is past.*”

We have been favoured with some memoranda on the use of the leek, as the national emblem of Wales, by that accomplished antiquary Sir Samuel Meyrick, the substance of which we have great pleasure in presenting to our readers. Not one of the Welsh bards, though there exists a tolerable series of their compositions from the fifth century, till the time of Elizabeth, have in any manner alluded to the leek as a national emblem. Even at the present day, the custom of wearing leeks on the first of March is confined to the members of modern clubs. There is, however, a tradition in Wales as to the origin of the custom, namely, that the Saxons being about to attack the *Britons* on St. David's day, put leeks in their caps, in order, if dispersed, to be known to each other; and that the *Britons* having gained the victory, transferred the leeks to their own caps as signals of triumph. This, like many other traditions, seems to have been invented for the nonce. But the Harleian MS., No. 1977, written by a Welshman, of the time of James I., contains the following passage:

“I like the leek above all herbs and flowers;  
When first we wore the same, the field was ours.  
The leek is white and green, whereby is meant,  
That Britons are both stout and eminent;  
Next to the lion and the unicorn,  
The leek's the fairest emblem that is worn.”

Now, the inference to be drawn from these lines, is, that the leek was assumed upon, or immediately after, the battle of Bosworth-field, which was won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen (his countrymen) in his army, and whose yeoman guard was composed of Welshmen; and this inference is derived from the fact, that the *Tudor* colours were *white* and *green*; and, as may be seen in several heraldic MSS., formed the *field* on which the English, French, and Irish arms were placed. “The field was ours” alludes to the victory, of course, as well as to the heraldic field.

This view of the case would account for the leek being only worn by Welshmen in England, and its having been a custom of comparatively modern origin in the time of Shakspeare.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*Notre tres cher filz,*” &c.

Dr. Farmer, in his essay on the learning of Shakspeare, winds up his many proofs of the ignorance of our poet, by the following argument, the crown of all:—“But to come to a conclusion, I will give you an irrefragable argument, that Shakspeare did not understand *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the articles of agreement between the conqueror, Henry, and the king of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French of the former editions), *Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre*; and in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius*, &c. ‘What,’ says Dr. Warburton, ‘is *tres cher* in French, *præclarissimus* in Latin! we should read *præcarissimus*.’ This appears to be exceedingly true; but how came the blunder? it is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but most indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” Now really this is a very weak argument, upon Farmer's own showing: for Shakspeare finding the passage in Holinshed was bound to copy it, without setting himself up as a verbal critic; nor was it necessary that the Latin words of the treaty should have exactly corresponded to the French. He might have understood the agreement to mean, that the *very dear* son in the one language, should be the *most noble* son in the other. But Malone says that the mistake is in all the old historians, as well as in Holinshed. He is not quite right in this statement, for the word is *præclarissimus* in Hall. At any rate, the truth could not be ascertained till the publication of such a work as Rymer's ‘*Fœdera*,’ where, in the treaty of Troyes, the word stands *præcarissimus*. By a super-refinement of veneration for Shakspeare, as justifiable as Farmer's coarse depreciation of him, the *præclarissimus* might be taken to prove his learning; for Capell maintains that *præcarissimus* is no Latin word. We give this note to show what stuff criticism may be made of, when it departs from the safe resting-place of common sense.

## KING HENRY V.



[John (Sans Peur), Duke of Burgundy.]

### HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The triumphal procession and the pageant, with which Henry was welcomed to London, described in the chorus, are given in Holinshed; so also the king's freedom "from vainness and self-glorious pride." The Chronicler thus depicts this modesty: "The king, like a great and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vain pomp and shows as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a journey, insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blows and dents that were to be seen in the same; neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, for that he would wholly have the praise and thanks altogether given to God." Percy, however, thinks that an old song, "For the victory of Agincourt," was drawn up by some poet laureate of those days. This song, or hymn, was printed from a manuscript copy in the Pepys collection. Our readers will perhaps be satisfied with the last stanza:—

"Now gracious God he save our kyng,  
His peple, and all his wel wyllinge,  
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endyng,  
That we with merrh mowe savely syng,  
Deo gratias —  
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria."

The poet in the chorus to this Act desires the audience to

"sing  
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
Till Harry's back-return again to France."

But Henry's return to France was marked by many fearful struggles for power, before the treaty of Troyes was concluded, which gave him the hand of Katharine, and made the king of France his viceroy. Towns had been won; armies had perished. The Dauphin, whom we have seen at Agincourt, was no more; and he was succeeded in his rank by a prince of greater orthodoxy. Unhappy France was assailed by a resolute enemy, and had nothing to oppose to him but the weakness of factions, more intent upon destroying each other than disposed to unite for a common cause. The Duke of Burgundy, brought in by the papas as the advocate of peace, was certainly present at the negotiations near Meulan, on the 20th May, 1419, when Henry first saw Katharine, and was struck with her grace and beauty. But this Duke of Burgundy, Jean Sans Peur, was murdered by the Dauphin, on the bridge of Montreuil, on the following 10th September. This event led to a close connexion between Henry and the young Duke of Burgundy, who was anxious to revenge the death of his father; and perhaps this circumstance mainly contributed to Henry's success in negotiating the treaty of Troyes.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

The meeting of Henry with the French king, who in his unhappy state of mind was "governed and ordered" by his ambitious and crafty queen, is thus described by Holinshed:—"The Duke Burgoigne, accompanied with many noble men, received him two leagues without the town, and conveyed him to his lodging. All his army was lodged in small

villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himself a little, he went to visit the French king, the queen, and the Lady Katharine, whom he found in St. Peter's Church, where was a joyous meeting betwixt them. And this was on the xx. day of May, and there the King of England and the Lady Katharine were affianced."



[Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France.]



(L'Infant Suck)

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"SHAKSPEARE," says Frederick Schlegel, "regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people: and, at first, treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it, and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage, were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors, and of the audience in London."\* This is especially true with regard to Shakspeare's Histories. In the case of Henry V. it appears to us that our great dramatic poet would never have touched the subject, had not the stage previously possessed it, in the old play of 'The Famous Victories.' Henry IV. would have been perfect as a dramatic whole, without the addition of Henry V. The somewhat doubtful mode in which he speaks of continuing the story, appears to us a pretty certain indication that he rather shrunk from a subject which appeared to him essentially undramatic. It is, however, highly probable that having brought the history of Henry of Monmouth up to the period of his father's death, the demands of an audience who had been accustomed to hail "the madcap Prince of Wales" as the conqueror of Agincourt compelled him to "continue the story." That he originally contemplated lending to it the interest of his creation of Falstaff is also sufficiently clear. It would be vain to speculate why he abandoned this intention; but it is evident that without the interest which Falstaff would have imparted to the story, the dramatic materials presented by the old play, or by the circumstances that the poet could discover in the real course of events, were extremely meagre and unsatisfying. It is our belief, therefore, that having hastily met the demands of his audience by the first sketch of Henry V., as it appears in the quarto editions, he subsequently saw the capacity which the subject presented for being treated in a grand lyrical spirit. Instead of interpolating an under-plot of petty passions and intrigues,—such, for the most part, as we find in the dramatic treatment of an heroic subject by the French poets,—he preserved the great object of his drama entire by the intervention of the chorus. Skilfully as he has managed this, and magnificent as the whole drama is, as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare felt that in this play he was

\* Lectures on the History of Literature, vol. II.

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dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers. His drama, generally, was cast in an entirely different mould from that of the Greek tragedy. The Greek stage was, in reality, more lyrical than dramatic :—

“Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life ;  
High actions, and high passions best describing.”

The didactic lessons of moral prudence,—the brief sententious precepts,—the *descriptions* of high actions and high passions,—are alien from the whole spirit of Shakspeare's drama. The Henry V. constitutes an exception to the general rules upon which he worked. “High actions” are here described as well as exhibited ; and high passions, in the Shaksperian sense of the term, scarcely make their appearance upon the scene. Here are no struggles between will and fate ;—no frailties of humanity dragging down its virtues into an abyss of guilt and sorrow,—no crimes,—no obduracy,—no penitence. We have the lofty and unconquerable spirit of national and individual heroism riding triumphantly over every danger ; but the spirit is so lofty that we feel no uncertainty for the issue. We should know, even if we had no foreknowledge of the event, that it must conquer. We can scarcely weep over those who fall in that “glorious and well-foughten field,” for “they kept together in their chivalry,” and their last words sound as a glorious hymn of exultation. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur ; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspeare would have chosen for a drama.

And yet how exquisitely has Shakspeare thrown his dramatic power into this undramatic subject. The character of the king is altogether one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from this master hand. It could, perhaps, only have been thoroughly conceived by the poet who had delineated the Henry of the Boar's Head, and of the Field of Shrewsbury. The surpassing union in this character of spirit and calmness,—of dignity and playfulness,—of an ever present energy and an almost melancholy abstraction,—the conventional authority of the king, and the deep sympathy with the meanest about him of the man,—was the result of the most philosophical and consistent appreciation by the poet of the moral and intellectual progress of his own Prince of Wales. And let it not be said that the picture which he has painted of his favourite hero is an exaggerated and flattering representation. The extraordinary merits of Henry V. were those of the individual ; his demerits were those of his times. Standing now upon the vantage ground of four centuries of experience, in which civilization has marched onward at a pace which could only be the result of great intellectual impulses, we may, indeed, say that if Henry V. was justly fitted to be a leader of chivalry,—fearless, enterprising, persevering, generous, pious,—he was, at the same time, rash, obstinate, proud, superstitious, seeking after vain renown and empty conquests, instead of making his people happy by wise laws and the cultivation of sound knowledge. But Henry's character, like that of all other men, must be estimated by the circumstances amidst which he moved. After four centuries of illumination, if we find the world still suffering under the dominion of unjust governors and ambitious conquerors, we may pardon one who acted according to his lights, believing that his cause justified his attempt to seize upon another crown, instead of wearing his own wisely and peaceably. At any rate, it was not for the poet to regard the most popular king of the feudal times with the cold and severe scrutiny of the philosophical historian. It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism ; it was for him to call forth “the spirit of patriotic reminiscence.” There are periods in the history of every people when their nationality, lifting them up almost to a phrenzy of enthusiasm, is one of the sublimest exhibitions of the practical poetry of social life. In the times of Shakspeare such an aspect of the English mind was not unfrequently presented. Neither in our own times have such manifestations of the mighty heart been wanting. But there have been, and there may again be, periods of real danger when the national spirit shows itself drooping and languishing. It is under such circumstances that the heart-stirring power of such a play as Henry V. is to be tested. Frederick Schlegel says, “The feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality.” But how different is his nationality from that of ordinary men ! It is reflective, tolerant, generous. It lives not in an atmosphere of falsehood and prejudice. Its theatre is war and conquest ; but it



## KING HENRY V.

does not hold up war and conquest as fitting objects for nationality to dedicate itself to, except under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. Neither does it attempt to conceal the fearful responsibilities of those who carry the principle of nationality to the last arbitrement of arms; nor the enormous amount of evil which always attends the rupture of that peace, in the cultivation of which nationality is best displayed. Shakspeare, indeed, speaks proudly as a member of that English family:—

" Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof; "

but he never forgets that he belongs to the larger family of the human race. When Henry tells the people of Harfleur:—

" The gates of mercy shall be all shut up; "

and draws that most fearful picture of the horrors of a sacked city, the poet tells us, though not in sententious precepts, that nationality, when it takes the road of violence, may be driven to put off all the gentle attributes of social life, and assuming the "action of the tiger," have the tiger's indiscriminating blood-thirstiness. When Henry, on the eve of the battle, walks secretly amidst his soldiers, the poet makes him hear that truth which kings seldom hear; and which, however the hero, in this instance, may contend with it, cannot be disguised or controverted:—"If the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—we died at such a place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die with that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument?" Again, when Henry has won France, what a France does the poet present to the winner:—

—" all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow less  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts  
That should deracinate such savagery:  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility:  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;  
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children  
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country:  
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
And everything that seems unnatural."

Thoughts such as these, coming from the great poet of humanity and wisdom, are the convictions of a *false* nationality.

It is scarcely necessary for us to trace, as we have done in other instances, the conduct of the dramatic action of Henry V. in connexion with its characters. In the inferior persons of the play—the comic characters—the poet has displayed that power which he, above all men, possesses, of combining the highest poetical conceptions with the most truthful delineations of real life. In the amusing pedantry of Fluellen, and the vapourings of Pistol, there is nothing in the slightest degree incongruous with the main action of the scene. The homely bluntness of the common soldiers of the army brings us still closer to a knowledge of the great mass of which a camp is composed. Perhaps one of the most delicate but yet most appreciable instances of Shakspeare's nationality, in all its power and justice, is the mode in which he has exhibited the characters of these common soldiers. They are rough, somewhat quarrelsome, brave as lions, but without the slightest particle of anything low or grovelling in their composition. They are fit representatives of the good

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yeomen, whose limbs were made in England." We almost as anxiously desire that these men should triumphantly show the "mettle of their pastures," as that the heroic Harry and his "band of brothers" should

" Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war."

On the other hand, the discriminating truth of the poet is equally shown in exhibiting to us three arrant cowards in Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. His impartiality could afford to paint the bullies and blackguards that even our nationality must be content to reckon as component parts of every army.

This drama is full of singularly beautiful detached passages: for example, the reflections of the king upon Ceremony,—the descriptions of the deaths of York and Suffolk,—the glorious speech of the king before the battle,—the Chorus of the fourth Act,—are remarkable illustrations of Shakspeare's power as a descriptive poet. Nothing can be finer, also, than the commonwealth of bees in the first Act. It is full of the most exquisite imagery and music. The art employed in transforming the whole scene of the hive into a resemblance of humanity is a perfect study—every successive object, as it is brought forward, being invested with its characteristic attribute.



[Banners used in the Battle of Agincourt.]

END OF HISTORIES, VOL. I.









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